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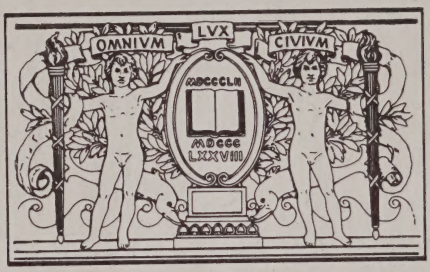

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

No. XXXVIII.

NEW SERIES, No. XIII.

JANUARY, 1823.

ART. I.—*Voyage aux Regions equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent, fait en* 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, *par Al. de Humboldt et A. Bonpland, Redigé par Alexandre de Humboldt : avec un Atlas Geographique et Physique.* Tomes VII & VIII. 8vo. Paris, 1822.

THE appearance this year of two more volumes of the octavo edition of M. de Humboldt's travels has seemed to us a favorable opportunity for calling the attention of the American public to this most important work. The several publications of Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland have been noticed, as they have appeared, in the respectable foreign journals; and the English translations of some of them have been reprinted in this country; but the value of what has been done by these distinguished travellers, for the knowledge of the American continent is not yet fully appreciated. Various circumstances have prevented a large number of copies of the different publications of M. de Humboldt from passing into circulation, either in Europe or America; and few persons, who have not had occasion particularly to inform themselves, are acquainted with the precise state of a series of works, not yet completed, which constitutes already an era in American history, natural and civil. It certainly is not too much to say,

that the results of the researches of these travellers have fixed a point, where the history of Spanish America will stop, and have shown more clearly than ever, the extraordinary imperfection of the preceding popular manuals. It is difficult in perusing the works of Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland, in the department of natural history alone, to recollect, with patience, the learned errors of Buffon and the Abbé Raynal, and the grave acquiescence, with which they are repeated by Dr Robertson. We can scarce believe that one generation only intervened between Dr Robertson, who talks of the Mexican gold 'as being native, and refined into a pure metallic state,' and 'of the lizards and other reptiles, which the heat engenders in a fat soil,' and the authors of the essay on New Spain, and of 'the observations on Zoology and comparative Anatomy.' The history of Mexico, by Clavigero had already shown, that Dr Robertson had undertaken his task with inadequate preparation.

Works so important to America, as those of M. de Humboldt, deserve, if any where, to be known and prized in this country. We have thought therefore that it would not be unseasonable to offer our readers a succinct account of the voyage of this distinguished philosopher, and of the works, in which the results of it are recorded. We shall say nothing new to students of the natural and civil history of our country, and all we shall aim at is to refresh their memories with a few notices, which lie scattered in several volumes.

M. de Humboldt was born at Berlin, and is by no means the least of the great men whom the year 1769 brought forth. Having prepared himself by his studies, at Freyberg under Werner, and his excursions on the Rhine, in the Alps, and Italy for the vocation of a traveller, he resolved, toward the close of the last century, to carry into execution a purpose formed from early youth, of undertaking a voyage to some remote region.* The acquaintance of a Frenchman, who had already been a traveller in Illyria and Greece and who projected an expedition to Egypt, led M. de Humboldt also to determine on that route. His investigations consequently made with a reference to Egyptian antiquities, though not brought into application by a journey in that country, which the disastrous aspect of affairs prevented his undertaking, were

* Introduction to the Voyage aux Regions Equinoxiales.

nevertheless of service to him, in tracing the analogy between the monuments of Mexican antiquity, as afterwards observed by him—the teocalli, and pyramids,—and the similar works of Babylonian and Egyptian antiquity. Frustrated in the plan of the Egyptian tour, as then projected, the next object of M. de Humboldt was to attach himself to an expedition, which the French government was fitting out; a voyage of circumnavigation and discovery, under the command of Baudin, of which the prosecution was afterwards attended with such disasters. In consequence of a war with Austria, which broke out at this period, the funds assigned by the directory to this object were diverted from it, and the outfit of the expedition delayed.

M. de Humboldt was thus a second time disappointed in his projects. 'Cruelly deceived,' says he, 'in my hopes, and beholding the plans, which I had been forming for several years of my life, destroyed in a day, I sought, as at a venture, the most expeditious manner of quitting Europe, and plunging into some enterprise, which might console me for what I suffered.'*

At this period, he made the acquaintance of M. Skiöldebrand, Swedish consul at Algiers, then at Paris on his way to the coast of Barbary, with presents from his government to the Dey. With the aids furnished by this gentleman, who enjoyed in a high degree the confidence of the Barbary powers, M. de Humboldt conceived the project of exploring the alpine region of central Africa, and thus pursuing the route to Egypt. No mineralogist had yet examined the chain of mountains, which in the empire of Morocco elevates itself to the region of perpetual snow, and he prepared in haste to embark for Algiers.

The Swedish frigate, which was to transport M. Skiöldebrand, M. de Humboldt, and M. Bonpland, had not yet arrived at Marseilles, and 'every day,' says M. de H. 'we visited several times the summit of the mountain *our lady of the watch*, which commands an extensive view of the sea.' After two months of anxious delay, they received intelligence that the Swedish vessel, having suffered severely in a storm on the coasts of Portugal, had put into Cadiz, and could not be expected at Marseilles till the spring. At this moment, a Ragusan sloop was at Marseilles, about to sail for Tunis. Happy in any opportunity to put themselves on the way for Egypt and

* Voyage i. 43.

Syria, our travellers engaged their passage in this vessel. An accidental delay, occasioned by removing from the cabin the goats and swine, which were on board, to make room for the instruments of the travellers, enabled them to receive intelligence of a rupture which had recently taken place between Tunis and France, and which would have exposed them to imminent dangers, on arriving from Marseilles at the former.

In this state of things they determined to repair to Spain, with the expectation of finding in the spring, an opportunity to embark for Africa, either at Cadiz or Carthagena. On their way through Catalonia and Valencia, M. de Humboldt made various astronomical observations, and corrected the latitude and longitude of several places. The result of these observations is contained in a *Notice on the configuration of the surface of Spain*, in the Itineraire of M. de la Borde.

The travellers had good reason to congratulate themselves on their visit to Spain. M. de Humboldt had the opportunity at Madrid, of forming a friendship with M. de Forrel, the minister of Saxony, who inspired M. de H. with the hope, that under so enlightened a minister as the Chevalier Don Mariano Luis de Urquijo, he might obtain permission to penetrate to the interior of the Spanish possessions in America. M. de H. was presented to the king of Spain, at Aranjuez, in the month of March 1799, and through the good offices of M. de Urquijo, obtained the most ample permission, both from the department of state and the council of the Indies, to visit and explore the Spanish territories in America and the Philippine islands. The orders given to further the designs of the travellers were, says M. de Humboldt, strictly obeyed, even after M. de Urquijo, the minister who had procured them, was obliged to abdicate his office. 'During the five years,' he adds, 'that we traversed the new continent, we perceived not the least appearance of distrust, and it is grateful to me here to recollect, that in the midst of the most afflicting privations, and struggling against the obstacles which arise from the savage state of the country, we have never had to complain of the injustice of man.'* We cannot but add, that though this remark appears to be justly made, and does the Spanish government credit, it is truly humiliating to reflect, that the keys of a vast continent in the west should be kept by a feeble old man, at Aranjuez, and

* Voyage i. 47.

that it should need the powerful interference of ambassadors and ministers of state, 'pour aplanir tous les obstacles,' before two men of science, of the most respectable characters, could set foot on the soil of half a continent. This reproach, however, rests not with the Spanish government alone. M. de Humboldt, at a later period, as we have been informed, has been refused permission in Downing street, Westminster, to explore certain little provinces inhabited by eighty or a hundred millions of men, between cape Comorin and the mountains of Thibet. Had he, on his way thither, entered the sacred precincts of Mecca, he would have given great offence, at a distance of three or four thousand miles, to the Grand Turk; and if he had approached, in pursuance of his original project of circumnavigating the world, within a hundred miles of the 51st degree of N. latitude, on the American coast, he would have heard of it to his cost, the next year, at St Petersburg. We ought to be much obliged to Capt. Symmes for providing us an escape into the interior; the outside of the earth has really gotten to be a small enclosure, which two or three prosperous gentlemen are fencing in, more to their own advantage than that of the human race, who before enjoyed a right of common in it. Unus Pellæo juveni non sufficit orbis is no reproach now to a legitimate sovereign. The Romans were somewhat delicate in their taste, and thought a circus for their races was not complete, till they had transported an obelisk from Thebes or Heliopolis, to set up in its centre. A modern European state is not perfectly appointed, without the appendage of a colony; and a colony means from ten to a hundred millions of men, the other side of the world, whom you relieve from the troublesome task of making their own laws, digging their own mines, and enjoying the fruits of their own labors. We are ourselves sorely pent up between the mouth of the Penobscot and that of the Columbia.

Corunna was the port from which at this period the packets sailed every month for the Havana, and our travellers took passage on board the Pizarro. In the moment of departing, M. de H. among the letters which he wrote to his friends in Germany and France, despatched one, which had great influence on his future motions. He still remained faithful to his original project of attaching himself to the expedition of circumnavigation and discovery, under Baudin, to which we have al-

ready alluded. At the moment of embarking at Corunna, he wrote to M. Baudin, that should the government persist that his expedition take the route by Cape Horn, he would find the means of joining him at Monte Video, Chili, or Lima, or wherever else in the Spanish colonies he might make a port. Consistently with this engagement, M. de Humboldt changed entirely the plan of his voyage when in 1801 it was announced in the American papers, that the French expedition had sailed from Havre, to circumnavigate the world from east to west. The travellers, on receiving this intelligence, passed from Cuba to the Main, and thence to the coasts of the South Sea—a journey of more than two thousand miles, which they would not otherwise have made, but for this error of the newspaper;—nor was it till their arrival at Quito, that they learned, by a letter from M. Delambre, that Baudin's squadron had taken the route of the Cape of Good Hope.* The account of this expedition was written by M. Peron, who bore so distinguished a part in it, and whose premature death, at the age of thirty-five, is justly lamented by M. de Humboldt. The 5th of June 1799, the Pizarro sailed and had the good fortune to escape the English frigates, which were blockading the port of Corunna, and which would have made of none effect the permission, which M. de Urquijo had given to Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland, to climb the top of Chimborazo. In the first chapter of his *Relation Historique*, M. de Humboldt has given a list of the instruments he took with him—a part only of those, which he had prepared for the expedition, but of which a portion had remained at Marseilles:—and when the number, variety, and excellence of these are taken into consideration, with the personal qualities and the political advantages, which M. de Humboldt enjoyed, it is hazarding little to say, that never was a voyage of discovery undertaken with better auspices. Never, we undertake to add, was one pursued with greater zeal and intelligence or richer fruits.

Thus far our account is derived principally from M. de Humboldt's own statement, in the introduction and first chapter of his voyage. We shall henceforward give a more condensed view of his progress, availing ourselves of that which is contained in a work of no sure authority, but which appears, in this article, to have availed itself of authentic materials.†

* Voyage i. 56. † Biographie des Hommes Vivants.

They arrived at Cumana in the month of July 1799. The rest of this year was employed in exploring the province of New Andalusia or Spanish Guiana. Having returned to Cumana, by the mission of the Caraïbes, they repaired to Cuba, where they passed three months, during which time M. de Humboldt made many important astronomical observations. In 1801, the travellers misled by the false account of the expedition of Baudin, departed for the coast of South America, on the Pacific, after having despatched a portion of their collections and manuscripts for Europe.

It was on occasion of this journey that they had the opportunity of inspecting the splendid collections in botany, made in New Granada by Mutis, whom M. de Humboldt pronounces, in his Essay on New Spain, one of the first botanists of the age. It is much to the credit of the Spanish government, that it has done so much for the encouragement of this study. 'Since the close of the reign of Charles III,' says our author, 'the study of natural history has made great progress, not only in Mexico, but in all the Spanish colonies. No European government has been at greater expense than the Spanish, in the promotion of the study of botany. The three botanical expeditions to Peru, New Granada, and New Spain, of Ruiz and Pavon, Don Jose and Celestino Mutis, and Sesse and Mociño, have cost the state near two millions of francs.'* In September 1801, M. de Humboldt began his excursion to Quito, where he arrived January 1802, and remained some time to refresh himself from the fatigues of the journey. While at Quito, he projected an expedition to the heights of the Andes, in company with the son of the Marquis de Selva-Alègre, who had attached himself to the travellers. In the middle of the summer they started for the volcano of Tungaragno and the snowy region of Chimborazo. They traversed the ruins of Riobamba, and other places destroyed by an earthquake on the 7th of February 1797, in which more than 40,000 persons were in a moment swallowed up. On the 23d of June, after incredible fatigues, they reached the eastern side of Chimborazo, and fixed their instruments on a mass of porphyry, which projected over an immense space covered with perpetual snow. A chasm of five hundred feet prevented their farther progress. The density of the air was reduced one half;

* Essai polit. sur la Nouvelle Espagne, L.ii. c. 7.

they experienced a piercing cold, respiration was difficult, the blood started from their eyes, their lips, and their gums, and they were at that moment at the highest point, which had ever been reached by man on the earth's surface. This height, exceeding by 3485 feet that to which M. de la Condamine attained in 1745, was 19,500 feet above the level of the sea. From this elevation, they ascertained by a trigonometrical observation, that the summit of Chimborazo was still 2040 feet above them. This was supposed to be the greatest height on the surface of the earth, till that of the Himāla mountains, on the borders of India, was computed at 26,800.* This extraordinary elevation cannot be considered however as yet fully ascertained.

M. de Humboldt now descended to Lima, and passed two or three months at this modern capital of Peru. While in this quarter he had an opportunity of observing at Callao, the transit of Mercury. His next expedition was to New Spain, where he arrived in 1803, and passed a whole year. The results of his observations in this region are contained in a separate work, viz: the 'Political Essay on New Spain,' in which *political* must be taken in as extensive a sense, as in the phrase, 'political economy.' The work is a mass of information, of facts in the most accurate statement and speculations in the most judicious spirit, and so puts to shame the loose and often flippant compilations of Raynal, that one is astonished at the credit which the latter has enjoyed in the same department. Circumstances not permitting the travellers to prosecute their original design of embarking at Acapulco, visiting the Philippine islands and the Asiatic Archipelago, and returning to Europe by the Persian gulf and Bagdad, they made arrangements for the directer route. In the month of July, they sailed from the Havana to Philadelphia, and passed a short time in the United States. On occasion of his visit to Washington, M. de Humboldt deposited in the department of state a copy of his map of Mexico.

During the long course of these excursions, and to protect the fruit of their researches from the hazards to which they were exposed, these travellers formed three collections of specimens in the various kingdoms of nature. One of these was despatched by the way of Spain and France, one by that of the

* Asiatic Researches, xii.

United States and England, and one remained with Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland. This last was the largest, and toward the close of their sojourn in America, consisted of a *hortus siccus*, of near 6000 equinoctial plants; of grains, shells, and insects; and, what had not yet been brought to Europe, geological *suites* of Chimborazo, of New Granada, and of the banks of the Amazon. After their excursion on the Orinoco, a part of these treasures were deposited at Cuba, to be taken up on the return of the travellers from Peru and Mexico. The rest of the collection followed them for five years, across the Andes and over New Spain, from the coasts of the Pacific to those of the Atlantic. The transportation of these objects and the care, which they required, were the cause of embarrassments, says M. de Humboldt, of which it is impossible to form an idea, even after having traversed the least cultivated parts of Europe. Their progress was retarded by the threefold necessity of taking with them, in excursions of five or six months, trains of twelve, fifteen, and sometimes more than twenty mules of burden; of exchanging these animals every eight or ten days; and overseeing the Indians employed to guide so numerous a retinue.

Notwithstanding the precautions taken to despatch duplicates of their collections to Europe, very few of these had the good fortune to arrive safely; so that there is every reason to rejoice that their largest and most valuable collections were kept near their own persons. The greater part of what was successively sent, as occasion offered, fell into the hands of persons, who had no knowledge of its value. 'When a vessel is condemned in a colonial prize court,' says M. de Humboldt, 'boxes of dry plants and stones, instead of being sent to the address they may bear, commonly remain forgotten. Some of our collections, however, taken in the South Sea had a more fortunate lot, and by the generous activity of sir Joseph Bankes, were preserved to us in safety.'* This is an evil, which has beset the learned intercourse of America with Europe from the first. Our readers will immediately recal the adventurous fortunes of the hieroglyphical history of the Mexicans, as related by Purchas; and the more disastrous fate of the collections of Boturini, which is imperfectly hinted at by Robertson.

The great amount and variety of materials brought by these

* Introduction au Voyage, ii.

travellers to Europe, notwithstanding all the hazards and disasters at which we have hinted, furnished, of course, the substance for a work of great magnitude and diversity of contents. M. Bonpland, our readers are aware, was more particularly a botanist; M. de Humboldt was a philosopher in the truest sense of the word, ignorant of nothing, which industry and zeal enabled him to know, and disdaining that mechanical division of intellectual operations, which affects to compensate general ignorance, by profound professional knowledge. With these qualifications, and the materials they had collected, Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland in committing to writing the record of their observations and discoveries, were obliged to choose between two courses, neither of which was without inconveniences. One was to combine into one single work all that they had observed, compared, seen or heard, measured, sounded, and surveyed, of bird, beast, fish, or vegetable, mountain, plain, or river; of men, manners, and institutions. This is the ordinary method, not attended with great inconvenience in the majority of books of travels, most of which are apt to have one or two objects kept mainly in view, while the rest is matter of personal adventure or more transient observation. But it is plain that this method would have been attended with great evils, in recording the fruits of an expedition like this, made with such comprehensive views, such general qualifications, and through such a length of time. Of the justice of this remark, our readers will the better be able to judge, when we shall have enumerated the works, which Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland have actually published.

The second course, therefore, and that which they adopted, was to digest into a series of separate works the fruit of their combined labors. The evil incident to this, if evil it be thought, is the multiplication of voluminous works, on the subject of America, beyond the purse of most men to procure, their leisure to read, or their understandings to comprehend. This objection has been repeatedly made at home and abroad; and is, we must confess, in our judgment singularly perverse and ungrateful. To the quality of the books no one objects. The astronomical memoirs, the botany, the zoology, the geology, the statistics, and the narrative are each and all allowed, by those qualified to judge, to be of the best of their kind. Had they only been the production of different authors, they would

have been ranged in our libraries of American materials, as a series of books of inestimable worth—as a precious chain of writers of which not a link must fail. We appeal to the judgments, which have been pronounced on them, in the various departments which they treat, by the ablest philosophers and critics, both English and continental, that what is already published of them is superior in value, to every thing, which had hitherto appeared on America. But as the Athenian was tired of hearing Aristides called the just, we seem to be tired of receiving first rate books from M. de Humboldt; and it is usual to hear the remark, that there is too much of it.—It is true, that a part of the dissatisfaction is to be ascribed to the irregular and protracted appearance of the works, or parts of works, which compose the series. It is now about three and twenty years since Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland sailed from Corunna. Not all of the separate treatises have appeared; and of what M. de H. calls his *Relation Historique*, and his translator, Miss Williams, 'his personal narrative,' whereby the mere English reader is to understand what was and is still called emphatically 'travels,'—of this work, which for the mass of readers must be the most interesting, the two volumes, which we have named at the head of our article, conclude the first half only. Two more quartos or eight more octavos are promised,—as we shall presently state more particularly. Now nothing damps the curiosity, fatigues the patience, not to say awakes the wrath of common readers, like this delay between the portions of a book; and this retailing by piecemeal the volumes and parts of volumes of a performance of interest. The first part of M. de Humboldt's personal narrative appeared in 1814. This last year of 1822, the first half has been completed. Not to be annoyed at such a delay, would be paying a poor compliment to an author. We know well that M. de Humboldt is not chargeable with this delay. A high toned and philosophical mind is not like a double speeder at Waltham, which turns out every week its given number of yards of cloth; and it ought not to be expected of our traveller that he should write fifteen or twenty volumes by the job. We are aware, moreover, that the delays, which the publication of his works has experienced, have not been owing to any tardiness of his own most powerful mind; but to the vexatious obstacles, which have been thrown in his way, in the progress of publication. The style, in which

the large edition is executed, is one of great costliness, and the bankruptcy of more than one house successively entrusted with the publication of the parts of these expensive works, has presented as many difficulties in the printing of his travels, as he had to encounter in the performing of them. This we believe to have been the chief cause of the delay in question; and the world has reason to rejoice that it has fallen to the lot of a man of unequalled perseverance and spirit to meet with obstacles, which would have crushed an ordinary mind.

We proceed now briefly to enumerate the principal works, either published or projected by Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland, indicating by which of these gentlemen each respectively was composed; without attempting to give a list of the smaller productions under the names of tracts or memoirs, of which several exist in the different scientific collections. We shall endeavor, as nearly as we can, to give them in the order of their appearance.

1°. *Essai politique sur la Nouvelle Espagne.* The political essay on New Spain appeared in 1811, in two volumes, quarto; and since, in five volumes 8vo, with a physical and geographical atlas, founded on astronomical observations, trigonometrical measurements, and barometrical computations. This work—we use the words of M. de Humboldt—founded on a large number of official memoirs, presents, in six divisions, considerations on the extent and physical aspect of *Mexico*, its population, the manners of the inhabitants, their former civilization, and the political division of the country. It embraces at once the agriculture, the mineral productions, manufactures, commerce, finances, and military strength of this vast country. These different subjects of political economy are surveyed under a general point of view. New Spain is compared not only with the other Spanish colonies and with the United States of America, but with the English possessions in the east; the agriculture of countries in the torrid zone is compared with that of temperate regions; and estimates given of the quantity of colonial produce required by Europe in its present state of civilization. In tracing the geognostic description of the regions of the richest mines of Mexico, M. de Humboldt has given a view of the mineral product, the population, the importations and exportations of all Spanish America; and finally, says the author, 'I have treated many questions, which for want of exact

data, had hitherto been examined but superficially, such as those on the flux and reflux of metallic wealth; its progressive accumulation in Europe and Asia; and the quantity of gold and silver, which since the discovery of America down to the present day, the ancient continent has received from the new.' The geographical introduction at the head of the Essay on New Spain contains an account of the materials, from which the Mexican atlas was constructed. This work was translated into English by Black, and the translation, which is indifferently executed, has appeared in this country. At a moment like this, when Mexico is again drawing the attention of the world upon her as the seat of new political horrors and follies, the work of M. de Humboldt cannot be too strongly recommended, especially to the statesmen and politicians of this country. Mexico is certainly our most important frontier neighbor, and it may be very essential to us, for aught we know, to be acquainted with the state of his imperial majesty of Anahuac's dominions. It is not so far by land from New Orleans to the city of Mexico, as from New Orleans to Eastport. We had occasion, in our number for April last, to make liberal use of M. de Humboldt's Essay on New Spain, in our own remarks on Mexico. Had M. de Humboldt written nothing but this, his name would have stood among the first philosophers of the day. We had intended to extract some specimen of the work, but have laid it down in despair, from the difficulty of selecting any thing which would bear an extract. This work is entire and complete in itself, in no ways connected with the others, which M. de Humboldt has published or projected, and being in a convenient and economical French and English form, will doubtless be among the parts of his works, which circulate most widely.

2°. About the same time with the foregoing work, appeared *Vues des Cordillères et Monumens des Peuples indigenes de l'Amerique*, in a large folio volume, and subsequently in two octavo volumes, with a reduced form of the plates. The 'Monuments of the Original Nations' has been translated into English, under the immediate inspection of M. de Humboldt, by Miss H. M. Williams. This work, according to the account given of it by M. de Humboldt, is intended to make known, at the same time, some of the grand scenes, which nature presents in the high chain of the Andes, and to throw light on the ancient civilization of the Americans, by the study of their monu-

ments of architecture, their hieroglyphics, their religious worship, and their astrological fancies. M. de Humboldt has described in this work the construction of the *Teocallis*, or Mexican pyramids, compared with that of the temple of Belus; the arabesques, which cover the ruins of Mitla; idols in Basalt, ornamented with the Calantica of the Isis heads; and a considerable number of symbolical paintings, representing the serpent and woman, which is the Mexican Eve, the deluge of Coxcox, and the first migrations of the people of the Aztek race. In the same work, he has demonstrated the surprising resemblance which the calendar of the Toltecks and the catasterisms of their zodiac possess with the divisions of time of the nations of Tartary and Tibet, as well as of the Mexican traditions of the four regenerations of the globe with the *praylayas* of the Hindoos and the four ages of Hesiod. He has moreover introduced into this work, besides the hieroglyphical paintings brought by himself into Europe, fragments of all the Aztecan manuscripts preserved at Rome, Velletri, Vienna, and Dresden, of which the last, by the linear symbols, recals the *kouas* of the Chinese. By the side of these rude monuments of the nations of America, are contained, in the same work, picturesque views of the mountainous regions inhabited by them, as those of the cataract of Tequendama, of Chimborazo, of the volcano of Jorullo and of Cayambé, whose pyramidical summit, covered with eternal ice, is directly on the equator.

The materials collected by M. de Humboldt relative to the interesting subject of the Mexican languages have already been made use of by other distinguished scholars, to whom he has communicated them, particularly Mr F. Schlegel in his considerations on the Hindoos, and professor Vater, of Königsberg, in his continuation of the Mithridates, and other works. Of these labors of professor Vater, on the languages of America, we gave a notice in our number for January last. In the fourth volume of the Mithridates, drawn up by professor Vater, from the materials collected by M. de Humboldt and various other sources, so much light is thrown on the languages of America, that we cannot but think the volume ought to find a translator in this country. If we cannot withhold from distant foreigners the credit of having preceded us in making these laborious collections, in a department of study where we ought rather to

take the lead, we ought not to be slow in availing ourselves of the fruits of their labors. Professor Vater, in the fourth volume of the Mithridates, has expressed his conviction that M. de Humboldt, by a comparison of the Mexican zodiac with those of the Tartarian nations, has completely settled the question of the identity of the two races.

'Thus far,' says professor V, 'might our conjectures have reached, before the noble discovery of M. de Humboldt had presented the most complete demonstration of the connexion of the Mexicans and East Indians. The very learned and sagacious comparison, which he has made, between the *divisions of time* of the Mexicans and the tribes of Eastern Asia respectively, shows a visible analogy throughout their modes of computing time, which can by no means be ascribed to coincidence, especially where so many other circumstances lead us to assume a connexion between these nations. The Mexicans, Japanese, Thibetians, and various other nations of inner Asia have undeniably the same system in the division of their great cycle, and in the names which they give to the years, of which it is composed. This agreement is also confirmed by the still farther discovery, that a great part of the names, whereby the Mexicans designate the twenty days of their month, are precisely the signs of the zodiac, as it has been received from time immemorial by the tribes of Eastern Asia.' *Vues des Cordillères, p.* 152.*

In justification of these very important remarks, Mr Vater quotes, from the work of M. de Humboldt, the comparative table on which they are founded. As the Mithridates and the work of M. de H. last under consideration, are in few hands, we extract the table from them :—

* Mithridates, iv. 78, 79.

TABLE.

SIGNS OF THE ZODIAC.				*Hieroglyphics of the days of the Mexican Calendar,*	*Nacshatras, or lunar houses of The Hindoos.*
Hindoo, Greek, and European.	*The Manchoo Tartars.*	*The Japanese.*	*The Tibetians.*		
Aquarius.	Singueri.	Ne.	Tchip *(rat, water.)*	Atl *(water.)*	. . . .
Capricorn.	Ouker.	Ous.	Lang *(ox.)*	Cipactli *(sea-monster.)*	*Mahara, a sea-monster.*
Sagittarius.	Pars *(tiger.)*	Torra.	Tah *(tiger.)*	Ocelotl *(tiger, jaguar.)*	. . . .
Scorpio.	Taoulaï *(hare.)*	Ov.	Io *(hare.)*	Tochtli *(hare.)*	. . . .
Libra.	Lon.	Tats.	Brou *(dragon.)*	Cohuatl *(serpent.)*	*Serpent.*
Virgo.	Mogaï *(serpent.)*	Mi.	Proul *(serpent.)*	Acatl *(reed.)*	*Reed.*
Leo.	Morin.	Ouma.	Tha *(horse.)*	Tecpatl *(flint, knife.)*	*Razor.*
Cancer.	Koin.	Tsitsouse.	Lon *(goat.)*	Ollin *(sun's path.)*	Traces of the feet of Vishnoo.
Gemini.	Fetchi *(ape.)*	Sar.	Prchou *(ape.)*	Ozomatli *(ape.)*	*Ape.*
Taurus.	Tukia.	Torri.	Tcha *(bird.)*	Quauhtli *(bird.)*	. . . .
Aries.	Nokai *(dog.)*	In.	Ky *(dog.)*	Itzcuintli *(wild dog.)*	*Dog's tail.*
Pisces.	Gacai *(bird.)*	Y.	Pah *(hog.)*	Calli *(house.)*	*House.*

The extremely artificial mode, in which the Mexicans computed time, has in fact become more and more the subject of speculation to the learned, and seems to prove that a people, which, on the one hand, was sunk to the lowest depths of moral depravity, and carried the practice of human sacrifices to a degree surpassed by no other savage people, was, on the other hand, in the possession of an astronomical system superior to the Julian calendar at Rome.* We have no space to enlarge on the subject. The documents, which illustrate this curious subject, are all in the work of M. de H. last quoted : though it is difficult to realize that this people, who had an annual intercalation to bring their year up to 365 days, and an intercalation every fifty two years to bring it to 365 days 5 hours, is the people of whom de Paw, not more than a half century since, chose to assert that they could not count beyond three. The work of M. de Humboldt now mentiond is also complete, has been published both in a large and in an octavo form, and ably translated into English.

We now proceed to indicate works of a more scientific character, which have also been published by these travellers. We name therefore,

3°. *Recueil d' Observations Astronomiques, et de mesures executées dans le Nouveau continent, 2 vols. 4to.* The title of this work sufficiently explains its character. It contains the result of observations made from the 12° of south to the 41° of north latitude, and a table of seven hundred geographical positions, of which two hundred and thirty five were determined by the personal observations of M. de Humboldt. It is complete.

4°. *Plantes Equinoxiales recueillies au Mexique, dans l'isle de Cuba, dans les Provinces de Caraccas, de Cumana, &c. 2 vols. fol.* In this work M. Bonpland has described forty new *genera* of plants.

5°. *Monographie des Melastomes, 2 vols. fol.* containing the description of more than a hundred and fifty species of the family, collected in the course of the travels of Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland. These volumes also contain the plants of the same family, brought by Richard from his voyage

* Niebuhr, in his chapter on the Roman secular cycle, B. I, p. 200, says, 'The ancient Aztecs, whose calendar was the most perfect of any in civil use before the Gregorian Reformation, computed a great cycle of 104 solar years.'

to the Antilles and French Guiana. These two works are both by M. Bonpland, are both complete, and constitute one of the most splendid botanical publications, which has ever issued from the press.

6°. *Essai sur la Geographie des Plantes, accompagné d'un tableau physique des Regions Equinoxiales:* 4to. M. de H. has in this work united into one view, the aggregate of physical phenomena, presented by the torrid zone in America, from the level of the South sea, to the highest summit of the Andes: viz. the vegetation, animals, geological relations, the culture of the soil, the temperature of the air, the limits of perpetual snow, the chemical constitution of the atmosphere, the electric action, the barometrical depression, the decrease of gravitation, the intensity of the blue color of the sky, the *enfeeblement* of the light in traversing the strata of the atmosphere, the horizontal refractions, and the heat of boiling water, at different altitudes. Fourteen scales, adapted to a profile view of the Andes, indicate the modifications, to which these several phenomena are subjected by the influence of the elevation of the soil above the level of the sea. Every groupe of vegetables is placed at the height which nature has assigned to it.

The geography of plants is one of the most curious instances of the connexion of the various arts and sciences with each other. Far from being a topic which ought to be assigned exclusively to the botanist, the subject of the localities, of the original country of plants, and the regions to which they have been transported, is one of the most precious documents for tracing the descent, the affinity, and the emigration of ancient nations. Books we have few, one might rather say none, which acquaint us with the *primitive* fortunes of our race. Plain reading and writing, handy as we are at them now a days, are things of which the majority of men, taking the ages of the world together, have known nothing. We speak not now of the old and somewhat arbitrary division of barbarous and civilized; but the people that built the pyramids and the temples of Thebes, knew nothing of what we call reading and writing. Their hieroglyphics were in the hands of the priests, and besides were about as much of a popular science as the integral and differential calculus at the present day; with the advantage in favor of the latter, that all who have the

intellectual capacity to learn it, have the means, while the hieroglyphics were a sacred mystery. The Assyrians, Chaldæans, and Persians, at the most flourishing periods of their politics, cannot have had any other kind of writing. There is no proof of any thing among them more commodious than the arrow-headed character, of which the construction excludes every thing like a popular use. It may have served the purposes of religion and the state, and been, perhaps, associated with astronomical hieroglyphics, to record some observations of the heavenly bodies. No one who has ever looked at a Babylonian brick, or drawings of the Persepolitan ruins, can suppose, that it extended its use to the common purposes of life. But this is to speak of the most ancient days and distant regions. The Trojan war had been fought, all the Grecian cities founded, and the laws of Lycurgus established, before the Greeks learned to read and write; and prose is so modern among them, that we can show the period of its origin. With the Romans, as with the Etruscans before them, writing was a mysterious art, in the hands of the priests, till the intercourse between Greece and Rome was established. Nor is it probable, that in common life, any extensive use was, at any time, made of the art. In the middle ages of Europe it was still less practised. Charlemagne himself was awkward at it, and set up schools, that his subjects might be better taught than their master. Even at the present day, if the human race were to pass in review before us, for one who could read a book, there would be about ten to whom it would be a sad waste of fair rags. That almost idolatrous preference, therefore, which we give to written documents above all other means of information, has, as far as the oldest antiquity is concerned, little foundation in justice, and is much to be deplored, when it leads us to neglect more permanent documents of the history of our race. It is not in the form of books, that languages themselves are the best witnesses of the *most remote* antiquity. The coincidence of the structure and vocabulary of languages carries us much farther back, than any record they contain, for the reasons, that the oldest records have perished, and still more, because men spoke long before they wrote, and ages on ages of speaking men, to whom writing in all its forms was unknown, transmitted their languages to posterity. But language, in any application, is but one of the monuments, that

survive the transitory generations of men. Their works and their institutions, their superstitions, and their ceremonies, in various forms, outlive them; and it is not even without example, that the lineaments of the face descend, for thousands of years. Let men but make some progress in civilization, and they divide the starry heavens into arbitrary signs, of which the tradition travels down to the latest posterity, which establish a connexion between the Hindoo, the Egyptian, and the Greek, anterior to any other record of it, and leave a memorial in their lunar houses and solar aspects, for ages after marble and paper are alike reduced to dust. This observation had not escaped philosophers.* M. de Humboldt has called the attention of those, who love to study the history of man, not in the genealogy of kings or the tale of battles, but in its grand features of humanity, to another most elevated and attractive speculation. Most of the vegetables, which serve for the nutriment of man, the grains, the roots, the berries, which make up his food, have undergone migrations with the human tribes, and in passing from region to region, and climate to climate, have gone through various stages of development and improvement. Of many we know the native soil, and the period of their removal to others. On an extensive collection of facts of this kind, notices of the native places, the transportation, the improved form, and the use for food of the cereal vegetables, the potato, the palm, &c., M. de Humboldt has founded the most ingenious historical conclusions, and taught us, that if, in one series of observations, the history of our race is written in the heavens above us, it may be traced in another on the surface beneath our feet. The essay on New Spain contains a number of speculations of this kind, of the most curious nature, that are more particularly pursued in the work before us; which is completed, and itself an independent and separate work.

7°. *Recueil d' Observations de Zoologie et d' Anatomie Comparée.* 2 vols. 4to. In this work are given the history of the condor, experiments on the electrical action of the gymnotus, a memoir on the larynx of the crocodiles, of the quadrumani and tropical birds, a description of several new species of reptiles, fishes, birds, apes, and other mamiferous animals little known. M. Cuvier, who with Blumenbach may be regarded as standing at the head of the science of natural history, has

* North American Review, xii. 151.

furnished for this work an extensive memoir on the Axolotl of the lake of Mexico, and the Proteuses in general.* M. Cuvier has recognized among the fossil bones brought from America by Messrs de Humboldt and Bonpland, two new species of mastodontons, and one true elephant. The second volume of the work is devoted to the skulls of Mexicans, Peruvians, &c. on which Mr Blumenbach has also published a memoir from the collection of M. de H. Of the work under consideration, the whole of the first volume and a part of the second, were published in 1817, and the remainder of the second was expected in the course of that year; whether it was published were are not informed. On scarce any subject is the confident ignorance of the *savans* of the last generation so glaring, as that of the Zoology of America. Clavigero, though no naturalist, had already exposed the errors of Buffon, in his two lists of species, 'confounded with others,' by Buffon, and 'species unknown' to him: and two new species of mammoth and an elephant must be allowed to be tolerable make-weights in the scale,—on the question whether the American animals are smaller and weaker than the European. The worthy abbé, in the dissertation we have just referred to, takes particular umbrage at the assertion made by Buffon, that the greatest part of the animals peculiar to America are without tails, which Buffon considers a mark of inferiority. The abbé, in reply, enumerates to the count fourteen species of animals of the old continent, that want this sightly appendage, while America furnishes but six.†

8°. It remains to mention but one other work which has grown out of this memorable voyage; it is that, to which we have often referred in the course of our preceding remarks, which bears the name in French of *Relation Historique*, and in English, of *Personal Narrative*. This English name, as has been well observed, is badly chosen to convey a correct idea of the nature of the volumes, to which it is attached. They contain every thing relative to the various countries traversed, with the exception of what had gone to form the the separate treatises which we have enumerated, nor do they omit to give a general account even of the subjects, which are particularly

* Blumenbach, Naturgeschichte, p. 236. Ed. 9th.

† Clavigero, Storia Antica. Vol. iv. Dissertat. iv. It is necessary to read the series of dissertations, which Clavigero has appended to his excellent work, to know how to estimate the popular works on America.

and scientifically discussed in them. Of *personal* matter, in any common acceptation of that term, there is certainly little; though there is no omission of any interesting fact or adventure which might awaken the curiosity of the reader. Of this work it was announced, in the general prospectus of M. de Humboldt's publications, that there would be four quarto volumes. The first half of the first volume appeared in 1814,—and it is only the past year, that the second half of the second volume has been published; so that after an interval of eight years, one moiety only of the Personal Narrative is before the public. We have already hinted at the causes, which have retarded the publication. We are fully aware of the immense labor of reducing into a continuous narrative the mass of materials gathered in such an expedition; and of the difficulty of finding time for such a laborious enterprize, for a scholar like M. de Humboldt, whose reputation requires him to be *au courant* of all the philosophical literature of the day, and who besides writing his own books is, as it were, obliged to read those of every body else. While therefore we do full justice to the causes of the delay, which has taken place in the publication of his *Historical Narrative*, truth also obliges us to add, that this, of all his works, is that of which the effect suffers most by this interruption. By the very nature of the work, we here place ourselves in company with the travellers, we sympathise in their repeated disappointments; we share their impatience at the obstacles they encounter; with feelings wrought up like theirs, we rejoice in the final permission which they attain at Aranjuez, we feel grateful to the generous minister, who opens the doors to them of that little nook of closely watched soil, that lies over seventy-nine degrees of latitude; we partake the excitement of their escape through the English blockading squadron of the harbor of Corunna, and launch forth with them at last on the great highway of nations. Now if the narrative of the tour thus commenced can be laid before us at once, executed with the ability displayed in all M. de Humboldt's works, and rich in all the materials collected in his voyage, we care not to what length it runs; and we believe that his four quartos would be read with as much avidity as one: with interest not only sustained, but constantly rising. But if, on the other hand, this narrative be cut up into half volumes, appearing after long and irregular intervals, each suc-

cessive portion offering itself to an interrupted and halting recollection and a curiosity which has mean time been banquetting on all the novelties of the day, it is asking too much to expect, that each new portion of a work so protracted will be read with that keenness and freshness of relish, with which we devour a new and an entire work. Had those private nameless circumstances which commonly decide important matters, to the confusion of all previous calculation, put it into M. de Humboldt's power to bring out his Historical Narrative, in four or in eight volumes of any size, at once, or in a regular and unbroken succession, we doubt not that it would have appeared with greater eclat, with a greater burst of admiration than any thing of the kind which the age has produced. As the work stands, one half of its promised amount has now appeared, in two quarto or eight octavo volumes, of all of which a translation has been executed by Miss Williams, and of which ample notices have been given in the English journals, in proportion as they have appeared. It is understood, that M. de Humboldt is actively engaged in continuing the work, and that arrangements have been made for the regular appearance of the remaining portions of it.

It was our intention to say something of the atlases with which the works of our author are illustrated. These will be regarded by many of our readers as one of the most important portions of M. de Humboldt's labors. We have not, however, left ourselves room to enlarge upon them. They are three in number. The first is the Atlas Pittoresque, which is the work mentioned above, No. 2. page 13, containing the views of some striking natural scenes, and the monuments of the civilization and arts of the natives of America; and consisting, in the folio edition, of three hundred and fifty pages of text and sixty nine engravings, most of them colored and some in a very splendid style.* The second atlas is that, which is attached to the Essay on New Spain. It is in the folio form and consists of thirty-two maps and tables, geographical, physical, and statistical. The octavo edition of the Essay on New Spain is accompanied by the map of Mexico and the neighboring countries, and a table representing the profile of the tableland of New Spain and the tract of land between the Pacific

* The edition of this work in octavo is in two volumes, and contains a selection of nineteen engravings, chiefly colored.

and the sea of the Antilles. The duty of asserting the right of literary property is certainly one of the first, which devolves on a literary journal. We cannot forbear therefore to quote the complaints of M. de H. in reference to two very reprehensible violations of this right, with respect to the principal map of this atlas. Mr Arrowsmith, whose labors in this department of geography are so justly celebrated, published in 1805 his *New Map of Mexico, compiled from original documents.* This is M. de Humboldt's map on a larger scale, and so grossly borrowed, that the explication of the signs is left in French; and in a certain unlucky passage, where in M. de Humboldt's map we read 'the table land of Toluca is elevated fourteen hundred toises above the level of the ocean,' Mr Arrowsmith or his copyists have abridged this fact into the simple word '*ocean*,' which stands alone among the *mountains* of Toluca. This bears some analogy to an error, which in his essay on New Spain, book iii. c. 8, M. de Humboldt has pointed out, in the *Geographie Mathematique, Physique, et Politique.* The learned and ingenious author of that work has confounded (vol. xv. p. 116 and 117) the river *Tacoutche-Tesse* or *Oregan* of Mackenzie with the Rio Colorado or Del Norte, in consequence of finding on Don Antonio Alzate's map of Mexico, at the junction of the Rio Gila and Rio Colorado these words, in Spanish, Rio Colorado ò del Norte *cuyo origen se ignora*, (whose source is not known.) The map of Alzate being here indistinctly engraved, and nothing but *origen* (source) being distinct, the celebrated geographer alluded to hastily confounded it with the *Oregan.* For the rest, it would appear from the proceedings last winter of congress that the identity of the Oregan and the Columbia, which M. de Humboldt regards as questionable, was considered at Washington as ascertained. But to return to Mr Arrowsmith's dealings with the map of Mexico, no one can deny the justice of the discontent of M. de Humboldt, nor the good reason he has to complain that 'simple copies of his productions should be circulated under foreign names.'* Lest any one accuse us of want of national courtesy in making conspicuous mention of the foregoing fact, we add, and are sorry to do it, that after having borne high testimony to the courage of Pike, in the pursuit of his expedition, M. de Humboldt adds that the map of Mexico attached to his book, is a *reduced* copy

* Voyage; Introduction, p. 21.

of the map of New Spain, deposited by M. de H. in the department of state at Washington in 1804. That any individual should have been disposed to make use of the labors of an illustrious foreigner, thus entrusted to the safeguard of the national faith, is matter to us of great regret; that being disposed, he should have been permitted, is still more unpleasant; and we cannot but hope that the whole had its origin in misconception.

In addition to the Atlas Pittoresque and the Atlas of New Spain, each part of the Historical Narrative is accompanied with four or five maps, so that when this division of the work is completed there will be a third atlas in three folio volumes. This being sold separately* will be equally useful to the possessors of the quarto and of the octavo edition of the work. An enumeration and account of the maps published up to the year 1817, may be found at the close of the fourth volume of the octavo edition of the Historical Relation.

We have thus laid before our readers an account of the principal works of M. de Humboldt on America. It was our intention before closing this article to give something like an analysis, with extracts, of the two volumes, of which we have placed the title at the head of our article. This we have not left ourselves room to do, but we have made a translation from the first chapter, which may serve as a specimen, instructive as well as amusing, of their contents.

'We were horribly tormented in the day time, by the mosquitos, the *jejen*, small flies or poisonous *simulia*, and by night by the *zancudos*, a large species of gnats *(cousins)* formidable even to the natives. Our hands began to swell; and this swelling increased from day to day, till our arrival on the banks of the Temi. The means resorted to, to avoid these little animals, are very extraordinary. The good missionary, Bernardo Zea, who passes his life amidst the torments of the mosquitos, had constructed near his church, on a scaffold of trunks of palm trees, a little apartment, in which he could breathe more freely. We ascended thither at night, by means of a ladder, to dry our plants and write our journal. The missionary had correctly noticed that the insects abound most in the lower stratum of air, within twelve or fifteen feet from the ground. At Maypurès, the Indians leave the village at night, to go and sleep on the islets, in the midst of the cataracts. There they enjoy some repose, as the insects ap-

* The *Atlas Pittoresque* is also sold separately.

pear to fly an atmosphere surcharged with vapor. Every where we have found fewer in the middle, than on the sides of a river; and also that we suffered less from them, in descending than in ascending the Orinoco. Those who have not navigated the great rivers of equinoctial America, as the Orinoco or the Rio de la Magdelena, can scarce conceive to what degree, at every moment of life, one may be tormented by insects flying in the air; to what degree the multitude of these little animals may render vast regions almost uninhabitable. However accustomed one may be to bear pain without complaint, however lively an interest one may take in the objects he is pursuing, it is impossible not to be constantly distracted by the *mosquitos*, *zancudos*, *jejen*, and *temperanos*, which cover hands and face, penetrate the clothes with their *proboscis*, prolonged into the shape of a needle, and which forcing themselves into the nostrils and mouth, make you cough and sneeze whenever you speak in the open air. In consequence in the missions of the Orinoco, in the villages placed on the banks of the river, surrounded by immense forests, the *plaga de las moscas*, the *torment of the flies*, presents an inexhaustible topic of conversation. When two persons meet in the morning, the first questions which they address each other are these, 'How have you found the *zancudos* tonight? How is it today in point of mosquitos?' These questions bring to mind a *Chinese* compliment, indicative of the former savage state of the country. The salutation of the *celestial empire* was formerly, '*Vou-to-hou*, have you been incommoded the past night *by serpents?*' We shall presently see that on the banks of the Tuamini, in the river of the Magdalen, and especially at Choco, the country of gold and platina, one might add the Chinese compliment of the serpents to that of the mosquitos.

This is the place to speak of the geographical distribution of the tipulary insects, which presents appearances worthy of note. It does not appear to depend solely on the heat of the climate, the excess of the humidity, or the thickness of the forests, but on local circumstances difficult to characterize. It may be remarked in the first place, that the plague of the *mosquitos* and *zancudos* is not so general in the torrid zone as is commonly thought. On the high table-land of more than four hundred toises above the ocean, in the very dry plains which are distant from the large rivers, for instance at Cumana and Calobozo, there are not perceptibly more of them than in the most inhabited parts of Europe. They increase prodigiously at New Barcelona, and more westerly on the coast toward cape Codera. Between the little port l'Higuerote and the mouth of the Rio Unare, the ill fated inhabitants are accustomed to stretch themselves on the ground, and to pass the night buried in the sand three or four inches deep,

leaving nothing out but the head, which is covered with a handkerchief. You suffer from the stings of insects, but not insupportably, in descending the Orinoco, from Cabruta toward Angostura, and remounting it from Cabruta toward Uruana, between the 7° and 8° of latitude. But beyond the mouth of the Rio Arauca, after passing the strait of Baraguan, the scene changes all at once. From this point onward, there is no more peace for the traveller. If he have any poetical recollections of Dante, he will think that he is entering the *città dolente ;* and that he reads upon the rocks of granite of Baraguan these memorable lines of the third canto of the Inferno,

> Noi sem venuti al luogo, ov' i' t' ho detto
> Che tu vedrai le gente dolorose.

The lower strata of the air to the height of fifteen or twenty feet are filled with venomous insects as with a condensed vapor. If one places himself in any dark spot, as the grottos found in the cataracts by overhanging blocks of granite, and directs his eyes towards the opening illuminated by the sun, he sees clouds of *mosquitos*, more or less thick, according as these little animals cluster together or disperse, in their slow and measured movements. At the mission of San Borja, the mosquitos are more oppressive than at Carichana, but in the *Rapids*, the Aturès, and above all, at Maypurès, the annoyance attains its *maximum.* I doubt whether there is a region on earth, where man is exposed to more cruel torments in the rainy season. On passing the fifth degree of latitude, one is a little less stung; but in the High-Orinoco, the stings are more piercing, because the heat and the absolute stillness of the air render it more burning and irritating in its contact with the skin. 'How happy the inhabitants of the moon must be,' said a Saliva Indian to father Gumilla, 'it is so beautiful and light, it must be clear of mosquitos.' These words, expressive of the infancy of a people, are quite remarkable. In every quarter, the moon is for the American savage, the abode of the happy, the region of plenty. The Esquimau who places his riches in a plank, a trunk of a tree thrown by the currents on a coast devoid of vegetation, sees in the moon plains covered with forests. The Indian of the forests of the Orinoco sees there open savannas, whose inhabitants are never stung by mosquitos. Farther toward the south, where the waters of the rivers begin to assume a tinge of yellowish brown, which bear in general the name of *aguas negras* or *black waters*, on the banks of the Atabapo, of the Temi, of the Tuamini, and the Rio Negro, we enjoyed a repose, I had almost said, a happiness unlooked for. These rivers, like the Orinoco, traverse immense forests; but the *tipulary* insects, as well as the crocodiles, avoid the *black waters.* Are these waters, a little cooler and chemically differing from the white, ungrateful

to the larvæ and nymphæ of the *tipulæ* of the gnats, which may be considered as real aquatic animals? Some small rivers, whose water is either deep blue, or yellowish brown; the Toparo, the Mataveni, and the Zama, are exceptions to the general rule of the absence of mosquitos from the dark waters. These three rivers swarm with them, and the Indians themselves called our attention to the problematical causes of the phenomenon. In descending the Rio Negro we breathed freely at Maroa, at Davipe, and at San Carlos, villages situated on the frontiers of Brazil. But this relief was short, our sufferings recommenced in entering the Cassiquiaire. At Esmeralda, at the eastern extremity of the high Orinoco, where the *terra cognita* of the Spaniards ends, the clouds of mosquitos are scarcely less dense than at the great cataracts. At Mondava we found an old missionary, who said to us with a sad air, that "he had passed his twenty years of mosquitos in America." He would have us look at his legs, that we might one day be able to tell "*por Allà* (beyond the sea) what the poor monks suffer, in the forests of the Cassiquiaire." As every sting leaves a little blackish brown spot, his legs were speckled to such a degree that it was hardly possible to recognise any white skin, through the spots of coagulated blood. If the insects of the genus Simulium abound in the Cassiquiaire, which has *white waters*, the Culex or the *Zancudos*, on the other hand, are proportionably rare. You scarce meet any of them, while in the rivers with black waters, in the Atabapo and Rio Negro, there are generally *zancudos* and no mosquitos. It has been already observed that in the little revolutions, which agitate from time to time the order of the observance of St Francis, when the father guardian wishes to inflict a punishment on a lay brother, he sends him to Esmeralda: a banishment, as the monks say, "where one is condemned to the mosquitos." Such is the geographical distribution of the venomous insects. What seemed very remarkable to us, but is confirmed by all the missionaries is, that the different species do not associate, and that at different hours of the day one is stung by different species. Every time that the scene changes, and according to the familiar phrase of the missionaries, other insects "mount guard," you have a few moments, sometimes a quarter of an hour, of rest. From half past six in the morning till five in the afternoon, the air is filled with mosquitos, who are not as is stated by some travellers* of the form of our gnats, *(culex pipiens)* but of that of a small fly. These are the simulia of the family of Nemocères in the system of M. Latreille. Their sting is painful like that of the *conops calcitrans*. It leaves a little reddish brown spot, formed of blood extravasated and coagulated, where the

* Kalm, Reise in Nord America, ii. 268.

trunk has pierced the skin. An hour before sunsetting the mosquitos are succeeded by a species of little gnats, called *temperanos*, because they also appear at sunrise. They remain scarcely an hour and a half. They vanish between six and seven in the evening, or, in the missionary phrase, after the *angelus* (*evening prayer.*) After a few minutes of rest, you begin to be stung by the *zancudo*, another species of *culex*, with very long legs. The zancudo, whose trunk contains a piercing sucker, causes the keenest pain and swellings which last several weeks. Its noise is like that of the gnats of Europe, but stronger and more prolonged.

'I have been informed that from time to time these insects migrate, like the apes (*singes Alouattes*) that live in a gregareous manner. Species, whose sting has never before been felt, appear at certain places in the commencement of the rainy season. We were told on the Rio de la Magdelena, that at Simiti no other *culex* was formerly known than the *jejen*. The nights were tranquil in that quarter, for the *jejen* is not a nocturnal insect. Since the year 1801, the great blue winged gnat (*culex cyanopterus*) has appeared in such abundance that the poor inhabitants of Simiti know not how to procure a comfortable night's sleep. In the swampy canals of the isle of Barû, near Carthagena, there is a little white fly called *cafaji*. It is scarcely visible to the naked eye, and causes highly painful swellings. It is necessary to wet the cotton mosquito nets, that the *cafaji* may not penetrate between the threads. This insect, happily rare, ascends in the month of January, by the canal or dike of Mahates, to Morales.'

After several other facts and observations, M. de Humboldt closes his chapter with these remarks :

'I have thus collected, at the close of this chapter, all that we have observed in the course of our travels, with respect to *phenomena* singularly neglected by naturalists hitherto, although they exercise a great influence on the wellbeing of the inhabitants, the salubrity of the climate, and the establishment of new colonies along the rivers of equinoctial America. I should not have allowed myself to treat the subject, with a detail which might seem trifling, if it did not connect itself with more extensive physiological views. As our imagination is not powerfully arrested but by that, which is physically grand, it belongs to the philosophy of nature, to study what is small. We have seen that winged insects, concealing in their trunks a liquor, which irritates the skin, render vast regions almost uninhabitable. Other insects equally small, the *termites*, create important obstacles to civilization, in many warm and temperate portions of the equinoctial zone.

They devour paper, pasteboard, and parchment with frightful rapidity. They destroy archives and libraries. Whole provinces of Spanish America do not contain a document, which has been written more than a hundred years. What development can the civilization of a people hope, where nothing unites the present to the past, where it is necessary many times to renew the deposits of human knowledge. Where the monuments of genius and reason cannot be transmitted to posterity! But in proportion as you ascend upon the table-land of the Andes, these evils disappear. Man there breathes an air more fresh and pure. Insects do not trouble the occupations of the day, nor the slumbers of the night. Documents may be collected into archives without fear of the voracity of the termes. The *moustiques* are no longer to be feared at a height of 200 toises. The termites, still quite frequent at 300 toises of elevation, become very rare at Mexico, at Santa Fè de Bogota, and at Quito. In these great capitals, situated on the ridge of the Cordilleras, there are already libraries and archives, which the inhabitants display an enlightened zeal in augmenting from day to day. These circumstances, which I do but indicate here, unite with others, which assure to the alpine region a moral preponderance over the lower region of the torrid zone. If we admit, in accordance with the ancient traditions preserved in both hemispheres, that at the period of the catastrophes which have preceded the renewal of our race, man has descended from the mountains to the plains, we may admit, with more assurance still, that these mountains, the cradle of so many different nations, will remain for ever, in the torrid zone, the centre of civilization. It is from their fertile and temperate table-lands, from these islets scattered in the aerial ocean, that the lights and benefits of social institutions will spread over those vast forests, which extend to the foot of the Andes, and which are inhabited, in our days, by tribes, whom the riches of nature herself have maintained in indolence.'

ART. II.—*A Report to the Secretary of War of the U. S. on Indian Affairs, comprising a narrative of a Tour performed, in the Summer of* 1820, *under a Commission from the President of the U. S., for the purpose of ascertaining, for the use of the government, the actual State of the Indian tribes, in our Country: By Rev. Jedidiah Morse, D. D.* New-haven, 1822, 8vo.

THE subject of this work appears to be one of rapidly increasing interest, in this country. The extension of our states

and territories westward is daily giving greater political consequence to questions, relative to the condition of the yet existing nations of aboriginal inhabitants. Philologians, both abroad and at home, have of late years pursued with zeal the comparison of the native dialects of this continent. The well conducted expeditions, which our government has fitted out, and the enterprizing tours of individuals have brought to notice tribes and nations before unknown; and lastly the establishments of the various missionary societies, and the success which has attended the great efforts now making for the civilization of the Indians, have turned the eyes of a great part of the community to their condition and prospects. It was in connexion with some of these societies, that the tour of Dr Morse, of which the narrative is given in this volume, had its origin. Being in the service of the Society in Scotland, for propagating Christian knowledge, and the Northern Missionary Society of the state of New York, Dr Morse was led to make an offer of his services to the government of the United States, which was accepted. In pursuit of his object the Dr undertook a tour to Green bay, in the summer of 1820; and those who recollect--as so many among us may--the idea which prevailed, not a generation since, of the effort required for a visit to Niagara, will be struck with the improvements introduced in the means of conveyance, in this quarter. Dr Morse started from Newhaven for Green bay, on the western side of lake Michigan, May 10th, and returned to that city, Aug 30th of the same summer, not having passed more than two thirds of the time on the road. The next summer Dr Morse also made a visit to York, in upper Canada, for the sake of an interview with Sir Peregrine Maitland, the governor of that province, on the subject of his mission. The volume before us consists of a narrative of these two excursions and a large appendix, containing documents of various kinds and various degrees of interest. As the personal observations of Dr Morse were almost wholly limited to those, which he had an opportunity of making on his hasty visit to Green bay; the greater part of his materials rest of course on the authority of the gentlemen, who furnish them. A considerable part of these is already before the public, particularly most of the accounts of the missionary establishments among the Cherokees and Choctaws, and the accounts of the Indians in our high

latitudes, by Mr Harmon; from whose journal Dr Morse has made an extract of some length. Indeed the only exception we have to take to this volume, which we have read with great interest—and this is, perhaps, the highest compliment in our power to pay to a closely printed volume of five hundred pages—is, that more choice was not used in selecting the materials, and more care bestowed in arranging them. Had 'the whole been digested into one body,' according to the judicious suggestion of Mr Calhoun, and the mass of materials, contained in the appendix, been woven into one continuous discourse or treatise, of about a third of the size of the present volume, it would have been likely to enjoy an extensive circulation. As it is, the size of the work and the manner in which it is put together, will confine it principally to those, who are willing to take some pains to master the contents of a volume. We must be permitted also to object to the practice of splitting up documents into paragraphs, with running titles in italics, to tell their contents. This is proper in a scientific treatise, written in paragraphs, and it is very well in a newspaper designed for popular circulation; but certainly the present work is not intended for a class of readers, who cannot tell the subject of a document, till it has been thus dissected and labelled.

The condition of the native inhabitants of this continent, especially of those parts of it included within our own settlements or on whom the wave of population is daily encroaching, is a very interesting, a very curious, and a somewhat difficult subject. It is common to speak of them as a much oppressed and wronged race, to deplore their extinction, and to form projects for their preservation and civilization. Many questions, however, seem to be confounded together in this subject, and it will aid us materially, in coming to a right conclusion, to separate them.

Are they then a much injured and oppressed race, or rather is their gradual extinction and disappearance a great and crying injustice? No one, directly challenged on this point, perhaps, will answer in the affirmative. It seems to be agreed, on all hands, that barbarous tribes have but a partial and imperfect right in the soil; that they cannot allege a prior occupancy of the forests and plains, which they do not in any civilized sense

occupy.* If this be so, a civilized company of emigrants have a right to land and settle on a savage coast. They certainly have a right so to do, if, as in most cases in our country, a regular agreement and treaty be had with the natives, by which they transfer their right, perfect or imperfect, to the new comers. Thus far then all will agree, and will allow that the pilgrims of New England and the quakers of Pennsylvania were lawfully and rightfully settled. But here begins the difficulty. The settlers possessing the arts of civilized life, enjoying the blessings of government, and backed by powerful countries beyond the sea, are likely to advance in population, much more rapidly than any equal portion of the natives. Forests will soon disappear and be replaced by cornfields. This feeds the white people, but it starves the red people ; and yet what hardy moralist will say, that the settlers shall not cut down the trees, because it will destroy the covert of the deer? Thus we see, the very first step to feed and support the new comers aims at the extinction of the savages. To cut down forests is to apply, in the modern phraseology, the most effectual check to their increase. This is only the first step. The settler brings with him the art of extracting a strong liquor out of potatoes and rye, which taken in small quantities and with great discretion is a cordial ; but, in large quantities and without discretion, a poison. The savage has an ungoverned appetite for this liquor ; and though it be always made penal to furnish him with it, it is impossible, in the nature of things, to enforce the restriction, and it is put within his reach. This not only produces the fatal consequences peculiar to itself, but, by the contagious nature of all vice, it leads to other vices, to quarrels, to violence, to murders ; and thus to wars of retaliation, punishment, and self-defence. Cannon, and musketry, and ammunition now come in aid of the silent operation of other causes ; and the savage foes are rapidly cut off. Collaterally with this, they take our diseases, and small pox, with aggravated ravages, hastens their extinction. This has been the immediate agent of breaking up and destroying several mighty tribes, and the volume before us furnishes proof that it is still at work. By the operation of these causes, the Indian population is thinned, crowded together, driven off: a melancholy spectacle to the survivors, and brought about, as

* See the authorities cited by Dr Morse, p. 279.

we have stated, partly by the vices of the settlers; but yet not by any of that tyranny and oppression commonly urged. In a high moral sense, we certainly would allow, that to distil whiskey, knowing that the Indians would get it and be ruined by it, is criminal; but this cannot be said of giving them the small pox, which has the opposite quality of mercy, and '*curses* him who gives and him who takes;' nor can it be said of the disastrous result of Indian wars, growing out of the savage manners of the natives, and a just self-defence against them. We hope we shall not be understood to palliate any act of injustice and cruelty, of which doubtless many have been committed against the Indians. But it must be remembered, that many also have been committed by them, against the whites, and we are strongly inclined to think that this private score of oppression, cruelty, and guilt is nearly balanced. We maintain only, that the extinction of the Indians has taken place by the unavoidable operation of natural causes, and as the natural consequence of the vicinity of white settlements. Wherever, by the interference of the state, they have been preserved, it has been by a greater violation of their *supposed* rights, than that which has led to their extinction. Are they 'lords of the soil?" they may then sell it to whom they please; and that will be the first trader well furnished with whiskey. Are they not lords, and do they even require reservations made inalienable by government, to prevent their total extinction? then they have not been driven from their own property. It appears to us therefore that the whole theory of injury and oppression—resting on the rapid and total extinction of so many nations and the impending disappearance of all—is unsound on any principle, which would not wholly deny the right of settling, on any terms, upon a barbarous coast. We have hitherto left out of view one consideration, which destroys even the shadow of plausibility in the argument which we combat. It is this, that most of the aboriginals—as we call them—certainly, all probably, hunted and fished in the streams and forests of this country, merely, by the right of the strongest. The traditions of their wars among themselves, of their conquests, and defeats were very distinct, at the time of the discovery of America. The Peruvians, Mexicans, and Lenni-Lenape were none of them *aboriginals*, in the literal sense of the term. Some of them, at a very late period, and all at no

very remote period, had driven out some still 'more oppressed and injured race.' The Spaniards would never have reached Mexico, but for the alliance of the Tlascalans, with which nation the Mexicans would not make peace, because the supply of prisoners of war for human sacrifices would fail. The Eries, who gave their name to the lake, were exterminated by the Iroquois. And at the present day, Cherokees and Osages, Sioux and Chippeways are much more dangerous foes to each other than whites to either. Without regarding therefore their barbarous modes of warfare, or their treatment of prisoners, it is quite plain that they have no just cause of murmuring, at the progress of the whites, who had they, from their first landing, used no other means of extending themselves and extinguishing the Indian claims than the sword, would have stood on as good a right, as the Indians themselves.

But if not an injured and oppressed race, still is not their extinction and disappearance from the face of the earth a great calamity, a subject of melancholy reflection? Dr Morse, at the close of his report, thus expresses himself: 'In these circumstances, they become insulated, among those who despise them as an inferior race, fit companions of those only, who have the capacity and disposition to corrupt them. In this degraded, most disconsolate and heart breaking situation, in which man can be placed, they are left miserably to waste away for a few generations, and then to become extinct for ever! This is no fancied picture. In a few years it will be sad reality, unless we change our policy toward them; unless effectual measures be taken to bring them over this awful gulf, to the solid and safe ground of civilization. How many tribes, once numerous and respectable, have in succession perished, in the manner described, from the fair and productive territories, now possessed by and giving support to TEN MILLIONS.' In confirmation of these feelings of his own, the Doctor quotes the following impassioned passage from a sermon of the Rev. Mr Clarke, of Amherst (Mass.) 'I hear too the voice of the savage sounding from the bosom of the trackless forest. And there is in that cry a wild and native eloquence. "You have stripped us of our hunting ground, all in life that we held dear; you have corrupted our morals; our tribes, already incalculably diminished, have nothing before them but the dreary idea of being swallowed up, unless it be the more fearful apprehen-

sion of perishing for ever in our sins. Once we were the heirs of your soil; we now only ask to die the heirs of that salvation which is revealed to you in your bibles." A cry like this has been uttered and is heard. Already the heralds of salvation have gone to look up the remnants of their depopulated tribes and point them to a Savior. Their sun is setting in the west, and we should give evidence that we had their unpitying nature as well as their soil, were we willing to see it go down in total darkness. If the few that remain may live forever, it alleviates the retrospect of their wrongs, and creates one luminous spot in the Egyptian cloud, that hangs over the place of their fathers' sepulchres. I would give any price for their forgiveness and blessing; and it cheers my heart, that my country is beginning to pay the long arrears, that are due to that injured people.'

We shall presently have an opportunity of saying that we wish success as heartily as any one can, to the efforts making, particularly among the Cherokees and Choctaws, for the instruction and civilization of the Indians. We have made these quotations for the sake of offering a remark on the supposed melancholy fact of the disappearance and extinction of the natives of this country. We are much mistaken, if it be not one of those confusions of ideas, which result from rhetoric turned into logic. Has any thing happened to the native inhabitants of this country, which has not happened at the same time to the whites, which has not always happened in all ages and to all the tribes of men? The natives driven from the soil, destroyed, extinguished! What then, would they not have died; is it the Europeans, that have made them mortal and their generations transitory? To hear the language sometimes used, in this connexion, one would suppose it to be thought, that but for the arrival of the Europeans, the aborigines would have been immortal on earth; that it was the discovery of Columbus, that

> Brought death into the land and all their woe.

If this is *not* the melancholy event, that is deplored, if it is granted that the Indians would have died in the course of nature, then nothing is left to lament but that, in proportion as the Indian generations passed off, civilized generations have come on. And is it a real subject of complaint that hunting grounds are turned into cornfields, that their vast forests which

yielded a precarious subsistence to wandering savages, are the seats of prosperous and civilized villages ? Had not the Europeans come, the Indians would have died in the course of nature as before, and been succeeded by other generations of Indians, to lead a barbarous and wretched life, and die like their fathers. The Europeans came ; and—by causes as simple and natural, as they are innocent—the barbarous population, as it has passed off, has been replaced by one much better, much happier. Does any one doubt that man, the human mind, the human soul, stands higher in a civilized, than in a barbarous country ? And is it a cause of melancholy, that these dreary wildernesses, as our fathers found them, have been turned into the happy abodes of civilized christian men ? But ' the Indians are disappearing, wasting away !'—So are we ; we are no more permanent than they, we are all disappearing, and wasting. But while we do abide, it is better that we be civilized than savage ; and it is no just cause of melancholy reflection, that so much barbarity, heathenism, and moral degradation, have been succeeded by so much improvement and civilization.—' How many tribes once numerous and respectable have in succession perished, in the manner described, from the fair and productive territories, now possessed by and supporting *ten millions of people !*' We can scarce persuade ourselves that it is really intended as the climax of a mournful case, that ten millions of civilized men, prosperously cultivating the arts of peaceful life, and governed by its laws and principles, have succeeded to perhaps the twentieth part of that number of wandering, abject barbarians. When we wish for the progress of knowledge, christianity, and happiness, it is not surely red and black men alone, that we wish to have them ; and we would ask what plan or device of benevolence acting upon the Indians could, in ages, have brought forth the glorious result of ten millions of a population like ours. Let others then mourn over extinguished Pequods, and lament the vanished tribes of Naticks and Narragansetts ;—for ourselves, while we would not insult the inferiority of their savage races, we rejoice in the memory of the pilgrims. Ample experience has shown that the contemporary existence of the Europeans and savages was impossible, and the natives of Pennsylvania, under the mild influence of the principles of Penn, have vanished more rapidly than those of Mexico and Peru, under the merci-

less oppression of Mitas and Repartimientos. Since then it was not possible that the savage races could be perpetuated and the civilized settlements flourish, we see neither matter of regret nor commiseration in the course which events have taken. Somewhere in the course of the work before us, it is in substance said, that if the governments in New England had taken the proper measures, the Indians would have existed there to the present day. We profess ourselves unable to comprehend the advantage of such a result. It is a very plain alternative of an Indian and a civilized population. For ourselves, we like our neighbors and fellow citizens so well, and have derived from history and observation such ideas of the Indian character, that we are thankful our forefathers took no effectual steps (supposing there were any such) to perpetuate it. At the same time, however, the truth ought to be told. Our fathers really omitted nothing which seemed practicable for promoting the welfare of the Indians. At one period there were thirty Indian churches within a small circuit of Boston,* all built by private or public charity,—some served by pious white men,—some by natives, on whose education no pains had been spared; while an uncommonly vigilant police watched over the rights and property of their race. If this was not all that could be asked of men, who had their own children, their own community, their own interests to work hard for, we are much deceived; and in short we regard the disappearance of the natives in New England as full and final proof, that their preservation, within the limits of a white population, is impracticable.

We beg leave then to repeat, that the commiseration, of which we have been speaking, seems founded on a figure of speech, badly applied to real life. Men have talked of the melancholy vanishing of the native tribes, as if but for the Europeans, the successive tribes would not have vanished; and forgetting that the hunting ground of fifty savage families would feed and does feed a large city of civilized christians. Had the Indians been murdered to make way for these strangers, it would have been a deed of undying infamy; and such deeds, we know, were done in many parts of the continent of America. But among the alleviations, which providence has connected with our mortal nature, is this, that it provides a way for happy improve-

* Neal's history of New England.

ments, without cruel substitutions. It is not necessary to kill a bad man unless the case be extreme ;—he will die. It is not necessary to exterminate a savage tribe ;—place the germ of civilization in their soil—and such is its living principle, such the *vis conservatrix* of the arts of civilized life, that it will strike root, shoot up, and spread. Place a settlement of civilized men on a barbarous shore, and extend to them reasonable political muniments, and they will be sure, in the course of ages, to supersede the barbarous population, and by necessity ;—for if barbarity were more enduring, more permanent, more conducive to the increase and stability of population, more congenial to the human nature, as it would in this case be proved to be, then it would be better than civilization.

One more remark and we close this portion of our reflections. The inconsiderateness of the commiseration of the supposed disastrous lot of the natives is in nothing more apparent, than in the suggestions made for the benefit of the savage tribes, which still subsist. We lament that they have vanished : we would take measures to preserve the present stock. But what is it we would preserve ? Their languages ? that first great bond and symbol of national identity, curious as many of their languages are in their structure, and perhaps the only historical monument of their ancient emigrations, affinities, and fortunes ? Would we preserve these ? O no. It is recommended at once, to hasten these into oblivion. Dr Morse, in his appendix, expressly says, ' as fast as possible, let Indians forget their own languages, in which nothing is written, and nothing of course can be preserved, and learn ours, which will at once open to them the whole field of useful knowledge.' Is it their mode of life, tenure of property in common, their manners,—that which makes them in all externals to be what they are :—is it these, which we deplore as lost, and would fix and perpetuate where they still exist ? No. The whole drift of Dr Morse's speculations on the subject is to gather the Indians all into convenient settlements, wean them from the chace, teach them individually to hold a farm in fee, and plough and dig it. Is it their national faith, the religion of their fathers, their traditions, that we would cherish and perpetuate among them ? Far from it. Their religious conceptions are notoriously of the grossest and most degrading kind, their traditions mere bloody recollections of prisoners scalped and tomahawked.

Is there any thing left then that we wish in fact to preserve? Nothing, in the last analysis, but the copper color; and why a civilized, christianized person, speaking our language, subsisting by regular labor, is any the better for being copper colored, we cannot see. But some will not leave them even this. Dr Morse quotes a respectable Frenchman, who strongly recommends intermarriages, and is evidently not unfriendly himself to the suggestion; and the advantages are that it will ameliorate the manners of the natives, and *the offspring be nearly white.* All this may be well, but what becomes meantime of the Indians. The very efficacy of this course is to hasten their disappearance. This the shrewder natives themselves understand. They know that their identity consists in their manners, languages, mode of life, and religion. They know that to change these, to make them speak English, live on farms, and practise the civilized arts would be most directly to annihilate them as Indians! If this is the tendency of their civilization, and if, on a large scale of benevolence, we wish the promotion and extension, not of Indian virtue, Indian piety, and Indian knowledge, but generally of virtue, piety, and knowledge, what is the best course to be pursued in our land? If, when the pilgrims were about embarking for New England, the English government had wished to do a grand work of benevolence—to spread knowledge, virtue, and piety throughout the then savage continent of North America; whether would it have been the more prudent and promising course, to secure the Indians on the soil by inalienable reservations, and then penetrate their land with missions; or do what was actually done—prohibit all violence and cruelty, and leave civilization and christianity to spread and be propagated by the multiplication of civilized and christian men.

Let no one do us the injustice to think, that in these remarks we disparage the exertions making so successfully to establish *colonies of civilization*, in the western wilderness. The establishments at Brainerd and Eliot, and in the Arkansas territory are admirable in their plan, and must be the means of incalculable good. After what we have said, it is superfluous to add, that we do not look to these schools and establishments as likely to effect what would be in fact a contradiction in terms, the establishment of communities of men in their physical descent Indians, but possessed of our arts and refinements and

language. Could this be done, it would be entailing the disadvantage of a physical inferiority, a degraded color, on men otherwise equal to their white neighbors. But these establishments will perform far more practicable and benevolent services. In the change of races, in the process now going on upon the frontiers, of substituting the white for the native population, much suffering, vice, and misery are undoubtedly produced. The lawless character of the pioneers of civilization, the base self-interest of the private traders and hunters, to stimulate the passion of the Indians for intoxicating liquors, the languishing existence of the tribes, who have lost the scanty and imperfect virtues of barbarity, and acquired only the vices of civilization, must cause, on the frontiers, and among the Indians near them, much misery in the power of these establishments to relieve. The rescue and education particularly of the children of these unhappy tribes is certainly an eminent work of charity, and as it is not to be expected that those, who have been trained to all the arts of civilized life, will return to the forests for husbands and wives, intermarriages between the educated natives and whites will take place, and thus the absorption of the former in the mass of the latter be hastened.

We should regard the erection of the institutions in question as highly propitious, were it only as calculated, by degrees, to furnish the government with persons well prepared to discharge, conscientiously and faithfully, toward the natives the duties of agents, overseers, interpreters, and whatever other function is required. We have no doubt every thing has been done that the government could do, to protect the interest of the Indians; but in general civil governments can command only money and force. But gold and the sword, though efficacious agents, often leave much to desiderate, in the manner of operation. The instrumentality of the members of these establishments, whose sole object is to protect, benefit, and serve the natives—factors of benevolence, who come not to cheapen beaver and buffaloe, but to teach the ignorant and serve the friendless—soldiers of the cross, bound on no expedition of violence—must be most benign. Hitherto in the nature of things, the Indian has hardly known the white man, but in a form scarcely improved above his own, that of a skilful, thrifty savage. The twilight of civilization between them and us has been at least

as near to darkness as to light; and much of the good, it might have been in their power to receive from us, has been obstructed by the prejudices they have imbibed against us, from the sorry samples of white men which they witness. The missionary colonies will present them the character of their powerful white neighbors, under a new and genial aspect. The establishments already founded, and others in contemplation, will form the nucleus of settlements of a kind scarce ever witnessed in the world, surely not on our western frontier. If the secular spirit can be kept out, with the increase of these establishments, and they continue to apply their resources as they multiply, with the zeal, disinterestedness, and singleness of view, which are too apt to be confined to infant establishments, they will prove blessings to the western country. The first furrows turned up in that wilderness of humanity will be planted with good seed; and we shall see the fruits of it in a milder and softer character in the population of the new states, which spring up in the valley of the Missouri and of the Mississippi.

There is another feature in the missionary establishments of the present day, which distinguishes them most advantageously from many of the older missions. We mean the union of the arts of civilized life with moral and religious instruction. Dr Morse proposes to call 'education families' what have hitherto been called 'mission families.' But if *mission* has gotten to be too exclusively a theological term, *education* is too nice and polite a term; and if a change is to be made—of which we see no need—*civilization* appears to us the most expressive. This includes all the stages of the process, from instruction in the first arts of life, to communicating the last religious truths. Our missionaries have abandoned, if they ever pursued, the inverted course of former times, by which purely doctrinal instruction was addressed to a rude savage, wholly ignorant of the meaning of the abstract ideas which it involved, and unprepared for the views which it opened. All the establishments are now provided with persons capable of performing the duties of farmers and mechanics, as well as with instructers and pastors. We beg leave respectfully to suggest, that this principle might be acted on much farther. We observe that the first step taken at the missionary establishments in the way of promoting the objects of the mission, is to build a school-house, send for the children, and begin to

teach them to read and write English. The idea of such a course of proceeding is borrowed from home. But the least advantageous way of teaching a child a language is to put him down to a book; and considering the manners and habits of our Indians, their inaptitude to book-learning must be peculiarly great. So too, we should judge, would be confinement within four walls and the restraint of a Lancaster school. M. Von Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, teaches his poor children in the fields, in the woods, in the workshops, at meals; and so, in the last address of Dr Worcester to the Choctaw mission, it is exhorted to do. The school room is but one among many places of instruction. The principle of imitation, the power of the natural speaking voice, the delight of personal agency, and that intenseness and heartiness, with which the youthful hands take hold of the implement, which it is made a mark of confidence to be allowed to handle, unite to give efficacy to this out-door method; and establish its preference for such subjects as these, over the dull and constrained discipline of a school. We hasten, however, to drop this topic, feeling somewhat ashamed to surprize ourselves here, from our snug closet, dictating to men, who have subjected themselves to voluntary banishment from the world, and gone among the savages, which we only write about.

We cannot forbear, in closing, to say a word of the foreign mission school at Cornwall, in Connecticut, an institution, in our judgment, admirably devised, and capable of becoming highly useful. Its object is:—'The education in our country of heathen youths, in such manner, as with subsequent professional instruction, will qualify them to become useful missionaries, physicians, surgeons, schoolmasters, or interpreters; and to communicate to the heathen nations such knowledge in agriculture and the arts, as may prove the means of promoting christianity and civilization.' A detailed account of this school is given p. 264 of this work: and it appears to be highly deserving of the liberal patronage, which the government of the United States has extended to it. The opinion is expressed by Mr Daggett, the principal of the school,* that the climate of New England is too unfriendly to the constitution of the islanders of the South Sea, to encourage the prospect that the school can be extensively resorted to, by them:—and that it

* See his letter, Appendix, p. 273.

is, in consequence, likely to be principally useful to the aborigines of this country. Considering how wide a field is open in our vast western country, and how immediate is the utility of what is there done, perhaps it would not be matter of regret should this be considered the main—not to say exclusive—object of the institution. We feel no hesitation in the opinion, that the Sandwich islands are a less prominent object of this species of charity, than the savage parts of our own continent.

Several very interesting specimens of the composition of natives, who have been educated either at Cornwall or at the missions of the south, have been inserted by Dr Morse in his appendix. Those written at Cornwall are said to be given, with a very few corrections and additions by the Rev. principal. We mean not to express the least doubt of their substantial authenticity; but would observe, that all such corrections and additions detract essentially from the interest, which is taken in the performances. They are made, we presume, with an idea that the pieces are somehow better for having them. We regard such pieces as injured in just proportion as they are altered from the orthography, grammar, and composition of the authors.

Since committing to writing the foregoing remarks, we are sorry to perceive, by the newspapers, that the flourishing establishment supported by the United Foreign Mission Society of New York, at Harmony, among the Osages, has been interrupted and threatened at least with the suspension of its operations. In the treaty of Fort Clark, concluded with the Osages, November 10, 1818, by which the Indian title was extinguished to a tract of land estimated at more than fifty millions of acres, it was stipulated that the United States should support a trading house, in the neighborhood of the Osages, *in perpetuity.* In pursuance of this stipulation, a trading house had been erected on the Marias de Cein, and near it was the flourishing missionary establishment in question. An article in a Washington paper informs us, that the Osage Indians have consented to relinquish this stipulated trading house, in consideration of a quantity of merchandise. The result has been a determination on their part to destroy their village, and 'thus bury all traces of it, *and of other things.*' 'This is a blow,' continues the article we quote, 'at the missionary establishment, which has just been organized on the

Cein, and near the factory, the effects of which were soon visible. About fifteen children, boys and girls, had entered this asylum of benevolence, and were making very rapid improvement in learning and promised in every respect to do well.—"This prospect," says our correspondent, (who happens not to be a missionary,) "is nearly blasted for the present. Within the last four days they have lost the greater part of their children; the parents going off, were unwilling to leave them at so great a distance from them, and for this reason have taken them away." There remained at the date of our correspondent's letter (26th of Aug.) four boys and three girls, but it was expected these, too, would soon be called to follow in the track of their wandering parents.'

ART. III.—*Essays on various subjects of Taste, Morals, and National Policy. By a citizen of Virginia.* Georgetown, 1822. 8vo.

THE greater part of these Essays were originally written for the Port Folio, and are now, with the exception of three or four, republished from that journal. Without intending to depart from our practice of not entering into an examination of the contents of contemporary journals, we feel unwilling to pass in silence a sightly volume, filled with matter highly entitled to respectable notice, and coming from a portion of our country, where we are not often invited to a purely literary banquet. The state of Virginia, in many respects one of the most remarkable members of the national confederacy, furnishes a striking example of the truth of a maxim, as applied to the different parts of our own country, which is often made, with respect to America at large, when compared with Europe, in the article of literary cultivation. For various reasons, which are now well understood, some of which we have on former occasions submitted to the consideration of our readers, the reading and reflecting portion, in America, outweighs the writing and book-making. Mind is active, curiosity alive, and the demand for a considerable degree of intellectual power and cultivation, great in America; but paper is dear, the capitals invested in the manufacture and

sale of books small; that precise sort of patronage demanded for authorship not abundant; our large cities too numerous and distant; and for these reasons the writing and printing of books do not keep full pace with the progress of reading and thinking. They would advance unquestionably much faster, did not the regular production of good books in England put it into the power of the trade here, by cheap reprints, to supply the appetite for reading so abundantly, that the community is not forced to provide the means of greater encouragement at home. On the other hand, the density of the British population, the facilities for inland trade, the patronage of the government, of the universities, and of other public establishments, which by procuring the publication of many works of immense expense greatly increase the book-selling capital, with other causes which we need not enumerate, have pushed the book-making business to the other extreme; and it affords as much too exaggerated an index of the state of intellectual cultivation in England, as it does in this country, the reverse. True scholarship here appears but rarely before the public, in the form of a book. In England, every gentleman who has travelled can publish his journal; every curate and fellow of an university can cause the text of an oration of Demosthenes, or a play of Euripides to be printed, and if he has taught them to a few private students, can subjoin the notes, quas partim huc undique collegit partim scripsit; every professor in an university can mould his lectures into a treatise; and every man of leisure write something or other, and send it to the press: and it must be a poor book indeed, if hot-pressed paper, and perhaps engravings and maps, backed with the circulative power of the wealthy booksellers, cannot get enough copies sold to pay the printing. Now something of this comparative process obtains, in the different sections of this country. The portion of it to the north of the Potomac bears much the same relation, in this respect, to the southern portion, which England does to America. The four large towns, (much less efficient indeed than one great capital), the greater density of population, and various causes, which lie deep in the national character of the respective sections of the country, have produced a much greater external literary activity to the north than the south of the Potomac. Almost all the books printed in America are

printed in the former portion of the country, and by natural consequence a considerable part of those written are here produced. Still we are far from inferring from these facts, a proportionable literary inferiority on the part of the southern states. We presume most of the good books printed either in England or America find their way to the most solitary plantation of the Blue ridge. We have even been inclined to think that the planter's life, crowding his occupation into one part of the year, and leaving him the rest to an honorable leisure, would be more favorable to habits of reading and study, than the more uniformly laborious and professional life of our northern citizens.

The volume before us is no ordinary specimen of the literature of Virginia, and a good sample, we should think, of the studies and meditations of her well educated citizens. It contains a series of essays, on the following subjects; the future destiny of the United States, on simplicity in ornament, on American literature, on density of population, on classical education, on architecture, on national debts, on style, on beauty, on banks of circulation, on rhyme, on duelling, on instructions to representatives, on scientific pursuits, on the theory of Malthus. The miscellaneous nature of these topics naturally leads us to expect upon them all, rather the views of a general inquirer, than the fruit of profound speculation on a few favorite or professional subjects. The characteristics of the essays throughout are good sense, clear perception, absence of all dogmatism, and freedom from passion and a polemical spirit. There is no effort to astonish with brilliant paradoxes or overwhelm with arrogant declamation; and though many of the subjects of the essays have elsewhere led to angry controversies, our author has treated them throughout with the urbanity of a gentleman. This feature of his manner is distinctly visible in the following passage in the preface.

'As the author's objects were to investigate truth where it was intricate and perplexed, and to speak fearlessly and impartially what he had deliberately investigated, he has not allowed his respect for names to give a sanction to error, whenever he thought he could detect it. He has yielded to no opinion because it was fashionable, and has flattered no prejudice, either popular or local. Thus in his argument in vindication of the practice of duelling, or on the binding force of instructions to

representatives, public opinion is decidely opposed to him in the northern states, and divided in the others. And some of his doctrines on the subject of banks and national debts are repugnant to sentiments that prevail in every part of the Union, and especially in the southern states. But he trusts that the spirit of free inquiry has not betrayed him into a presumptuous disrespect for the opinions of others, or induced him to condemn on a hasty and superficial examination. He has been led to his conclusions by that process of reasoning which he has herein developed, and he will not be slow to renounce them whenever their fallacy shall be shown.'

The literary execution of these essays corresponds with their more internal character. The style is neither negligent nor painfully elaborate; but evinces at once ease and care. There is no parade of ornament, no affectation of plainness. It discovers a familiarity with polite literature, both modern and ancient, but is not burdened with quotations. Should we name a fault in it, it would be its occasional languor. Many of the subjects present, on every side, views of deep interest to the human heart; but the language is apt to want glow.

It would evidently be impossible and unprofitable to enter into a minute analysis of these Essays, or engage ourselves in the discussion of the several subjects. We will, however, particularize a few, and hazard one or two remarks in connexion with the extracts we make.

The Essay on American literature is, upon the whole, conspicuous for the soundness of its views. It should be read indeed with the allowance, that it was written some eight or ten years since, and the intellectual as well as physical condition of our country is advancing too rapidly, not to change its aspect even in this short interval. It adds to the interest with which we read the remarks of our author, on this subject, that he treats it with particular reference—as indeed he does many others—to the condition of things, in his own state. And though he uses language, with regard to all branches of literature among us, which we think he would not have used, writing now and in one of the eastern capitals, yet we like his instances.

'We have also a native example of the improvement effected by exercise in Marshall's Life of Washington. Perhaps there is no book in which there is a greater difference in the different parts. Whilst the first volumes very generally disappointed ex-

pectation, the last has never yet received the praise to which it is fairly entitled. Though it is manifestly a defence of that political party to which Mr Marshall belongs, and was probably so intended by him; yet he has called to his aid a great deal of good sense; much ingenious argument, and no ordinary knowledge of human nature. His style too is all the while acquiring elegance, and improving still more in life and spirit. The subject of the first volumes is, without doubt, less fitted to display the higher powers of an author; but where it could not be embellished, it might have been abridged. Livy had no better materials for the first books of his history, and yet how entertaining is every part of his immortal work!

'In considering "the Life of Washington" as a specimen of literary talents in America, a caution must be used, which is also applicable to almost all our native productions; we must regard not so much what the writer is, as what, from the intrinsic evidence of the work itself, it appears he might have been. The fact is, that with the advantage of merely a private, and but an ordinary, education, he had passed the best years of his life, industriously engaged in the duties of a profession, which, however it may have improved his powers of discrimination and logical deduction, had left him little leisure to acquire that various knowledge which are indespensable to the accomplished historian; and that refined polish of style, which the delicacy of modern taste requires in every writer. Those great masters of historical sagacity and chaste elegance, the Greek and Roman historians, were turned over day and night, and studied for twenty years, before Hume, or Robertson, or Gibbon, ventured upon their respective histories; but probably those fine models were not known by our American annalist, except through the medium of translations; and many of them not even in this less perfect and less impressive form. To make the comparison fair, as it regards this subject, we should ask, how they would have written under his disadvantages, or how he would have written had he enjoyed the benefits of their study and education. But the writers themselves have furnished us with some *data* for answering these questions. They have occasionally tried their powers in clearing up some important fact, involved in doubt and obscurity; and have endeavoured, by the mere force of analogical reasoning, to demonstrate the truth of some one of the conflicting opinions. Let any of these attempts be compared with the similar attempts of Mr Marshall, as with his argument in the case of Jonathan Robbins;* and in precision, discrimination, orderly arrangement—in short, in every part of that rare

* Delivered in the House of Representatives in the year 1800.

faculty of connecting a long series of undisputed propositions, in a chain, by which the mind is unresistingly conducted to the most recondite and seemingly inaccessible truths, he will be found as superior to them, as they are to him in the general character of historians.

'We have also a striking example of what native genius, improved by ardent study, can do, in the instance of the late John Thompson, of Virginia, who, at an age when men are chiefly engaged in acquiring ideas, rather than endeavoring to impart them, attained a pure and copious eloquence of style, and a facility of prose composition, to which no English writer, not even Chatterton, affords a parallel. The "letters of Curtius" have indeed little to recommend them but the beauty of diction; but it is surely no mean praise to do that well, of which all are ambitious, and which no other has ever accomplished, without the advantages of longer study and experience.'

The views taken by our author on the subject of classical education are liberal and sound. Here too we think we may say, however, that either from his remoteness from those points of our country where classical literature is most cultivated or some other cause, he hardly does justice to the point, to which it has already advanced among us. The author says, he 'would have a question concerning the Greek accents discussed with all the laborious research and critical acumen, which could be displayed at Oxford or Cambridge;'* having previously observed, that the scholars of this country are inattentive to the minutiæ of classical literature. We do not suppose that our author meant particularly the Greek accents, beyond any other part of the Greek grammar: as in that case, his example would be remarkably unfortunate, the accents in the Greek being less attended to in England, than in any other country. In the Greek extracts, made into the most respectable works, the accents are generally omitted, and we have before us a learned history of Athens, with a long Greek motto on the title page, where the accents are intended to be written, but in nearly every instance, the grave for the acute; not only at the end of words, but even at the beginning and in the middle, where the former could never be right. But even as to the details of classical criticism in general, we doubt whether Oxford or Cambridge would have produced two essays more learned than Mr Pickering's

* p. 304.

Memoir upon the pronunciation of Greek, and professor Moore's Remarks upon it; neither of which certainly was offered as any thing more than an occasional performance.

Our author, however, has done good justice to the argument in favor of classical literature, and vindicated its study against some popular objections. Of all these, that, which denounces it as the study not of things but words, is the most superficial objection. There ought to be no bigotry on this subject, and we may grant, that a man may be a proficient in any department of natural science, may even be a model of good writing, like Dr Franklin, may distinguish himself as a statesman, nay, may charm the world with wisdom, poetry, and nature, like Shakspeare; and like him too, in the language of Jonson, have 'small Latin and less Greek:'—but the question is not what can be done in the secret primitive organization of the mind, nor what miracles Providence may work on distinguished intellects. No body thinks to make Shakspeares, Franklins, or Washingtons by a more or less judicious course of education. If any one were so simple, we doubt still whether he would fix on deer-stealing and holding noblemen's carriages at a play house, like Shakspeare; or setting types as a journeyman printer, like Franklin; or surveying with a chain and theodolite, like Washington, as, upon the whole, the best methods, respectively, for training up rivals to those great men. Sir Richard Arkwright was originally a journeyman barber, and followed his trade in a cellar under the name of 'subterraneous shaving.' The greatest proficient in oriental literature, which this country has produced, the late Mr Harris, was an indifferent copper-plate engraver. Such instances are quoted to prove that a classical education is not necessary to great eminence in useful science, or even to profound literature. But we have strong doubts whether there be another barber of the day likely to invent a spinning jenny; or another engraver's apprentice, who will make himself master of the Semitic dialects. The question is, what kind of school education is the best for the mass of young, volatile, bright or stupid, docile or froward spirits, who, on the present plan, are put down at the age of eight to the Latin grammar.

But it is said, still, that the study of the languages is the study not of things but words. This, however, is a most

narrow discrimination. What becomes of ideas, of thoughts, of feelings, of the art of expression? It may perhaps be assumed, without rashness, that in all free countries, *communication* of mind with mind is the most important object of education of every kind. This communication is effected by written and spoken words, so that this object, so much sneered at, so invidiously contrasted with things, turns out, after all, to be itself the one thing—humanly speaking—needful. It is indeed almost beyond the limits of pardonable paradox to have the name of things conferred on hexaedral crystals and asymptotic lines, that always approach and never touch; while the great vehicle of thought and feeling, the band which unites, and the engine which moves all the social combinations of men, is derided as 'words.'

If any one then will grant that, after all, words are among the most important of things, but will still qualify, and say that classical study deals not with words, as the signs of thought, but in a merely grammatical view, we deny altogether the assertion. The study of classical literature, like poetry, like architecture, like statuary, does indeed require a combination of seemingly opposite things, some very high and some very humble. An accomplished statuary must, on the one hand, be a good stone-cutter, and on the other, must have a soul filled with all grand and sweet images, and be able to embody ideal beauty. The architect must know what pressure can be put on different sorts of timber, and what kind of mortar will bind strongest and shrink least, and must have also courage to plant his moles against the heaving ocean, and to hang his ponderous domes and gigantic arches in the air; while his taste must be able to combine the rough and scattered blocks of the quarry into beautiful and elegant structures. The poet must know, with a schoolmaster's precision, the weight of every syllable and what vowel follows most smoothly on what consonant; at the same time, that he must be inspired with images, with visions, with thoughts, beyond the power of language to do more than shadow forth. This mixture of great and little seems to be the essential condition of our natures, that lay hold, on the one side, of eternal life, and tend, on the other, to dust and ashes. The surgeon must at once have a mind that penetrates the dark recesses of organic life, and be able to hold a lancet in his left hand to cut into the

eye. The lawyer must be able to reason from the noblest principles of human duty; and must comprehend at a glance the mighty maze of human relations, and must, at the same time, be conversant with a tissue of the most arbitrary fictions and artificial technology that ever disgraced a liberal science. The general must be capable alike of calculating for a twelvemonth in advance the result of a contest, in which all the power, resource, strength, and spirit of two great empires, on land and at sea, enter and struggle; and he must have an eye that can tell how the stone walls and trenched meadows, the barns, and the woods, and cross roads of a neighborhood will favor or resist the motions of a hundred thousand men, scattered over a space of five miles, in the fury of the advance or the agony of flight, covered with smoke, dust, and blood. The merchant must be able to look, at the same moment, at the markets and exchanges of other countries and the other hemisphere, and combine considerations of the political condition, the natural wants, the tastes, and habits of different parts of the world, and he must be very apt at figures, understand book keeping by double entry, and be as willing to look after a quarter chest of tea as a cargo of specie. In like manner, the student of classical literature must be conversant, it is true, with grammar, prosody, and syntax; he must, as has been ingeniously, though invidiously said, be able to 'conjugate, decline, and derive;' but, on the other hand, he deals more directly than any one else with the finest intellectual processes. He marks the effort of the mind to discriminate and express its most delicate perceptions; he traces the secret source of the pathetic, the sublime, the agreeable, to the deliberate or instinctive choice, now of the phrase, which gathers in the widest circle of associated images, and now of the expression, which presents the leading thought, in its most simple form; and his profession is to be the minister of the soul and understand the whole system, by which the unseen spirit converses with kindred beings and future ages. His science is not the invention of the schools, the dream of literary monks. Tenses, and modes, and conjugations were not made within the walls of a library; but by thinking, speaking, and acting men:—by the primitive lawgivers, the pioneers of civilization; by elder bards, poets, and prophets of infant humanity; by the mind of man struggling,

through its articulate organs, to converse with other minds. The grammarian came, ages after, found the phenomena, and gave them their names; but to suppose the structure of languages to be the grammarian's work would be to suppose that Newton made the stars or Werner the mountains. The student of classical literature, moreover, becomes acquainted with some of the most distinguished recorded efforts of the human understanding; he hears the speeches of Demosthenes, is present in the school of Plato, and listens to Cicero in the temple of Concord, with Julius Cæsar before him, and the senators around. Is it said there are translations of the Greek and of the Latin? Besides that half the worth of the study is that a man exercise himself in being his own translator, let any one sit down and try to make a written translation of one of the more elevated passages of the Greek and Latin authors, such as the description of the death of Socrates by Plato, or the passage beginning, 'it was now evening,' in the oration for the crown, and he will be prepared to say how much of an ancient classic is preserved in a version. In some schools, it is a practice to take an English *poet*, and write him into grammatical *prose*. A passage in the Paradise Lost, treated in this way, will afford an idea of an ancient author in a *faithful* version, as it is called. And as for a liberal version, a free translation, a poetical translation; —it is not too much to say that, beyond the mere thread of the story, Pope has come no nearer the work of Homer, in the translation of the Iliad, than in the Rape of the Lock, or the Epistle to Abelard.

But it was not our intention to enlarge so much on this point. One remark always occurs when vindicating the worth of classical studies, viz: that it is in general denied only by those, who are themselves strangers to these studies. The repetition of this remark, at the present time, calls upon us for an act of justice toward a distinguished individual of our own country, with respect to whom, on a former occasion, we inconsiderately gave currency to an error. In a light article* in our number for April 1821, we quoted, with assent, the suggestion of the writer then under review, 'that the late Dr Rush would not have written against the utility of the learned languages, had he not himself been ignorant of them.'

* Review of Mr Barrett's Grammar.

Whatever judgment we entertained of the Essay against the utility of these languages, from the pen of this distinguished philosopher, there is no reason for charging him with ignorance of these languages. Few men probably, on the contrary, actively engaged in professional pursuits, have been more familiar with languages, than Dr Rush. Besides being at home in the French, he read Spanish and Italian, with ease; and had made all that acquaintance, with the Latin and Greek, which can be formed by the careful study of them, begun in early life and never remitted. In his youthful days, Dr Rush was under the care of some of the best of the ante-revolutionary teachers, many of whom, in all parts of our country, have left a reputation not yet eclipsed by their successors, notwithstanding the general improvements in school education. At the university of Edinburgh, he still kept up his study of the languages. Dr Ramsay has particularly applauded the latinity of his thesis, with the caution that it was not the work of one of that class of literary artisans, at the capital of Scotia, who still hold out, against the express words of Ecclesiastes, and are far from ceasing because they are few. One of the earliest of Dr Rush's performances was a translation of the Aphorisms of Hippocrates, which no young physician would have undertaken, without a respectable familiarity with Greek. Notwithstanding the theories of his subsequent years, we are well informed that Dr Rush continued to the last, to draw more frequently on the classics, even in conversation, for embellishment or illustration, than is usual among merely professional men, and that he retained his recollection, particularly of the Latin poets, undiminished to the last. We have been at pains to make these statements, as we regard it our first duty to cherish the fame of our distinguished countrymen, and should esteem ourselves signally unfaithful to the public, could we acquiesce, still more could we share, in an injury done to an honorable name.

To return to our author; we have time to notice but one more of his Essays, that on 'duelling;' with regard to which he adopts an opinion, not usual with writers on the subject, and is disposed to think the practice of use to society. After urging, with sufficient ingenuity, the arguments on this side of the question, often heard in conversation, he closes his Essay, with the following remarks:

'Besides the preceding considerations, which are common to the whole civilized world, there are some which are peculiarly applicable to ourselves, and which will not be disregarded by those who are not content with first appearances, and who are not indifferent to the interests of their country in a distant futurity. Nations, in their progress towards wealth and refinement, are in danger of becoming enervated, and of losing with their ferocity, that courage and energy of character which are essential to their defence. The sense of honor, however, is found to supply their place; and, when aided by discipline, to make every modern civilized nation, however luxurious, an over match for any savage nation, however fierce and brave. Should we not be careful, then, how we weaken that sentiment which contributes so largely towards national security? And this the rather, because, insulated as we are from the rest of the world, we are not likely to be often involved in war, so that the military spirit may go to decay among us, for want of occasions to exercise it; and after a long period of time, having neither foreign wars nor sufficient causes of internal rivalship, to call forth our energies, we may gradually sink into supineness, and either become a tempting object of attack to military enterprize or defend ourselves from subjugation, by the jealous and unsocial policy of the Chinese. If this view of our situation be correct; the practice so vehemently decried, and so liable to partial abuses, may perhaps be regarded as the institution which perpetuates the vestal flame of honor among us; and preserves, in undiminished force and purity, that courage, and courtesy, and generosity, and fidelity to engagements, which our commercial habits,* and possibly some of our political institutions have a tendency to weaken. These virtues constitute the real "Corinthian capital" of civilized society, which I trust may exist, as well in a commonwealth of equal citizens, as in a state compounded of different ranks and *grades*.

The southern states, too, should beware how they hazard the diminution of those elevated and honorable feelings which are supposed to characterize them, and which go so far to redeem them from the reproach for one of their institutions, that has been so lavishly heaped upon them.

Upon the whole, we may say that, should the practice of duelling be deemed instrumental in preserving those virtues which constitute honor, it seems somewhat unreasonable to complain, that half a dozen brave men are sacrificed in a year, for the sake

* At least such seems to have been the opinion of Goldsmith, when he says,

"Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honor sinks where commerce long prevails."

Traveller.

of cherishing and maintaining the best features of our national manners, when we feel no hesitation in devoting thousands to destruction, in any petty matter of national dispute.'

This Essay, we are informed in the preface, is among those recently written; but we apprehend that if our author had it *now* to write, he would hold a different language; and cease to exhort our brethren of the south to cherish the institution of duelling, as redeeming them from the reproach of slavery. Two subjects filled a considerable space in the public attention during the last season, one connected with the subject of slavery, and one with that of duelling, as they exist severally in the southern states. With regard to the first of them, the conduct of the magistrates and citizens of Charleston, on the delicate and trying occasion of the last summer, was marked with every thing, which prudence and humanity could dictate, and will not suffer in the comparison with what has been done, in any important and difficult crisis, in any part or period of our country. One thing only, in reference to this event, which could have been avoided, is matter of regret, that it should have been officially associated with the Missouri question, and that the liberty should have been taken of implicating one of the most distinguished citizens in our country, by tracing any part of the conspiracy to the sentiments expressed by him, when discharging, in the public counsels, his duty as a public servant. But with respect to the event itself—distressing and deplorable as in its nature it may be—every thing was done, that could have been asked of high minded, honorable, and merciful men. As to the other of the two events, to which public attention has been drawn the last season, no language is strong enough to express the disdain, with which the public mind has been affected. There is scarce any subject of interest enough to find its way into the public papers, where men do not take sides. A general burst of indignation has in this instance been heard; and any early feeling of partiality, which might have disclosed itself, has been wholly absorbed in the shame and humiliation of the sequel. Till now there was a kind of plausibility in remarks, like our author's, on duelling. Such remarks were often heard in conversation, and it was thought that the public peace was promoted, by subjecting him, who violated it in the article of honor, to this responsibility. In

the old school way of going out unexpectedly to a retired spot, where the injured party fired a half loaded pistol at a distance of sixteen good paces, and with chances of its missing, a thousand to one—while the challenged party, as a matter of course, threw away his fire and both shook hands,—the practice was, we do not say justifiable, heaven forbid, but a kind of grown folks' play, a species of *sham fight*, that might, in a corrupt state of society, be productive of good. But this ghastly intentness of design, this practice for weeks and months, this long training in the art of shedding human blood, and this protracted, renewed, cherished purpose of murder, are truly savage; while this close negotiation of rules and postures, times and places, and this interchange of ribaldry in the prints are matter of humiliation to every one, who is obliged to bear a part of the disgrace of it, as an American. The public example is beyond measure deplorable. Are there no laws, no magistrates in Carolina and Georgia? Do the grand juries there really think, as they seem to, that it is of no consequence, that men shall for months openly and publicly pursue the purpose to kill, and nothing be done to lay the strong arm of the law upon them?—Have they well weighed the effect on society of taking off the salutary restraints, which public sentiment had hitherto every where imposed on duelling, and which forced it to be perpetrated with secresy, despatch, or in foreign jurisdiction? If so, let others pity the slaves,—we commiserate the masters. And it is some comfort to those, who believe that virtue and vice are their own reward, to think that, in the nature of things, the event, to which we are alluding, must, since its first agitation, through all its miserable vicissitudes, have been beyond description harassing and tormenting to all immediately concerned;—thus, in some degree, visiting on them the outrage done the community.

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ART. IV.—*A Journal of Travels into the Arkansa territory during the year* 1819, *with occasional observations on the manners of the aborigines. Illustrated with a map and other engravings. By Thomas Nuttall, F. L. S. Honorary Member of the American Philosophical Society, &c.* Philadelphia, Palmer, 1821.

ANY one who surveys the map of North America at the present day, and compares its features with those which it wore scarcely more than twenty years ago; cannot fail to be struck with the great changes it has undergone. Those of us who, before this period, derived our initiation in geography from Morse or Guthrie, recollect impressions which were very foreign from the state of things, that has since been ascertained to exist. The river Missouri, which has of late years been a fertile source of interest and wonder, was then only known as a tributary branch of the Mississippi of doubtful magnitude and extent. The Arkansa and other western streams were known little more than in name, and the importance assigned to them was far beneath their real magnitude. On the other hand, the waters of the west, almost from the sources of the Mississippi and St Lawrence, were supposed to be gathered up by a fabulous Oregan or river of the west, a stream of great extent, which no European had seen, the existence of which depended on Indian rumors, and which, after crossing about half the continent, was supposed to discharge itself into the Pacific somewhere about latitude 43°.

The expedition of Lewis and Clarke first removed the veil from these western solitudes. The journey of Pike, and the subsequent adventures of trading parties and military explorers, have given a new geographical aspect to this extensive country. We now see the Missouri stretching far to the north and west, not a tributary, but itself a principal and mighty river; not of secondary or doubtful magnitude, but beyond doubt the largest river of the known world. The Platte, the Arkansa, and other tributaries of this prodigious stream, would in the old continent be rivers of the first rate magnitude. These, with the Ohio and other eastern branches, draw off the waters of a tract of country now familiarly designated as the 'valley of the Mississippi.' To ears accustomed

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to associate with the term *valley* the idea of 'a low ground between hills,' in which a few shepherds might feed their flocks, or a few tenements find shelter from the wind and storm, this name, first applied to the country of the Mississippi, we believe, by Volney, sounds singularly large. Here is a valley, in whose fertile shades there repose more inhabitants than the United States contained at the beginning of the revolution. A valley, over which two thirds of the continent of Europe might be spread out, and hardly suffice to cover it.

We have spoken of the Missouri as the largest river known upon the face of the globe. We shall be understood of course as including the part of the Mississippi which is below its confluence, and of which the Missouri is undoubtedly the true continuation. According to the best authorities, the Missouri brings into the common channel four times as much water as the Mississippi; it is at least twice as long, and some of its principal branches are even longer than the last named stream. The length of this majestic river from its remote sources in the Rocky mountains, to its outlet in the Gulf of Mexico, is between four and five thousand miles. During three thousand miles of this course its apparent size is hardly diminished, and even at the Mandan villages Mr Breckenridge informs us, that its full channel appeared to him not less broad or majestic than that of the Mississippi at New Orleans. Still higher up, it receives tributary branches, which might compare with the Danube or the Indus in magnitude. We know of no other river which draws from such an extent of country or connects together climates so remote and dissimilar. The Amazon, formerly accounted the chief of streams, hardly exceeds three quarters of the length of the Missouri. The Macquerrie of New Holland, which from its size and distance from the sea in the direction of its course, was a few years since imagined to exceed all other rivers in extent, has since been 'ridden down into bogs and morasses.' There remains but one stream which, for the palm of superiority, may hereafter come into competition with the Missouri, and this is the Niger. But when shall we know the course, the destination, or the outlet of the Niger? No modern geographical problem has excited so much enthusiasm for its solution, and none has more completely set at defiance the

efforts of enterprise and perseverance. Like a mysterious divinity, the Niger holds its course in a wilderness impenetrable to civilized man, and slaves and savages are the only attendants on its way. A hundred Europeans have laid down their lives in African deserts with their faces towards this goal of expectation, but hitherto only one of them all has tasted the waters of the Niger, and returned to tell it.

We owe much to those individuals, who from love of science or love of fame, become our guides and pioneers in new regions, and bring knowledge to our doors from distant quarters, at the expense of personal hazard, sacrifice, and privation. The journal of a traveller, in an unexplored country, sets forth adventures and scenes far different from the itinerary, which portrays the abodes and characters of civilized society. The one is often a record of pastime and gratification, the other is the diary of toil, exposure, and suffering. The *voyageur* of the forest has not the choice of inns, of packets, or of mail coaches to expedite his course and remove inconveniences from his path. We are not called to sympathize with him for imaginary grievances, and for the disappointment of artificial wants, encountered from jolting vehicles, poor beds, and ill furnished tables. Our interest in his career is kept alive by real evils and endurings, of which the secure and luxurious part of the community can have little conception. We behold him foregoing for months and years the indispensable comforts of civilized society. We see him with incredible toil and difficulty threading his way through a trackless wilderness, or pushing forward his solitary canoe upon unknown waters ; now temporizing with thirst and hunger in the uncertain hope that chance may throw an animal or a rivulet in his way, now terminating his day of toil by a night's slumber on the wet ground without food or fire ; now staking his life on the precarious faith of savages ; now straining his powers of flight and stratagem to escape from plunder or destruction. These adventures are not rare concomitants to journeys of discovery. So common are they, that journals are sometimes monotonous from the very frequency of their recurrence. We need not look to foreign countries for examples of the difficulties to be overcome in wild or unsettled regions. The adventurous journey of Lewis and Clarke, and the romantic expeditions of Pike, are replete with details of

hardship and danger, which the highest intrepidity, perseverance, and good conduct, could alone have overcome.

We may place the author of the volume before us in the list of those travellers, who have pursued a favorite science with singular devotion, through embarrassing difficulties, and at no inconsiderable hazard. Mr Nuttall, from an early attachment to natural history, and from the attractions offered by the unexplored wilds of North America, has followed our plants and minerals with indefatigable perseverance, not only to the confines of civilization and cultivation, but into the remote and desert recesses of the continent. We have few individuals, at least men of education, whose survey of our territory has been equally extensive. The present volume offers us but a small part of the author's scientific peregrinations. From his other publications we learn that he has visited the maritime parts of the United States, from New England to Georgia, and to New Orleans. The tour of the lakes he has also made, passing round lake Erie on foot, through lakes Huron and Michigan by canoe navigation, thence afterwards by the Fox and Ouisconsin rivers into the Mississippi, and down that river to St Louis. He was one of the party which in 1810 ascended the Missouri as far as the Mandan villages, of which expedition an account has been furnished us by Mr Breckenridge. Mr Nuttall is spoken of, in the work of Mr B., as a young man of genius and acquirements, singularly devoted to his favorite pursuits, 'which seem,' says he, 'to engross every thought, to the total disregard of his personal safety, and sometimes to the inconvenience of the party he accompanies. When the boat touches the shore, he leaps out, and no sooner is his attention arrested by a plant or a flower, than every thing else is forgotten.' An inquiry is made for him by the Canadian boatmen, when impatient to proceed, not without reproachful epithets; and the uniform reply is, *Il est après ramasser des racines.*

The volume before us contains the narrative of a journey made chiefly in the year 1819 from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, thence down the Ohio and Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansa, thence up that river as far as the Grand Saline. A digression to the banks of the Red river by the Pottoe and Kiamesha, and the descent of the Arkansa and Mississippi to New Orleans, constitute the remainder of the journal.

Mr Nuttall left Philadelphia the 2d of October 1818, and arrived at Pittsburg on the 15th. From this place he proceeded in a skiff to Louisville, where after waiting in vain for the descent of the steam boats, which the lowness of the water detained, he determined to purchase a flat-bottomed boat, and set sail for the Mississippi with only two companions. This measure he afterwards found to have been an imprudent one, since the destruction of his boat, a kind of event by no means uncommon, and which, as it afterwards proved, was several times very narrowly escaped, would probably have plunged him into embarrassment and distress.

The narrative of the voyage down the Ohio is much like the accounts we are accustomed to hear from other travellers in that quarter, excepting that Mr Nuttall intersperses geological and botanical information with his other remarks. His stops for the night are made, sometimes at a flourishing village, and sometimes at a miserable tavern or log house, destitute of comforts, and filled with drunken and profligate backwoodsmen. He finds himself mixed with a tide of emigrants of various characters and views, some hoping and some repenting, but all carried forward by a sort of contagious impulse. 'A stranger, who descends the Ohio at this season of emigration, cannot but be struck with the jarring vortex of heterogeneous population, amidst which he is embarked, all searching for some better country, which ever lies to the west, as Eden did to the east. Amongst this crowd are also those, who, destitute of the means or inclination for obtaining an honest livelihood, are forced into desperate means for subsistence.'

On his way, Mr Nuttall is subjected to various frauds and impositions from his transient acquaintances, both resident and migratory. At times his boat is aground and he cannot procure, from a fellow canoe-man, a lift of an oar to set him afloat again, without a douceur of eight or ten dollars; at other times he is well nigh being robbed for confiding his baggage to a treacherous pilot. We should gather from his book, that it is customary in this western country to denominate rogues, knaves, and outlaws of every description, by the general title of *Yankees* and *New Englanders*. How far this epithet may be deserved, we take not upon us to decide. It will be conceded, we believe, that the states of New Eng-

land do not themselves so abound with characters of this description, but that justice and social order are still able to maintain their ground. And if rogues, who spring up among us, find it at any time more convenient and safe to remove their residence into other parts, where the arm of the law and the tone of morals are more favorable to the successful exercise of their callings; far be it from us to complain of their absence, or urge their return.

Mr Nuttall arrived at the mouth of the Arkansa about the middle of January, after a voyage very perilous to his little skiff, among the snags and sawyers of the Mississippi. A *bayou* connects the White river with the Arkansa, through which the water runs in opposite directions at different seasons of the year. 'Leaving this bayou,' says he, 'we entered the Arkansa, which was very low, but still red and muddy with the freshets of the Canadian. Most of the larger streams, which enter into it from the south, are charged with red and turbid water, while those of the north are clear. Every where I observed the chocolate or reddish brown clay of the salt formation deposited by the southern freshets. The Arkansa had here a very gentle current, and was scarcely more than 200 yards wide, with its meanders on a small scale similar to those of the Mississippi. In consequence of the unrestrained dominion of the inundation, no settlements yet appeared in this quarter.'

With painful exertions the boat was forced up the river, several days being requisite to ascend the first sixteen miles, in some of which they were obliged to wade more than three hours in the water to tow the boat over the extensive bars, which resulted from the sudden falling of the river produced by a corresponding ebb of the Mississippi. 'No change,' says he, 'yet exists in the vegetation, and the scenery is almost destitute of every thing which is agreeable to human nature; nothing yet appears but one vast trackless wilderness of trees, a dead solemnity, where the human voice is never heard to echo, where not even ruins of the humblest kind recal its history to mind, or prove the past dominion of man. All is rude nature as it sprang into existence, still preserving its primeval type, its unreclaimed exuberance.' Over a large tract of country no settlement or even habitation has been attempted, the lands being wholly overflowed in freshets as

far as the Mississippi. On one side of the Arkansa 'the floods cover the whole intermediate space to White river, a distance of thirty miles. Within this tract cultivation can never take place without recourse to the same industry which has redeemed Holland from the ocean. The singular caprice of the river, as it accidentally seeks its way to the sea, meandering through its alluvial valley, is truly remarkable. The variation of its channel is almost incredible, and the action which it exercises over the destiny of the soil can scarcely be conceived. After pursuing a given course for many ages, and slowly encroaching, it has at length cut through an isthmus, and thus abandoned, perhaps, a course of six or eight miles, in which the water, stagnating, at length becomes totally insulated, and thus presents a lagoon or lake.'

A few miles higher up is the post or town of Arkansas, situated on a prairie as elevated as the Chickasaw bluffs, and containing thirty or forty houses. Cotton and rice are cultivated here with success, but the growth of the place proceeds slowly, owing in some measure to the uncertain titles of the neighboring lands. Several enormous Spanish grants remain still undecided, that of the Messrs Winters of Natchez calling for no less than one million of acres. This claim, besides a great portion of the neighboring prairie, embraces much of the finest land on the northern border of the river, and extends for nearly one hundred miles along its bank.

From Arkansas to Cadron (or Quadrant) a distance of about three hundred miles by water, there is a succession of small settlements or plantations, the greatest uninhabited interval not exceeding thirty miles. Mr Nuttall proceeded up the river in a large skiff bound to Bairdstown settlement. An account of the country, its Indian tribes, its botany, geology, and a description of some remarkable hills, constitute this portion of the itinerary. Above Cadron, at the distance of about two hundred miles, is Fort Smith, the highest garrison of the United States on the Arkansa river. It consists of two block houses, and lines of cabins or barracks for the accommodation of seventy men whom it contains. It is situated at the junction of the Pottoe, on a rising ground of about fifty feet elevation, surrounded by alluvial lands and uplands of unusual fertility.

After Mr Nuttall had remained some time at Fort Smith, a favorable opportunity was presented for crossing the wilder-

ness which separates the Arkansa from the Red river. A company of soldiers was despatched by order of government, to expel some white residents, who had settled beyond the Kiamesha, on the territory ceded by the United States to the Osage Indians. To this expedition Mr Nuttall attached himself. The country between the two rivers, sometimes level, and sometimes rough and mountainous, afforded a rich botanical harvest of new and interesting plants. The traveller, enchanted by the beauties of these untrodden regions, seems to forget fatigue and danger, in contemplating the luxuriant scene around him.

'Our route,' says he, 'was continued through prairies occasionally divided by sombre belts of timber, which serve to mark the course of the rivulets. These vast plains, beautiful almost as the fancied Elysium, were now enamelled with innumerable flowers, among the most splendid of which were the azure larkspur, gilded coreopsides, rudbeckias, fragrant phloxes, and the purple psilotria. Serene and charming as the blissful regions of fancy, nothing here appeared to exist but what contributes to harmony.'

By the beginning of June the prairies began to be parched with drought. 'All the lesser brooks and neighboring springs were dried up, and the arid places appeared quite scorched with the heat. Still there prevailed throughout these prairies, as over the sea, a refreshing breeze, which continued for the greatest part of the day. The swarms of musquitoes which prove so troublesome along the banks of the Mississippi and Missouri, are here almost unknown, and never met with, except on the immediate alluvial borders of the rivulets.

'In my solitary, but amusing rambles over these delightful prairies, I now for the first time in my life, notwithstanding my long residence and peregrinations in North America, hearkened to the inimitable notes of the mocking bird (*turdus polyglottus.*) After amusing itself in ludicrous imitations of other birds, perched on the topmost bough of a spreading elm, it at length broke forth into a strain of melody the most wild, varied, and pathetic, that ever I had heard from any thing less than human. In the midst of these enchanting strains, which gradually increased to loudness, it oftentimes flew upward from the topmost twig, continuing its note, as if overpowered by the sublimest ecstacy.'

The chief population, except Indians, which is met with in these western wilds, consists of fugitives from justice, or per-

sons whose moral character renders an abode with civilized society uncongenial to their habits. The condition of these people is represented as sufficiently deplorable. Situated on a sort of 'land debateable,' between the Osage Indians and Cherokees, they are the subjects of continual abuse and plunder from both these tribes, without having the means of security or redress.

At the Red river, Mr Nuttall became a sufferer for the indulgence of his botanical propensities. Having delayed about two hours behind his party, then on their return, he was led astray by a false track, and was never afterwards able to rejoin his companions. He was too remote to hear the guns fired as signals for him, and after great exertions he only succeeded in gaining their camp half an hour after the party had left it. Not a moment was to be lost, and a guide was hired to find their trace, and if possible to overtake them. 'We travelled,' says he, 'as fast as possible for about ten miles through a horrid brake of scrubby oaks, but all to no purpose, and, after firing a gun which was neither heard nor answered, we returned again, as I dared not venture alone and unprepared through such a difficult and mountainous wilderness. My botanical acquisitions in the prairies proved, however, so interesting as almost to make me forget my situation, cast away as I was amidst the refuse of society, without money and without acquaintance; for calculating upon nothing more certain than an immediate return, I was consequently unprovided with every means of subsistence.'

In consequence of this disappointment, Mr Nuttall was obliged to remain two or three weeks at the cabin of a settler, and at length, as the best convoy that offered, to put himself under the guidance of three whites going in pursuit of their horses stolen by the Cherokees. After wandering a week in the mountains with great toil and difficulty, they succeeded in gaining the garrison at Fort Smith.

On the sixth of July Mr Nuttall continued his voyage up the Arkansa. After passing the mouths of the Canadian and Grand rivers, he entered a stream called the Verdigris. An interesting account is given of the country about these rivers, also a description of the customs and manners of the Osage Indians, too long for us to transcribe. An excursion was made up the Grand river to visit the Osage salt works, situated near

the residence of a white hunter, Mr Slover. This excursion is described as follows :

'This morning I walked with Mr Slover to see the salt works, now indeed lying idle, and nearly deserted in consequence of the murder of Mr Campbell, by Erhart, his late partner, and two accomplices in their employ. Melancholy as were the reflections naturally arising from this horrid circumstance, I could not but congratulate myself on having escaped, perhaps a similar fate. At the Cadron I had made application to Childers, one of these remorseless villains, as a woodsman and hunter, to accompany me for hire, only about a month before he had shot and barbarously scalped Mr Campbell, for the purpose of obtaining his little property, and in spite of the friendship which he had uniformly received from the deceased.

'But to return to the subject. We proceeded two miles, along the hilly and woody skirts of the river, and through the adjoining prairie to the saline, which appeared to be a gravelly alluvial basin, of about an acre in extent, and destitute of all vegetation. A small fresh water brook, now scarcely running, passed through this area, and the salt water, quite pellucid, issued copiously to the surface in various directions. In one place it boiled up out of a focus of near six inches diameter, emitting fetid bubbles of sulphuretted hydrogen, which deposited a slight scum of sulphur. All the springs are more or less hepatic, which circumstance is attributable to a bed of bituminous and sulphuretted slate-clay, visible on the margin of the stream, and, probably, underlaid by coal, through which the water rises to the surface. In the adjoining heights, a coarse grained sand stone occurs, answering the purpose of mill-stones. The stream then contracts at the entrance of a ledge of slaty rocks, and, about half a mile from its immediate outlet, the water is perfectly fresh. The only well dug upon the premises for the salt water, was about five feet deep, and quarried through a bed of dark coloured limestone, containing shells and nodules of black hornstone, similar to the chert of Derbyshire. This salt appears to be concomitant with a coaly or bituminous formation. No marine plants appear in this vicinity, as at Onondago, where we meet with the salicornia of the sea marshes. When the works were in operation, one hundred and twenty bushels of salt were manufactured in a week, and the water is said to be so strong, that after the second boiling, it became necessary to remove the lye. No mother water, or any thing almost but what is volatile, appears mixed with this salt, which is of the purest whiteness on the first boiling, and only takes about eighty gallons of water to produce a bushel. Hitherto these springs have been unaccompanied by any fossil remains of quadrupeds.'

Mr Nuttall had already been visited with attacks of a remittent fever, which, while it lessened his ability for the further prosecution of his enterprise, seems not to have damped his resolution.

'*August* 11*th.*—To day I left the trading establishment of the Verdigris, to proceed on a land journey up the Arkansa, accompanied by a trapper and hunter named Lee, who had penetrated across this country nearly to the sources of Red river, and followed his present occupation for upwards of eight years. We crossed the river, and proceeding through the alluvion, entered the prairie, over which we continued in a westwardly course, encamping in the evening upon the banks of a small creek, about twelve miles from our place of departure. The prairies or grassy plains which we entered upon, a mile from the river, exhibited the same appearance as below, and on the opposite side of the river. The rock of the hills, like those of the prairies near the garrison, consisted of a ferruginous sand stone.——

'Our route was directed towards the Salt river, or first Red river of the Arkansa, called by Pike the Grand Saline, and about eighty or ninety miles distant from our encampment.

'12*th.*—We continued our journey about sunrise, proceeding over the plain in a southwest direction.———The day being oppressively hot and thirsty, I very imprudently drank some very nauseous and tepid water, which immediately affected my stomach, and produced such a sickness, that it was with difficulty I kept upon my horse, until we arrived at the next creek for shelter, where we encamped and remained for the rest of the afternoon. Our horses were still tormented with the clegs or green-headed flies of the prairies, which goaded them without intermission.

'About ten o'clock this morning, we crossed the trace which the Osages had made, going out to hunt in a body of two or three hundred men and their families. Its direction was south or towards Red river. Two or three miles further we crossed their returning track. We were no way anxious to meet with Indians, as they would, probably, rob us of our horses, if not of our baggage, and ill treat us besides, according to the dictates of their caprice and the object of their party. To day we came about twenty miles.

'13*th.*—We were again on our way soon after sunrise, and still continued through plains destitute of timber.——

'No change yet appears in the vegetation; and the superincumbent rock continues arenaceous. No mountains or picturesque prospects present themselves to amuse the eye. Occasionally indeed the monotonous plain is diversified by the view of low and broken ridges, often presenting isolated hills, deserted by the more friable materials with which they were once sur-

rounded, and presenting the fantastic appearance of artificial tumuli and piles of ruins. In the course of the day we passed three or four of these hillocks, of considerable elevation. About six miles from our encampment, to the right, there are two of them nearly together, and two also which are separated from each other, nearly opposite to the others on the left. The Indians remark them in the regulation of their routes, and, on some of them, they have made elevated interments. This fondness for burying in high places has not subsided among the aborigines, and, probably, gave rise to the erection of artificial hills over the remains of the dead. Blackbird, the chief of the Mahas, was interred, at his particular request, on the summit of a hill which overlooked the village; and both the Mahas and the Arikarsees made choice of the summit of a neighboring ridge for their general place of sepulture.——

'14*th.*—We remained to day on the banks of the Little North Fork, to recruit our horses, that of my companion being from the first totally unfit to travel from a large wound upon its back. I now experienced a relapse of the remittent fever, attended with delirium. Being about three o'clock in the afternoon when it came on, I was exposed to a temperature of between 90° and 100°. It was with difficulty that I could crawl into the shade, the thin forest being every where pervious to the sun, so that I felt ready to burn with heat; by forcibly inciting a vomit, I felt relieved. Mr Lee, profiting by our delay, began to trap for beaver, and the last night caught four of these animals. Scarcely any thing is now employed for bait but the musk or castoreum of the animal itself. As they live in community, they are jealous and hostile to strangers of their own species, and following the scent of the bait, are deceived into the trap.

'15*th.*—At night I again experienced an attack of fever, without any preceding chill, and attended with diarrhœa. It continued thirty-six hours, the paroxysm being only divided for a short space by an intermediate chill.——

'17*th.*—This morning at the suggestion of my companion, for the purpose of trapping, we went about five miles lower down the rivulet. In proceeding this short distance, I fainted with the effort, and was near falling off my horse. All the remainder of the day, and the succeeding night, I experienced the fever under the exposure of a burning sun and sultry air. Shade was not to be obtained, and the night brought with it no alleviation but darkness.

In the evening, Mr Lee suggested the propriety of our returning to the Verdigris, before I became so weak as to render it impossible; but the idea of returning filled me with deep regret, and I felt strongly opposed to it, whatever might be the consequences.——

20*th.*—Mr Lee now said nothing more about returning, as his horse was become incapable of carrying either himself or his baggage. We had no method left of proceeding, at present, but by making double journeys, and employing my horse to convey the whole. The flies still continued to annoy us, filling our blankets, linen, and almost every thing about us with maggots. To compensate, however, in some measure, for these disgusting and familiar visitors, we had the advantage of the bee, and obtained abundance of excellent honey, on which, mixed up with water, I now almost entirely subsisted, as we had no other food but venison, and were without either bread or vegetables.——

'21*st.*—The fever had now rendered me too weak to bear any exercise; and it was become impossible to find any thing which would suit my feeble appetite. In the commencing coolness of the weather, I had, however, a reasonable hope of recovery.——

'26*th.*—While Mr Lee was absent this morning, examining the beaver traps, which he had set, to my surprise I observed on the opposite side of the creek, an Indian busily examining our horses; after viewing them a few minutes, he chased them down the creek in a gallop towards our encampment, and after looking at me also with caution, instantly disappeared without paying me a visit. I need not say how unwelcome this intelligence was to my cautious companion, who had not now to learn the rapacity of the savage hunters, having nearly lost his life, and all his property, last autumn, by falling in with the Cherokees near the banks of the Canadian. We delayed not a moment to leave our encampment, expecting nothing more certain than an unfriendly visit or clandestine theft. My own situation was indeed extremely critical, as I could not possibly walk, and even required assistance to get on and off my horse: thus to have had it stolen would have been to leave me to perish without hope. As we passed along, something, which I imagined to be an Indian, dodged near us twice, from amidst the high grass, like some unfriendly animal of the forest, and slunk from our observance. This evening I felt extremely unhappy, and became quite delirious; when reclined, it was with difficulty that I could rise; a kind of lethargy, almost the prelude of death, now interposed, affording an ominous relief from anxiety and pain.

27*th.*—Three days were now elapsed since I had been able to taste any kind of food, and to add to the miseries of sickness, delirium, and despondence, we experienced as many days of unremitting gloom, in which the sun was not visible even for an hour.

30*th.*—Being a little recovered, we now ventured out some distance into the priarie hills; but, after travelling a few miles without much pain, my mind became so unaccountably affected

with horror and distraction, that for a time, it was impossible to proceed to any convenient place of encampment. This evening my companion killed two bison, the first we had seen on the route, but neither of them were fat, or any thing like tolerable food. I here spent a night of great misery and delirium, and felt exceedingly cold from the sudden decrease of the temperature.

'*September 1st.*—We proceeded about ten miles over wooded hills, with the expectation of soon arriving at the Salt river, which we imagined to lie before us, either to the west or south-west, but were entirely deceived, and my companion now appeared to be ignorant of the country. We saw nothing far and wide but an endless scrubby forest of dwarfish oaks, chiefly the post, black, and red species.——

'*3d.*—We continued on about twenty-six miles through the same kind of deeply undulated country, abounding with clear grit springs, but the land poor, and covered with scrubby oak, except occasional prairie, openings, and narrow valleys. At length we arrived on the banks of a small clear brook, dammed up by the beaver, where we obtained a ford. Towards evening, greatly fatigued, and with our course directed more towards the west, we observed clouds of sand to arise at a distance, which we were satisfied must originate from the beach of some neighboring river, and, in about an hour after, we came upon the rocky bank of the First Red Fork or Salt river, which, though very low, was still red and muddy, bordered with an extensive beach, similar to the Arkansa, and not greatly differing from it apparently in point of magnitude. Along the argillaceous banks I observed saline incrustations, and, on tasting the water, I found it to be nauseous, and impotably saline. Our horses, however, naturally fond of salt, drank of it with the utmost greediness. Though gratified by the sight of this curious stream, which we had so tediously sought, I now lamented the loss of the fine spring water lately afforded us by the barren hills. This extensive stream constitutes the hunting boundary of the Pawnees and Hietans. Its first view appeared beautifully contrasted with the broken and sterile country through which we had been travelling. The banks of cotton-wood *(populus monilifera)* bordered by the even beach, resembled a verdant garden in panorama view. A few days journey to the west, Mr Lee informs me, that there are extensive tracts of moving sand hills, accompanied by a degree of sterility little short of the African deserts.

'*4th.*—We continued a few miles up the banks of this saline stream, crossing it from point to point. But the following day (5th) we concluded on leaving it, studying our safety from the Osages, whose traces became now more and more evident. We pursued our course along the sand beaches of the river, now op-

pressively hot, and about noon turned out into a shade. Here, unfortunately, while Mr Lee was busied about his beaver traps, his horse got into a miry gully, and could not be extricated. In this dilemma, no resource for proceeding remained for my companion, but to construct a canoe, and so descend by water.——

'On the 8th, my companion launched his canoe, which so exactly answered his purpose, that it would have sunk with any additional loading. Although I had now so far recovered as to possess a little appetite, we were, for several days, destitute of any kind of food, except the tails of the beaver, the flesh of this animal being now too lean and musky to be eaten. The game appeared to be driven out of the country by the approach of the Indians. I still continued my route along the beaches of the river, which proved almost insupportably hot, and I severely felt the want of fresh water, though it now, from necessity, became possible for me to swallow this tepid brine.——

'9*th.*—About noon we arrived at the entrance of the Arkansa, and were once more gratified with the taste of fresh water. Here the stream, now at its lowest depression, was almost colorless, and scarcely any where exceeding the depth of three feet. We travelled down it nine or ten miles, and saw the ascending smoke of the general encampments of the Osages, whom, if possible, we wished to avoid. By the multitude of traces upon the sand, it was easy to perceive that the whole village and its accompaniments were in motion.

'10*th.*—We still saw the smoke of the Osage fires in all directions, and hourly expected a discovery. As I passed along contiguous to the river, now alone, one of the Indians saw me in the wood, but did not venture to come up, dodged out of sight, and then ran along with haste towards his encampment. This wolfish behavior, it may be certain, was not calculated to give me any very favorable anticipation of our reception. I could not help indeed reflecting on the inhospitality of this pathless desert, which will one day perhaps give way to the blessings of civilization. The scenery was not without beauty; wooded hills of gentle slope every where bordered the river; and its islands and alluvions, still of considerable extent, are no way inferior to the lands of the Ohio.

11*th.*—To-day with all our caution, it became impossible to avoid the discovery of the Indians, as two or three families were encamped on the borders of the river. They ran up to us with a confidence which was by no means reciprocal. One of the men was a blind chief, not unknown to Mr Lee, who gave him some tobacco, with which he appeared to be satisfied. About the encampment there were a host of squaws, who were extremely impertinent. An old woman, resembling one of the imaginary

witches of Macbeth, told me, with an air of insolence, that I must give her my horse for her daughter to ride on; I could walk;—that the Osages were numerous and could soon take it from me. —At length, they got to pilfering our baggage; even the blind chief, who had showed us a commendatory certificate which he had obtained at St Louis, also turned thief on the occasion. We had not got out of the sight of these depredators, before another fellow came after us on the run, in order to claim my horse, insisting that it was his, and I could no way satisfy his unfounded demand, but by giving him one of my blankets.

'Mr Lee, as he descended, now observed two men on the shore, who hid themselves at his approach, and began to follow him as secretly as possible. They continued after us all the remainder of the day, till dark. We knew not whether they intended to kill or to rob us; and endeavoring to elude their pursuit, we kept on in the night, amidst the horrors of a thunder storm, the most gloomy and disagreeable situation I ever experienced in my life. In consequence also of the quicksands and the darkness, it was with the utmost difficulty that I could urge my horse to take the river, which it was necessary repeatedly to cross. In one of these attempts, both myself and it were on the point of being buried before we could extricate ourselves. Dressed in leather, I came out of the water drenched and shivering, almost ready to perish with cold. After some persuasion, I prevailed upon Lee to kindle me a handful of fire, by which I lay alone for two or three hours, amidst the dreary howling of wolves, Mr Lee not wishing to trust himself near such a beacon. Nothing, however, further molested us, and, after cooking and eating a portion of a fat buck elk, which my companion had contrived to kill in the midst of our flight, we continued our journey by the light of the moon. After proceeding about twenty miles farther down the Arkansa, unable to keep up with Lee and his boat, at noon we agreed to part. I took with me some small pieces of the boiled elk, with a portion also uncooked, and furnished myself, as I thought, with the means of obtaining fire, but when evening arrived I was greatly mortified to find all my attempts to obtain this necessary element abortive. My gun was also become useless, all the powder having got wet by last night's adventure.

'14*th*.—Fatigued with the sand-beaches, as hot and cheerless as the African deserts, I left the banks of the river; and after travelling with extreme labor through horrible thickets for three miles, in which the *Ambrosias* were far higher than my head on horseback, I at length arrived amongst woody hills, and a few miles further came out, to my great satisfaction, into the open prairies, from whence, in an elevated situation, I immediately recognized the Verdigris river. At night, though late, I arrived on its wide

alluvial lands, lined with such an impenetrable thicket, that I did not attain the bank, and had to lie down alone in the rank weeds, amidst musquetoes, without fire, food, or water, as the meat with which I had been provided was raw, and spoiled by the worms.

'15*th*.—With all the advantage of daylight, it was still difficult to penetrate through the thicket, and ford the river. Towards evening, I again arrived at the trading establishment of Mr Bougie, an asylum, which probably at this time rescued me from death. My feet and legs were so swelled, in consequence of weakness and exposure to extreme heat and cold, that it was necessary to cut off my pantaloons, and at night both my hands and feet were affected by the most violent cramp.'

We have confined ourselves chiefly to the narrative part of this volume, and have omitted to notice a great deal of curious information highly interesting to the botanist and geologist, but not admitting of condensation. Besides a multitude of new and previously undiscovered plants, our author met with the *ixia celestina*, a beautiful plant discovered long ago by Bartram, in Florida, but not seen since by any one until now. The *bow wood*, or osage apple, (called by Mr Nuttall *maclura,)* a tree which has excited much curiosity, was met with in thickets upon the Red river. Among other curiosities was a species of *rhus*, perfectly resembling the *rhus cotinus*, or smoke tree of our gardens, and perhaps identical with it.

Concerning the Indian tribes who still maintain their foothold in our forests, Mr Nuttall has furnished minute and characteristic information. To the various traits drawn of them in the body of the work, he has subjoined an appendix of several sections, containing,

1. An account of the ancient aboriginal population on the banks of the Mississippi and contiguous country ;
2. The history of the Natchez ;
3. Observations on the Chickasaws and Choctaws.

We understand that with a view to future publication, he has collected vocabularies and formed comparisons of the languages of the numerous tribes he has visited ; and made extensive observations on the aboriginal antiquities of the western country.

To the public in Europe as well as America Mr Nuttall is advantageously known by his scientific publications. His work in two volumes on the *Genera* of *North American plants*, the fruit of much industry and research, is replete with com-

prehensive and philosophic views of natural affinities; although we could wish, for the benefit of the already cumbersome science to which it belongs, that its innovations on previous nomenclature had been made with a more sparing hand. His *Geological sketch of the valley of the Mississippi* embodies information, which probably no other individual was qualified to give. Besides various scientific papers of a very creditable kind in the different journals and transactions already published, we are yet to expect from him a Flora of the Arkansa territory, and the work already alluded to on aboriginal antiquities and language.

In the recent appointment of Mr Nuttall as curator and lecturer at the botanic garden in Cambridge, we hope he may find a resting place from his wanderings, as pleasant and advantageous to himself, as it will be welcome to those who may receive the benefit of his instructions.

Art. V.—*The testimony of Christ's second appearing, containing a general statement of all things pertaining to the faith and practice of the Church of God, in this latter day. Published by order of the Ministry in union with the Church. Second edition, corrected and improved.* 12mo. pp. 620. Albany, 1810.

Scarce any one has travelled toward the west of New York, from this part of the country, who has not stopped a day or two, to admire the lovely scene of the Taghkannuc valley. Had it been in Wales or Switzerland, it would have been renowned throughout the world. Nothing can surpass the gracefulness of the sweep of the hills which inclose it, or the charm of the various prospect which it presents of native forest and cultivated field, in one part stretching up the hill side, and in others spreading out on wide and rich plains. The road after you have entered the valley passes alternately under thick groves of beach and maple, along the margin of deep meadows, and sometimes across a dashing brook, which sinks on one side of the road, beneath the broad stones that cover it, to rise up on the other and wind its way through fields and pastures below. Among these natural objects to arrest the traveller's attention, it will also be turned to what man has here done. He will perceive on the one hand a thriving American village, with

its usual appendages of church, tavern, and *store*, and some additional apparatus, called accommodations by antiphrasis, designed for the reception of those who resort to an innocent mineral spring, on the mountain's side. On the opposite quarter he will perceive a village, smaller and more pleasantly situated, consisting of a few large buildings wearing somewhat of a factory appearance and painted dull yellow, with the barns and offices indicative of a large family. In the centre of the settlement, he will perceive a small neat white church, in a decent inclosure—an advantage which it possesses in common with very few of our village churches ;—a trim grass plot around it ; and a pavement of marble slabs leading to its two doors. The lands about this settlement he will find to be more neatly cultivated, than the majority of American farms ; and the whole appearance of things that of unusual comfort, and permanence. If he happen to pass this village on Sunday, at the hour of public worship, he will be struck with a still more singular spectacle and discover at last the secret. Instead of the irregular resort to church, which prevails in other places,—groupes of men, women, and children in their gayest dresses, thronging the road, without any unusual solemnity of manner ; instead of the collection of gossippers about the door and in the porch, who stop till the first hymn has made a good beginning, before they enter the sanctuary ; he will see sundry processions of men and women, leaving the several dwelling houses in the settlement, and with every external mark of gravity and seriousness, dressed in a plain uniform, moving in order to the place of worship ; and when arrived there, entering it with decorum, and repairing to their plain wooden benches,—the men on one side and the women on the other,—and maintaining till the commencement of their service a more grave and reverential deportment, than is commonly found among the mass of any congregation. The extraordinary mode, in which their worship is conducted, will not surely diminish his curiosity, and he will, as well by that, as what he has already observed, have a desire awakened to know something more of this singular fraternity.

The work before us is sometimes called the 'Shakers' Bible ;' but it does not appear that there is any propriety in giving it this name, or that they attribute any thing beyond historical authority to it. Its division into chapter and

verse is perhaps the only foundation of the popular name. It is however a work of some interest, being an authorized and official explanation of the principles of the community of Shakers, a historical account of their origin and progress, and a somewhat tedious treatise on the history of true religion, deduced from the Mosaic and Christian systems, through the alleged corruptions of the latter, to the establishment of the new and pure church, in their own community. The work bears no name on the title page, but the preface to it is subscribed by David Darrow, John Meacham, and Benjamin S. Youngs, with respect to whom the following information is given in a note to this preface.—'Note. David Darrow now (1808) in the fifty-ninth year of his age was among the first in America, who received the testimony of the gospel in the year 1780. John Meacham (being then a youth, under the care of his father Joseph Meacham, in union with the family) received the testimony the same year 1780, and is now in the thirty-ninth year of his age. Benjamin S. Youngs received the testimony in the year 1794, and is now in the thirty-fifth year of his age.' The first edition of this work appeared in 1808, at Lebanon in the state of Ohio, where a colony detached from the establishment at New Lebanon, in New York, is settled, and the present edition, revised and corrected by the authors, was published two years after at Albany. Notwithstanding the appearance of this work, as the production of the three persons above named, the late president Dwight states that it 'is supposed to have been written by a man whose name is Wells, who is said to have been educated to some extent in learning and science.'* Dr Dwight does not give his authority for this opinion: and we would observe, that not only is the preface subscribed by them; but the work is spoken of therein, as their own production. By whomever executed it is done with considerable skill. That a great part of a work of this kind should be exceedingly tedious, impertinent, and absurd, is a matter of course. It contains, however, the marks of considerable acquaintance with ecclesiastical history, and a taste of general literature. In point of style, it would do no discredit to higher sources than it proceeds from, and is better written than many better books. We have thought that a brief account of so singular a community, abstracted from so authentic a source, might

* Dwight's Travels, iii. 150.

not be unacceptable to our readers. To save the necessity of repeating a *caveat* of our own, we would premise that we give the statements on the authority of the work before us, unless some other be indicated ; and the reader will observe that we often also borrow its language.

The original germ of the society of Shakers, according to our authors, is traced to the Quakers, the last people who were persecuted to death, for the testimony which they held. Having, through distrust of Providence, sought in England the protection of the secular arm, they gained an honorable standing in the world ; but lost that degree of light and power with which they at first set out.—A remnant, however, of the Quakers remained faithful, till the arrival of the *French prophets* in England in 1706, who opened their testimony in and about London, and were the means of a great awakening. This, however, was but a transient effect, and the residue of their spirit was confined at last to a small body of people gathered into a society, under the special ministry of James and Jane Wardley, among whom was a particular work of preparation for the true and real manifestation of Christ. This work began in Bolton and Manchester, in the county of Lancashire, in England, about the year 1747. This, therefore, may be considered as the first date of the Shakers.

James Wardley, a tailor by trade, and Jane his wife, who wrought at the same occupation, had been Quakers ; but having received from the French prophets a further degree of light and power, erected a society of their own. This was effected on their removal from Bolton to Manchester, where they lived a number of years in Canon street, with John Townley, a brick layer by trade, who possessed considerable property. In his house the society increased to the number of about thirty. John Townley contributed chiefly to the support of the community, they being mostly in low temporal circumstances, and was much injured in consequence by his persecutors.

Thus far the new sect appears to have found its materials among the straighter elements of the society of *Friends*, with an accession from the French prophets. A new ingredient was soon added. John Townley, the patron of the society, had, it seems, 'a *measure* of faith' in the Wardleys, but his wife became a powerful member of their society and received

the gift of prophecy. John Hocknell was the brother of *Mrs* Townley, (if we may apply this secular but convenient prefix,) originally a member of the church of England, and afterwards a zealous Methodist. Having visited his sister Townley at Manchester, and conversed with James Wardley, he received a faith in his testimony and became one of the society. According to the account given by Mary Hocknell, his daughter, who was living at Watervliet, when the work before us appeared, John Hocknell, being also a wealthy man, gathered a small church of the new faith in his own house in Cheshire. His wife Hannah, with her relations of the *Dickins* family, being wealthy and high spirited, was offended with these proceedings. Three of the Messrs Dickins, her brothers, procured John Hocknell to be imprisoned at Middlewich. He was, however, soon released, and his wife, to the great mortification of the Dickinses, joined the society. It was at this early period, that the discipline of the society, as far as respects their religious service, appears to have been organized and to have suggested the name, which its members still bear. We do not choose to undertake to give this, in any but the precise words of our authority.

'Sometimes after assembling together and sitting a while in silent meditation, they were taken with a mighty trembling, under which they would express the indignation of God against all sin. At other times, they were affected under the power of God, with a mighty shaking; and were occasionally exercised in singing, shouting, or walking the floor under the influence of spiritual signs, *shoving each other about*, or swiftly passing and repassing each other, like clouds agitated by a mighty wind. From these strange exercises, the people received the name of *Shakers*, and by some were called *Shaking Quakers:* but from the time of James Wardley's ministration to the present day, they have been most generally known and distinguished by the name of Shakers. —The work which God promised to accomplish in the latter day was eminently marked out by the prophets to be a work of *Shaking;* and hence the name, (though by the world intended for derision) was very properly applied to the people, who were both the subjects and instruments of the work of God in the latter day.'*

The accession of John Hocknell and a party of Methodists just mentioned, took place in 1776, and the society continued,

* In confirmation of this, several passages of the Old and New Testament are quoted, as Is. ii. 19, 21, *in Lowth's version*, and Heb. xii. 26.

with a gradual increase of light and power, till, in 1770, 'the present testimony of salvation and eternal life was fully opened, according to the special gift and revelation of God, through *Anne Lee*, that extraordinary woman, concerning whom so many strange things have been conjectured, and who at this time was received by the society as their spiritual *Mother*.'

Anne Lee was born in 1736 at Manchester, in England. Her father was a blacksmith by trade, and Anne was brought up in his house, in that eligible part of the city, called *Toad lane*. She was herself educated to the trade of a cutter of hatters' fur; and had five brothers and two sisters. She was married in early life to Abraham Standley, a blacksmith, and had four children, all of whom died in infancy. At the age of twenty-two, she became a member of Wardley's society, then in its infancy, and having been, as far as we can collect out of the technical jargon of the work before us, remarkably docile, as a disciple of the leaders; and being, it would seem, of a susceptible nature, adapted to violent religious excitement; and perceiving perhaps the advantage to be attained on the principles of the sect, which conceded to the one sex an equality in all the prerogatives usually arrogated to themselves by the other, Anne became at last the acknowledged leader of this vulgar fanaticism, and in 1770 bore her first testimony. This testimony appears to have been the injunction of celibacy, as the perfection of human nature, and the holding forth of herself as a divine person. She was from this time received as the spiritual parent of the faithful, honored with the title of Anne the Mother, and styled by herself *Anne the Word!*

After Anne was received and acknowledged as the spiritual mother of the society, the mode of conducting their religious service consisted in singing and dancing, shaking and shouting, speaking with new tongues and prophesying; all which gifts continued progressively to increase in the society. Shortly after the public testimony of Anne, to which we have already alluded, the thing appears to have reached that point, where the mob generally regards itself as authorized to interfere; and the assemblies of the new sect were frequently disturbed and insulted by the populace. On one occasion Anne herself was arrested, during the progress of their worship, which was 'under great power,' (as the neighbors had probably experienced to their cost,) and committed to prison. The next day

she was put into another prison 'called Bedlam;' where she was confined several weeks, says the work before us, without any sustenance, but what was conveyed to her by a believer, by means of a pipe stem thrust through the key hole: a statement which will serve as a specimen to what extent, among other gifts, Anne and her disciples possessed that of veracity.

She was soon released from the madhouse, and continued to proclaim her testimony in England, 'which was rejected by the generality,' till it ceased about a year before she received her mission and revelation touching America, 'by which she saw the future increase of the work of God and the establishment and glory of Christ's kingdom, in this land of freedom.' Here we cannot but pause to make the reflection, that we perceive as yet no principle to account for the perseverance of these deluded people, but that of the persecution they experienced. An accidental assemblage at first of heated fanatics of the lowest class and of various names, there is scarce a possibility that they would not gradually have died away. Could the warden, by an inquistorial power have brought the whole society to the stake, it is not impossible that it might have been exterminated. But to put men and women into jails and madhouses for their faith, is not only to give it publicity, but it is to make it proud of its importance: to kindle all the selfish passions in its defence, and more than all, to give it a right to claim the glories of martyrdom.

But to return to our subject; the great event in the history of the new sect, the hegira of the Shakers, dates from the month of May 1774. It was at this time that Anne Lee, elder William Lee, one of her brothers, elders James Whitaker and John Hocknell, and Mary Partington and others embarked for America, on board the ship Maria, Captain Smith of New York. This event, though the spring of great increase to their sect, appears to have been fatal to the remnants, which remained in England. James and Jane Wardley, the original founders of the faith, were removed from the house of John Townley, the good natured bricklayer who had hitherto supported them, to the almshouse, where they died. John Hocknell, who had embarked for America in 1774 with Anne Lee, went back to England the next year, and again returned to America, with other members of the old society, which after these repeated drafts upon its numbers appears to have dwindled to nothing.

On the passage to America, the vessel, in which this company was bestowed, sprang a leak, and was with difficulty kept from sinking. In the height of the peril, ‘ Mother and the elders put their hands to the pump and encouraged the seamen ;’ so that they arrived safe at New York in the month of August. They were now wholly without resource, and were obliged to seek their livelihood by their industry, a circumstance which led to their dispersion in various places. Anne Lee herself, in what capacity is not stated, abode in a family of the name of Smith, in Queen street, now Pearl street, where she was kindly treated and continued two years. Her associate Hocknell meantime had returned with recruits from England, and as he was represented at the commencement of this narrative as a man of substance, it is probable that he had converted his property into disposable funds, and thus brought over with him to America the means of founding a settlement. We accordingly find that, in the spring of 1776, the spiritual mother, gathering her children, moved up the Hudson to Albany, and thence to Neskayuna, in the town of Watervliet ; and in the month of September fixed her abode, where the church is now established, eight measured miles northwest from the centre of the city of Albany. In this obscure retreat, the Shakers appear to have enjoyed the liberty of professing their strange peculiarities, and gradually attracted more and more of the notice of the lower and more ignorant classes of their neighbors. The attention of the civil authority was also called to them, it being the most anxious period of the revolutionary war, in consequence of their refusal to bear arms. They suffered, however, at present, no molestation on this account.

Nothing remarkable appears to have happened to the society for three years, after its settlement at Watervliet. In 1779, says the work before us, ‘ a remarkable religious awakening took place in the township of Canaan, in New York,’ which was followed in the next year by ‘ a general opening of the testimony,’ at the village of New Lebanon, in that township. Of the means by which the peculiarities of this extraordinary sect were transplanted from Watervliet, a distance of forty miles, to New Lebanon, we are not informed. It is only stated, in general terms, that before this event happened, multitudes from this quarter had been in the habit of resort-

ing for spiritual direction to Anne Lee. So great were the numbers of these pilgrims, that they were obliged to carry with them, to Watervliet, a supply of provisions. David Darrow, the senior author of the work before us, being employed in driving a flock of sheep with this intent, toward Watervliet, and the suspicion being prevalent, that some unlawful intercourse with the enemy was held by this society, he was pursued and with his sheep brought back to Lebanon. Here he was examined before some kind of a court, his sheep condemned to pay costs, and himself sent, for farther examination, to Albany. Being required by the authorities there to give security for his obedience to the laws, and not permitted by his religious scruples so to do, he with Joseph Meacham, the father of another of the authors of this work, was committed to prison. About the same time, and probably for like reasons, Anne Lee, and the chief members of the society at Watervliet were also cast into prison at Albany. Anne Lee was in the course of the season transported to Poughkeepsie, with the design of being banished—if our authors are correct—to the British army. Nothing however of this kind took place, and in the month of December, the whole party were set at liberty. They returned to their quarters at Watervliet, triumphant victims of persecution, and resumed their ' testimony' of course, with redoubled zeal. They were visited at this time, say our authors, by great numbers from distant parts of the states of New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, and Maine. But by what means the society had been able, during the four years of its establishment at Watervliet, not only to make itself known, but to gain converts in these remote quarters, the work before us gives no account.

The fact, however, is asserted without qualification, and seems pretty certain from the circumstance that in May 1781, Anne Lee and the elders started on a visitation to ' the distant parts from place to place where the gospel had been received ;' a visitation on which they were absent two years, returning to Watervliet in August 1783. In July of the next year elder William Lee, the brother of Anne, died, and in a little more than a year, viz : in September 1784, he was followed by the mother herself ; who ' having finished the work given her to do,' say our authors, ' was taken out of the sight of her believers, in the ordinary way of all living,' at the age of forty-eight.

On the death of Anne Lee, the gift for the lead and protection of the believers fell upon elder James Whitaker, one of the original emigrants to America. The society continued to flourish under his administration, which however was shortly closed by death, at Enfield, in Connecticut, the seat of one of the earliest American establishments of this fraternity. From this time the administration passed into the hands of the American converts, and at first into those of Joseph Meacham and Lucy Wright, at New Lebanon, where the first American colony seems to have been settled, and which has gradually attained an apparent superiority even over the primitive Neskayuna, and may be regarded as the true metropolitan Seismopolis. Joseph Meachem and Lucy Wright had alreay distinguished themselves, in the year 1792, by organizing the different *families* of Shakers, by which name the several establishments are called. Having taken an active part in this organization, they were, on the death of elder James Whitaker, in 1787, acknowledged as the spiritual head of all the Believers. What the connexion is, however, between the several families in different places, we have not been able to gather from this work, nor from any other source of information. We have been told, in general, that each family is independent, and subject only in spiritualities to the lead of those, who, for the time being, are allowed to possess the most distinguished gifts.

'From the year 1785, say our authors, the testimony was withdrawn from the world, and rarely opened to any till about 1797.' During this period, we learn also from the same source, that a great change took place in the character of the society. Their exercises, outcries of conviction, and shakings passed away, and 'were succeeded by such righteousness, peace, and order, as never before had been established on earth.' The solution of this appears obvious. The original persecuted fanatics, of the lowest class of Manchester mechanics, had been succeeded by a large number of substantial persons, who under the influence of religious enthusiasm had put their society in possession of sundry valuable farms. Fields to till, forests to prune, and their produce to sell, lead to a very different life and character, from that with which the founders of this sect in the blind alleys of Bolton and Manchester began. In 1792, their families were organized, and their property by a verbal compact constituted common stock. In

1795, a written compact to the same effect was entered into. In 1800, one of the deacons at New Lebanon is said to have broached the doctrine before the brethren, that as they were not an incorporated society, each member could claim wages for his labor and a share in the stock. This overwise officer was however excommunicated, and only received back on humble submissions. It is not easy to understand, meantime, how possessions so large as they are said to hold have been kept together so long, without the usual legal protections of corporate property. Joseph Meacham died in 1796, and Lucy Wright remained in sole possession of the chief gift or lead, and of the title of Mother. Henry Clough followed her the next year, and under his administration, the practice of sending out preachers, expressly to assist in gathering new families, began. Elder Clough died in 1798, and was succeeded in the gift by Abiathar Babbot. The following year elder John Hocknell, the last of the fathers that came from England, but who does not appear ever to have possessed *the lead*, died at Watervliet. Anne Lee, William Lee, James Whitaker, and elder Hocknell were supposed, by their disciples, to be the *four creatures* of the prophet Ezekiel.*

In the year 1801, a religious excitement prevailed in Kentucky, and from that period to 1805, something was done to enlist converts to *shakerism* in that quarter. In 1805, John Meacham, Benjamin S. Youngs, and Issachar Bates were chosen and sent as missionaries from New Lebanon to the converts in the western states. An account of what transpired, during the four years alluded to, is contained in a pamphlet called *Kentucky revived*, published in 1808, which we have never seen. At the time the work before us was written, there were eleven brethren and eight sisters, employed as missionaries by the church at Lebanon, in the western states.

In the first number of the New Hampshire Historical Collections,† is contained an account of the settlement of Shakers in Canterbury in that state. As it will serve in some measure, to give an idea of the similar institutions, we shall make an extract from it :

* President Dwight's travels, iii. 168.

† We feel great pleasure in having an opportunity of recommending to the public notice the valuable work quoted in the text, of which five numbers have already appeared at Concord N. H. Its object hitherto has been to collect and publish in a series of numbers, 1°. Historical Sketches of Indian wars,

'In the south-easterly part of the town of Canterbury, in New Hampshire, on an elevated and beautiful site, is the village of the "SHAKERS." The church at Canterbury was gathered in the year 1792, under the ministration of Elder *Job Bishop*, who is still their first minister; although the society first embraced their religious faith about ten years previous to that time. At present it consists of more than two hundred members. They have a meeting-house open at all times of public worship, where any discreet and civil spectator is freely allowed to attend. They have a Deacon's office, where all their public business is transacted, and where strangers are at first received on their visits to the society. They have also nine dwelling houses, of two and three stories, and several workshops both for men and women. Their mills and various kinds of machinery are moved by water on an artificial stream.

'They manufacture many articles for sale, which are remarkable for neatness and durability. Their gardens are perhaps the most productive of any in the country; and indeed all their improved lands exhibit the pleasing effects of industry and rural economy. They have for years supplied this section of the state with garden seeds, and take much pains to propagate those of the best kind. They occupy more than 1500 acres of land, lying principally in a body, which they have "consecrated to the Lord," and which they enjoy in common. They cheerfully pay their proportion of the public taxes, and share all the burthens of government, except the bearing of arms, which they deem to be unlawful; and in return, they claim from government only that

battles, and exploits; of the adventures and sufferings of captives. 2°. Topographical descriptions of towns and places in New Hampshire, with their history, civil and ecclesiastical. 3°. Biographical memoirs and anecdotes of eminent and remarkable persons in New Hampshire. 4°. Statistical tables, tables of births, diseases, and deaths. 5°. Meteorological observations. The five numbers, which have appeared, contain a very valuable and interesting series of papers under most of these heads. No state in the union has the advantage of possessing so classical a work on its history as New Hampshire, and we are rejoiced to find proof in these numbers of the zeal with which historical studies are still cultivated there. The narratives under the first head are particularly engaging; that of Mrs Johnson's captivity wants only to be a romance to surpass all common romances in interest. The editors observe in their preface, 'No longer ago than 1750, there were hordes of savages roaming about the different parts of the state, and so late as 1781 their last depredations were committed in the town of Shelburne. In almost every town on the borders of our greater rivers have been discovered traces of Indian fortifications, dwellings, implements or weapons. The memory of Indian irruptions is now fresh in the minds of our aged people.' We are happy to perceive by the notice in the last number of this work, that the publishers propose to enlarge the plan on which it is conducted, and give it the form of a monthly literary journal. As they state that its continuance depends on the encouragement it may receive, we cannot but recommend it to the attention and patronage of the American public.

protection and support guaranteed to other citizens. The income of their manufactures, together with their agricultural products, yields their temporal support; and what they become possessed of more than is necessary to their wants, they devote to charitable purposes, agreeably to their church covenant.

'Fifty-four persons, old and young, have departed this life in the society since it was first organized—a period of forty years. This number is small, in comparison with the mortality of other parts of the state; and furnishes strong proof how much temperate habits tend to prolong life.'

These remarks in the historical collections serve as a preface to a short account of the faith and discipline of the Shakers, furnished by two respectable individuals of the community at Canterbury. It contains little or nothing new on the subject, and a considerable part of it is taken up with a notice of the alleged misrepresentations of their sect in Merrill's Gazetteer of New Hampshire, and President Allen's Biographical Dictionary. As a contribution toward the history of this sect in New York, we shall quote the last paragraph in this statement. Valentine Rathbun, there mentioned, was a baptist minister, who in 1780 in the time of the general awakening, became a convert to this faith, but in about three months relapsed, and published a work, entitled *Brief hints*, against the new faith. D. Rathbun, as well as Taylor and West, mentioned also in this paragraph, have likewise published accounts of the Shakers.

'It is evident however, that he [President Allen] has drawn his description from the accounts of Valentine and Daniel Rathbun, Taylor, West, and others, whom we well know to have early apostatized from our society in New York, in consequence of having been disappointed in their views of obtaining pre-eminence among them; and through whose instigation, several riotous and lawless mobs were afterwards excited to commit the most inhuman and cruel outrages on the society, whose profession and conscience forbade them to resist, or render evil for evil. In defiance of all law, these mobs were frequently led forward by those infuriate apostates, by whom many of the society, both men and women indiscriminately, and in their own dwellings, were often scourged and beaten with savage barbarity. In one of those crusades, a son of Valentine Rathbun, being a member of the society, of lawful age and a married man, was struck by his father with a large cane, inhumanly beaten, his skull laid bare for three inches in length, and at last left weltering in his blood, with doubtful apprehensions with regard to his fate! This is that civil authority, as it is called, by which our assemblies

are said to have been suppressed! Yet strange as it may seem, the libellous productions of these apostates from truth and charity are not only credited, but transcribed and held out to the public as a *standard of undoubted authenticity.*'

The editors of the Historical Collections make the following remarks at the close of their article on the Shakers of Canterbury.

'It should be mentioned as a practice highly creditable to this sect, that the members of their societies never make use of ardent spirits except in cases of sickness, being aware of the evils intemperance brings upon society. Another practice not unworthy of imitation is, they refuse to be trusted even in the smallest sum. They transact their secular concerns with much probity and uprightness; and though they may have suffered reproach from their singularity of life and manners, they have become a proverb for industry, justice, and benevolence.'

With regard to the number of Shaker settlements in the United States, it is stated in the Connecticut Gazetteer,* that there are at least fourteen. We have reason to think however that at present there are a few more. The following are all of which we have heard by name :

Alfred,	Maine.
Gorham,	do.
Enfield,	New Hampshire.
Canterbury,	do.
Harvard,	Massachusetts.
Shirley,	do.
Hancock,	do.
Enfield,	Connecticut.
New Lebanon,	New York.
Neskayuna,	do.
Union,	Ohio.
Shakerstown,	Kentucky.
Shaker town,	Indiana.

We have reason to think that there are a few settlements of Shakers in the western states, in addition to those here enumerated. The size of these communities varies from two to five hundred members. We have heard their whole numbers estimated at 6000, and the value of their lands at 800,000 dollars.

With respect to the religious opinions of this sect, they complain like all other sects of the misrepresentations which cir-

* p. 70.

culate in regard to them. In the preface to the work before us the authors tell us, that 'nothing has hitherto been published which meets their approbation, except a small pamphlet, entitled *A concise statement of the principles of the only true church*, written to a deaf man, by particular request, and printed at Bennington, Vermont, in the year 1790, and a pamphlet published last year under the title of *The Kentucky Revived.*' It may be observed in general, that they claim the name of christians, and acknowledge the authority of the bible, of which their interpretations rival any thing, which the grossest ignorance and wildest fanaticism ever conspired to produce. But the deliberate worship of Anne Lee as a person of the Deity, throws at once an intolerable air of blasphemy and horrible ridicule over their belief, which we have no disposition to contemplate. We will only quote one of the least offensive of the speculations on this subject, of the work before us, that our readers may not think we speak with undue harshness. The authors of the work adduce the words of prophecy, 'I will *shake* all nations and the *desire* of all nations shall come,' and comment upon them, in the following manner.

'The effects of Christ's first appearing were far from fulfilling those promises in their full extent; for in reality that heaven, which was to be *shaken*, had not yet been built, neither was the appearing of Christ in the form of man, so properly the *desire of all nations.* But as his second appearing was to be manifested in that particular object (namely *woman,*) which is eminently the *desire* of all nations; therefore it was that the present work of God began in *shaking*, both as a preparatory and an increasing work for the full and final manifestation of Christ.'

With respect to most opinions in controversy among christians, the Shakers can scarcely be said to be on one side or the other. Their own language is so very peculiar, and is a jargon so completely *sui generis*, that it is difficult to reduce it either to the affirmative or negative of common theological questions. The work before us is filled with unfriendly allusions to the popular orthodox theology, but a favorite theme of discourse in their harangues is the doctrine of regeneration; and it is possible that they would admit some of the Calvinistic tenets; reserving to themselves peculiar explanations of them, by which they could be strained to accord with their mythology. Upon the whole, though we are not in favor of denying

the name of Christian to any, who esteem it an honor to wear it, yet we cannot but think that those who call Anne Lee, Mother, in the same sense that they call God, Father, and sing praises to both, are christians of a very curious kind.

There is no one, who has not heard of the mode, in which the Shakers perform the duty of religious worship. Were it becoming to be amused with any thing which refers to such a subject, one would be amused with the ingenuity of their defence of their mode of worship. We cannot but extract a few sentences, from the work before us, on this subject.

'4. The manner of worship in the first appearing of Christ was not reduced to any form, but according as true Believers were moved by the Spirit, in various circumstances. They worshipped God in prayer, vocal or silent, in praise, in thanksgiving, in exhortations, and in feasts of charity, by which they expressed their love and union to each other.

'5. This various manner of worship continued, mostly, with all the true witnesses until near the time of Christ's second appearing, when many, like the guards of the night, sat in solemn silence, waiting for the break of day, denying their own wisdom and judgment, and performing no act of worship but such as they were moved to, by the inward light and evidence of the quickening Spirit.

'6. Being thus wholly cut off from the fruitless inventions and precepts of men, and wholly dependent on the author and fountain of life, they devoted themselves to do his will in all things wherein it might be made manifest. Hence the light and truth, and revelation of God increased among them, until, by the special operation of his power, they were moved to go forth and worship God in the dance: which had been expressly signified by the law and the prophets, as the peculiar manner of worship to be established in the latter day.

'7. And as the work of full redemption, and the worship of God attending it, were to be introduced in the line of the female; therefore it is particularly worthy of notice, that through the order of the female, both the example and promise were given, through all the law and the prophets, which may evidently appear from what follows.

'8. The deliverance of the children of Israel from under Pharaoh, and their escape through the Red sea, was a plain and striking figure of the day of full redemption, from the bondage and dominion of sin, as may appear from the song of Moses and the children of Israel. And therefore it was that *Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels, and with dances.*

'10. The first abode of the Ark of God, was in Shiloh, and it was there, at the yearly feasts of the Lord, that the virgins or daughters of Shiloh, went forth to *dance in dances.* This, *all the time that the house of God was in Shiloh*, was an abiding figure of the true worship in Christ, at the bringing in the Ark of the Covenant of God in the latter day.

'11. Also when the king of Israel returned, after the victory over Goliah the Philistine, (a type of Antichrist) *The women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing.*

'12. Again the final establishment of the Ark of God and his Testament, was prefigured when the typical Ark was removed from Shiloh to the city of David, being accompanied with the same solemn exercise.—*And David and all Israel played* [that is danced] *before God with all their might, and with singing.*

'16. But in the time of their captivity at Babylon, this sacred exercise was entirely lost from the people of God, and like the vessels of the sanctuary, profaned by the wicked in the service of the Devil. And hence the lamentation of the prophet Jeremiah. *The joy of our heart is ceased, our dance is turned into mourning.*

'18. The promise that this mode of worship should be restored to the people of God, in the latter day, evidently appears from the most express and pointed prophecies, given in the time of the captivity. Thus the Lord, by the prophet Jeremiah: "Behold, I will bring again the captivity of Jacob's tents, and have mercy on his dwelling places:—*And out of them shall proceed thanks-giving, and the voice of them that make merry:—In the latter days ye shall consider it.*

'22. But as these things could not be fulfilled in Christ's first appearing, therefore he renewed the promises which were made through the prophets, saying, "All things must be fulfilled which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the Psalms, concerning me." Which, in this particular, was more expressly alluded to in his parable of the younger son, who returned to his father's house, and being stript of his old garments, and clothed with the best robe, there was *Music and Dancing.*'

If any one think that the dancing of the Shakers resembles the worldly exercise commonly called by that name, he will widely err. We suppose that when their church was first organized in Toad lane, their corporeal exercises, which gave them the name of Shakers, were of a violent and boisterous character, like those sometimes witnessed in camp-meetings. But as we have had occasion already to hint, the character of Shakerism has wholly changed since the emigration to America. The name remains, but the thing is changed. The dancing now practised in their assemblies, if not as our authors

venture to call it, 'solemn as eternity,' is any thing but gay. The assembly, in two portions, consisting of the two sexes severally, and disposed in ranks behind each other, dance forward and backward three or four times, and then in a shuffling manner on the spot, alternating from the one to the other, and accompanied by the monotonous singing of certain male and female elders. The appearance of so many, for the most part grown persons, the men without coats (which they lay aside for this part of the worship, called aptly enough *labor)* gravely engaged in this exercise, under the idea of paying christian worship, may awaken a smile at its oddity, but is upon the whole melancholy and disgusting. It forms, however, a part only of their religious service, of which extemporaneous preaching of a very ordinary character, and singing from a collection of their own, compose the other portions. With the exception of the dancing and the extremely illiterate and ordinary quality of their preaching, their mode of appearing in the place of worship is edifying; and more uniformly collected and solemn, than that of many more enlightened churches. As a specimen of the dexterity, with which they can evade an objection, we may state that when they were told that their mode of worship was opposed by 1 Tim. iv. 8. 'bodily exercise profiteth *little*,' they replied, 'It is that little we aim at.'

The most interesting aspect, under which this institution presents itself, is that of a new form of *monachism.* To enjoin celibacy on about two hundred and fifty men, and as many women, gathered into four or five families, each consisting equally of either sex, and without any aid from the laws of the land or the public sentiment toward enforcing the rules of the institution, is, to say the least, a bold experiment in anthropology. If public scandal say true, it has not proved altogether a successful one. Several persons have, from time to time, seceded from the various communities of Shakers, and some of these have published accounts, unfavorable to the purity of these establishments.* We must own, however, that

* We have given above the names of some of these individuals. President Dwight, in his second letter on the Shakers, has given some account of a book by Thomas Brown, who left the society of Shakers, entitled 'an account of the people called Shakers, their faith, doctrines, and practice; exemplified in the life, conversations, and experience of the author, during the time which he belonged to the society: to which is added a history of their rise and progress to the present day, by Thomas Brown, of Cornwall, Orange county, state of New York.' A duodecimo volume of three hundred and seventy-two closely printed pages.

such accounts are not entitled to implicit faith, and the common principles of human nature, as well as charity, would lead us to think that it would be impossible to hold these societies together, were any of their leaders as insincere and corrupt, as some are represented to be. Considering that they have no legal power in their hands, and that society does not second their discipline, nothing short of extreme purity in those, who administer it, would prevent its rapid degeneracy and extinction.

When we look into the history of monastic institutions, we find them originating in as voluntary and self devoted a spirit, as that which enlisted the first converts to Shakerism ; but we also find that these institutions were *kept up*, by means very different from those, by which their first establishment was effected ; means which our Shakers can never command. Separate houses were erected for monks and nuns : the genius of Shakerism requires that the brethren and sisters in the faith be gathered together in the same families. Large bequests in lands and goods were made by the state and individuals on the most inalienable tenures to the religious houses ; our governments will certainly give the Shakers nothing, nor incorporate them with powers to receive more than very frugal legacies. The whole power of government, ecclesiastical and civil, was exerted to enforce on those once devoted, the observance of the monastic vow ; and to be built up alive into a stone wall was the mildest punishment for violating it. We presume that if any suspicion should get abroad, among the neighbors of a Shaker settlement, that any such means were put in practice against an apostate Shaker or Shakeress, two hours would not elapse without subjecting their abodes to a more violent shaking, on the part of the mob, than any thing ever witnessed at Neskayuna or in Toad lane. Or if this were not done, it is more than probable the grand jury would begin to stir in the business : and it would take more than the ingenuity of our authors to spiritualize the letter of the old common law. In fact, since the mode of settling things by judge and jury has gotten into vogue, monastic institutions have declined in the world ; and certainly of all countries, ours is the last where they could be expected to revive.

It may be asked then what holds these families together, in defiance of the law of nature, unaided by the law of the land.

To this a partial answer is obvious. Religious enthusiasm was certainly the first principle of the growth of the Shakers. It was accident probably, which gave their establishments an agricultural form in this country. Some substantial farmer became a Shaker, and threw his acres into the common stock. Indigent brethren came and settled with him, and thus the nucleus of a community was formed. If well administered, it is plain that the increase of such an establishment will be rapid. The surplus gains invested in new lands will increase the temptation to converts to share the abundance, and in short the thing grows because it is: as a snow ball, ready in itself to melt, gathers as it is moved. Moreover, we do not set it all down to mere direct interest. Their community doubtless finds recruits from the wide spread *caste* of the friendless and deserted. Many poor isolated beings exist scattered about, even in this happy land;—surrounded by prosperous families but amalgamated with none, and lonely in the crowd. Single females without friends and protectors, orphan children without relations, pilgrims in the world struck with melancholy by the way, widows, and fathers who have lost their children, all those who in one way or the other seem left out of the game or the battle of life, furnish recruits to the Shakers. The families of their neighbors cannot take them all in, and after human pity has been strained to the last degree of cousinship, there will still remain many forlorn individuals in the world. Can it be wondered that such persons are desirous of entering a community, which not only elevates them at once to competence, but divides with them a share of the corporate identity; and gives them a little consequence in the eyes of their fellows; and puts their rights, happiness and feelings, under the protection of a numerous society? We have been told that in the late war, the widows and children of some of those, who had enlisted in our army, and were slain on the frontiers, repaired to these asylums. One could forgive some absurdity in religious rites to a people, who stood ready to open their gates to the families thus left desolate. Some blacks may also be seen on their benches, specimens of a branch of that race rapidly disappearing among us. While slavery existed in New England, the children of the slaves were often exchanged by their masters, with the farmers from the interior, for vegetables, butter,

and pork.* The household of our yeomanry is known to be simple; these little Africans, when carried back into the country, became members by adoption of the families in which they lived; were fed at the same table, and labored in the same field. The descendants of some of this class are still to be seen among us. Some of them having fought the battles of the revolutionary war, are now public pensioners: but most of them in the interior, are solitary beings, and separated by their color from the population around them. To a few individuals of this class, the gates of the Shakers have been opened. In short, there is no problem in the existence and continuance of an establishment, that gives a home to the houseless, powerful protection to the friendless, food to the hungry, and a little vulgar singularity and consequence to those, who would otherwise be unnoticed; nor while they have ample farms and large earnings will there be wanting shrewd and able leaders to manage them. That they should ever grow up into single powerful communities is manifestly impossible. And we shall show in the sequel of our remarks, that their own policy does not aim at it. Without acts of incorporation, it is scarcely credible that no minister of the law should teach the discontented among them the mysteries of a suit for wages or a prayer for a division of the property, 'hitherto held and enjoyed in common.' And should the societies seek to avoid this danger, by soliciting acts of incorporation, it is doubtful if they could be obtained, with powers to hold any great amount of property.

Opinion is somewhat divided as to the character of Shakers, in the intercourse with the world. The following account of them is given by President Dwight, who not having been very favorably impressed toward them, is not liable to the suspicion of exaggerating their merits.—'The members of the fraternity,' says he, 'are principally farmers, gardeners, and mechanics; and the business of all is done in the neatest and most

* In Dr Belknap's reply to Judge Tucker's queries, is contained an admirable history of slavery in Massachusetts. The Dr tells us, that 'Negro children were reckoned an incumbrance in a family; and when weaned, were given away like puppies. They have been publicly advertised in the newspapers "to be given away." In the country, the Negroes lived as well as their masters, and often sat down at the same table, in the true style of republican equality.' Histor. Coll. iv. 200. See also the report made to the house of representatives of Massachusetts, last winter, on the subject of the Negroes among us.

effectual manner within their knowledge. Whenever they hear of an improvement, in any business pursued within their pale, they regularly possess themselves of it, if within their reach. Of course, whatever they do is well done; and whatever they offer in the market, is in good reputation, and sold at a good price. Among themselves they are said to be harmonious and friendly; and in their treatment of others to be fair, sincere, and obliging. In seasons, when the yellow fever has prevailed in New York, they have distinguished themselves by very honorable and liberal donations, to the poor of that city.'* When the city of Troy, moreover, near Albany, was desolated a few years since, by fire, the market carts of the Shakers, loaded with food and clothing for the sufferers, were soon in motion. In its present state, therefore, whatever excesses may be charged on the early founders of Shakerism, and whatever be the absurdities of its creed, so long as it confines itself to hard work within its limits and deeds of benevolence without, it is certainly a *monachism* of the most harmless kind, and entitled to the charitable judgment of the community.

In the accounts which we have had an opportunity of perusing, a silence apparently intentional is observed with respect to the precise mode, in which Shakerism has been propagated, nor have we been able historically to learn the origin of the several settlements, which, with extraordinary rapidity, have sprung up in different parts of the country, particularly in New England and the western states. Two modes have suggested themselves to us as those, in which it is most probable this extension of the Shakers has taken place. The one at which we have already hinted is the accidental conversion of substantial farmers in different parts of the country. As one of the fundamental principles of the sect is community of goods, the conversion of any one possessed of a hundred or two of acres of land constitutes, *ipso facto*, the nucleus of a new settlement. Provision is thus immediately made for the reception of as many brethren from the older establishments, or as many new converts, as occasion may invite to gather together. It is plain that though the interest of the Shakers would lead them to prefer the accession of wealthy converts, and to discourage a swarm of needy and shiftless proselytes, yet that a certain

* Dwight's Travels, iii. 158.

quota of labor must be had, and that within certain limits, any accession to their numbers would be accepted. Whoever supposes that where a good farm is thus offered, to any one that will come and live upon it, a few absurd peculiarities and positive requisitions will keep every body aloof, considers little the magnetic nature of meat and drink. Mr Malthus tell us that there is many a child of our common parent Nature, for whom no cover is laid at her bountiful table. But he does not say, that there was ever a cover laid, which no one wished to make use of. There is no difficulty in hiring men to work in a snuff mill, where they breathe an atmosphere of pulverised tobacco. No one ever heard of a manufacture of white lead, that fell through, for want of people willing to inhale the fumes of ceruse; and sixpence a day is high wages for marching in the face of a battery charged with grape and cannister, through the breach of a city's wall. Will men do this for a scanty pittance of daily bread; and will they not go and live in a neat and healthy village, or a lawn sloping down to a pleasant stream, with the best of every thing to eat, drink, and wear, and under no harder conditions than a quarter part of mankind impose on themselves? We are told by Adam Smith that wherever there is money's worth, there will soon be money. In like manner, wherever there are man's food and clothing, there will be man. Beef and pudding, we believe to be far more convincing, than the highest strains of itinerant eloquence; and if the nameless and numberless sects which crowd our *Views of Religions*, barbarous denominations of Dunkers, Muggletonians, Halcyons, Preadamites, and Chrystians would but fall upon this device of the Shakers, and build their spiritual foundations on good mowing land and tillage, with a suitable proportion of woodland and cedar swamp, they would prosper as widely and rapidly.

In addition to the accidental origin, which some of the Shaker settlements may have had, in the conversion of substantial farmers, we believe that the principle of colonization has been very systematically acted upon by them. The numbers in the separate communities do not appear to exceed about five hundred; and as there is no reason why their increase should be checked here, there is every probability that the surplus is regularly sent off to new settlements formed on lands, purchased by the funds of this prosperous communion. It was thus, that

the crowded population of the ancient Grecian cities was relieved. The most respectable citizens did not disdain to join colonies, and Herodotus and Thucydides, by a curious coincidence, both removed from the bounds of that Greece, for whose glory their writings have done so much, to the same colony on the coast of Italy. It is perverse enough that it should have been left to a vulgar sect of religionists alone, to imitate the example of the purest age of Grecian antiquity. How much more conformable to the policy of a great nation, like England, would it be, instead of putting their poor population upon the Sangrado diet—starvation and blood-letting—to ship them off to their vaunted Eutopias, in Canada or Australasia. To return, however, to the Shakers, as the fruits of their labors are constantly yielding an accumulation of wealth, the purchase of new spots for settlement is the most obvious investment of it. The nature of their community is of all others most favorable to this process of transplanting; as all the common ties of local attachment are broken among them; and *home*, in the common sense, does not exist. It is said that the great Frederic had three libraries exactly corresponding to each other in the size and shape of the rooms, and containing identically the same books, at Potsdam, Berlin, and Königsberg; so that at whichever of his residences he might be, he should be surrounded by the same objects. We suppose that the same uniformity exists among the Shaker settlements, and that it can hardly be called a change, to remove from one to the other.

By this well contrived policy many advantages are secured. The establishments are kept within managable limits, at the same time, that full scope is given to the indefinite multiplication of the members of the sect. It is plain that the purity of their discipline could be kept up, only by an extreme degree of watchfulness and personal influence. An institution like this cannot, like some human institutions, be wound up and then go a long time by itself. Obvious considerations show that it must be very diligently looked after. This is probably one reason of its flourishing. The great stumbling block to the prosperity of many of our social, literary, and moral institutions is, that they can be administered tolerably well, with very little care; and, strange as it may seem, it is much more difficult to get men to bestow regularly a very little care, than

a great deal. Institutions, on the contrary, where much must be done punctually and vigilantly, or they cannot exist, are likely to flourish. The same punctuality and vigilance which are necessary to their very existence will usually make them prosper. But where much personal care is to be taken and much personal influence exercised, and especially where every thing is to be done in the teeth of public prejudice, it is clear that the experiment must not be attempted on too large numbers, in any one collection. Our readers are probably aware, that the office of leader is bestowed by impulse or revelation on him, who has the *gift* to assume it. In this there is no difficulty. We all act on this principle in real life. Among children and playmates, some one has this gift to take the lead in football and prison bas ; and among grown folks some one has a gift to talk oftenest and be most listened to, and have his own way and make others follow it. Civil society provides the way, however, of settling whose gift shall prevail ; and the town clerk and selectmen, on the first Monday in April, call the neighbors together to arrange the matter among the divers gifted individuals, as amicably as they can. As no such process exists among the Shakers, too large a community would be exposed to a collision of gifts for the administration of it, and the harmony of the brotherhood be disturbed. In what way this doctrine of gifts is applied in ordinary cases, the following anecdote will show. A youth of one of the Shaker settlements, of a cheerful, happy spirit, was once asked whether he had his liberty and could do as he pleased. 'Certainly,' said the youth, repeating doubtless what all are taught to believe, 'we do whatever we have a gift to.' On being asked therefore, what he should do, if he wanted, on a fine winter's morning, to go and skate on Enfield pond, he replied, that 'he should tell the elder that he had a gift to go down and skate.' Being asked further, whether the elder would probably permit him, he answered 'certainly, unless the elder had a gift that I should not go.'—'But if you still told the elder, that you had a gift to go down and skate, and go you must ?'—'why then the elder would tell me, that I had a "*lying gift*," and that he had a gift to beat me, if I did not go about my work immediately.' This mode of reconciling a diversity of gifts might serve very well between the elders and the boys ; but would be awkward among the elders themselves. Hence another

advantage in the mode of colonization practised by the Shakers. The erection of new communities provides places for the more active spirits, that come up, who might not acquiesce in the subjection, in which the members are held to the chiefs of the society; and who by being thus put at the head of new colonies are safely disposed of. This is no trifling secret in government, nor a difficulty of rare occurrence. The old, jealous of being hurried off, and the young, impatient of being kept back, distract many a fine organization, by their diverse *gifts;* and the Shakers appear to us to have solved the problem with signal success. Besides thus keeping their numbers within managable limits and providing places for all their ambitious members, these colonies are admirably devised to secure that *training*, which, in an institution like Shakerism, must be essential. It is not necessary for them to stake the prosperity of a new colony on the docility or aptitude of a band of raw proselytes. The older families send out, under an experienced leader, a detachment of brethren of all diversities of gifts, whose place is filled by the new converts at home. Thus a perpetual circulation is kept up, and every new community is composed of persons educated in their useful arts, their ritual, their administration, and their jargon—by no means the smallest part of the enginery of such an establishment. With an organization like this, we confess we think the institution of Shakerism calculated for very extensive diffusion. Since the year 1780, when the first propagation of it in this country took place, to the present time, it seems, from the statements which we have offered above, that about seventeen or eighteen settlements have been founded, containing, on an average, at least three hundred members each. As far as we have any accounts of these communities, they are all flourishing; all in finely chosen spots, all well administered; all conspicuous for the neatness of their manufactures, the excellence of their agriculture, and the thrift of their management. By general consent, the suspicions on their morals, if any were ever well founded, are fast wearing off; and there is no reason to augur unfavorably for the spirit, with which their discipline will be kept up. While therefore, as we have already observed, it is manifestly impossible that great single communities of this sect should be built up, we see nothing improbable in a very great multiplication of their settlements.

What effect this may have on the community is therefore a matter of some interest. We believe that in some application to the state of New York, they were rejected, on the ground that their principles, in forbidding marriage, were unfriendly to the welfare of society. We have no knowledge of the circumstances of the case, to lead us, in any degree, to call in question the justice of this mode of meeting their demands. At the same time, we foresee no social evil from their multiplication. We apprehend no essential check to the progress of population in the country from the diffusion of this institution: and we regard the example of neatness, good order, thorough workmanship, improved culture, and moral thrift, which they set, as an abundant recompense, for all the nation may suffer from them, on the score of numbers. We hold it very clear that the portion of the community of real national worth, the thrifty, industrious, prudent part of the public, who are able and willing to get along in the common way, will not join the Shakers. And for the rest, we see nothing but good in these places of refuge for the odd, the unlucky, the unhappy, the solitary, and friendless, who flock together, and build up their individual fancies, humors, sorrows and wants, their rustic ambition, their fanatical pomposity, or whatever else carries or keeps them there, into a thrifty, hardworking, inoffensive community.

Art. VI.—*Clio, Numbers* I. *and* II. *By James G. Percival.* Charleston & New Haven.

Mr Percival has now given to the public three volumes of poetry, and has acquired a flattering distinction in our land. All allow the force and brilliancy of his genius, and the skill of his versification. All have at times felt a pensive chord in their bosoms responding to the sweep of his melancholy lyre. Yet what is the reason that he is not received with quite that measure of general enthusiasm which would fairly correspond to his merit, and constitutes the choicest reward of every poet? It lies, we fear, somewhat deeper than the inelegant typography of his first volume, the indiscriminate profuseness with which he makes up his contents, the submissiveness of his imitations, or his frank defiance of public opinion in matters of religion; though even these objectionable points have undoubtedly had their force with different classes of readers.

But the most formidable obstacle to Mr Percival's general popularity, is the same, we apprehend, which prevents the multiplication of editions of Southey and Wordsworth; we mean, a disinclination in those authors to consult the precise intellectual tone and spirit of the average mass to whom their works are presented. Theirs is the poetry of soliloquy. They write apart from, and above the world. Their original object seems to be, the employment of their faculties and the gratification of their poetical propensities; after which, the world is indulged with the favor of listening to the strains, that have charmed and soothed their own solitude. A few congenial souls, indeed, will always be found to sympathize with such effusions, and none may be inclined to question the genius from which they proceed; and sometimes, as is frequently the case with the present author, the inclinations of the poet himself may coincide with the general taste by a happy chance, and thus produce compositions, which deserve immediate, extensive, and permanent popularity.

But we do not wonder that the success of poets of this stamp is frequently incomplete. We have no idea of this abstracted and unsocial sort of poetry. Science may be prosecuted very successfully, without the least reference to any general standard of taste and feeling abroad. Hardly so with literature. One cause, we presume, of the literary excellence and lasting admiration attained by the works of the ancients, was, the practice of reciting them before an audience. Being composed with this view, they must have possessed more life and energy,—more direct appeals to human sympathy,—the power of being seized more vividly and readily by the comprehension, and especially, to a greater degree, the happy art of awakening and playing with the attention so as never to push it to the borders of ennui,—than if the author sat apart in his own closet, and sang or spun for no other object than the gratification of his own ear, and in reverence for his own standards of criticism alone. Thus, might it not have been because Homer charmed in person the ears of all Greece, that he has reached the hearts of all ages? Herodotus read his muses at the Olympic games. The master-pieces of the Augustan era were rehearsed in the court of the emperor. Boileau, Voltaire, Rousseau, Marmontel, wrought most of their matchless compositions under the immediate expectation of reading them to

coteries or individuals. We cannot but persuade ourselves that such a practice must be extremely efficacious, in securing a more general reception and popularity for works written under their influence, than for those written without it, all other circumstances being equal. The genius of a writer may be overwhelming; his learning prodigious; his ear attuned to the finest influences; his taste fastidiously pure; and his glances '*from earth to heaven*' as bright and as quick as inspiration can make them;—yet if he does not often glance too '*from heaven to earth;*' if he does not study the common susceptibilities of the mass of his readers, and industriously tune the key-string of his own soul, till it vibrates nearly in unison with the compounded note sent up from the general breathing of human nature, he may lay his account, and perchance his consolation, with being the poet of the few rather than of the many. To the cause thus imperfectly set forth, we are inclined to ascribe the limited circulation of Mr Percival's Clio, which certainly contains some of the best poetry that has yet been sung by 'degenerate Americans.'

It may be asked—would you have poetry written entirely in the spirit of *vers de societé?* Shall the poet slavishly abandon himself to the tastes and ideas of others? Shall he not even aim at elevating the general standard as near as possible to ideal excellence? Shall he refuse to draw his chief resources from the workings of his own soul, that he may impart to his productions a peculiarity, a characteristic individuality, which shall touch some of the finest springs of curiosity and interest in his readers? Shall his profession be that of a dancer, in which every step and posture which is taken is calculated for show and effect? No, certainly—that were to rush into the opposite extreme. It is the fault which places the poetry of Moore so many degrees below the point of perfection. Scott might probably have failed in the same quarter, and Byron in the opposite, the quarter *solitaire*, had not a certain native tact or address, resembling what in common life is called a knowledge of the world, taught them to resist their respective constitutional tendencies, and hit the true point of nature and popularity. Our ideas may be a little further illustrated by instancing the French and German schools of poetry, which severally verge towards the extremes we allude to. Shakspeare, whose single name may be cited in compa-

ny with schools of literature, will quickly occur to every reader, as maintaining the desirable mean in perfection. This is the true taste. While the bard is duly independent of extraneous influences, and pours into his strain all his own native fire and force, we would have him at the same time conscious, that there is an ear of scrutinizing and impatient taste abroad, which is listening to him ; an ear, which will certainly be dissatisfied if he wastes his music on preludes, and voluntaries, and symphonies of his own wayward devising, and confines not himself within some modulated movement, to which the feelings of all his readers shall beat time, like the heads in the *platea* of an Italian opera.

The last minstrel was not in our opinion the worse bard, because,

> 'Gazing timid on the crowd,
> He seem'd to seek in every eye,
> If they approv'd his minstrelsy.'

Still, the poets of the soliloquist school may possibly complain that we do not faithfully represent their case. They may disclaim the *disinclination* which we charge upon them to consult and to hit that happy medium of taste and propriety, which awakens the interest, fastens the attention, and secures an eager perusal from the reading world. They may appeal to their love of applause and to their vanity, as being quite equal to what is felt by more popular poets. They may contend that their mortification at ill-success, and their restlessness under criticism are as acute and troublesome as those writers can possibly endure, who pen every line with the image of a staring public directly before their eyes. Very true. But is not this mortification and restlessness produced by the circumstance, that the world and the critics refuse to come up to your standard, and not that you have failed in attaining to theirs ? Is there not a kind of feeling of insulted graciousness, of repulsed condescension which you experience, rather than of humbling acquiescence, at finding, that what has pleased and delighted yourselves in the composition, and been permitted to go abroad in public, has failed to please and delight every body in the perusal ? And when you appeal, as Mr Southey and others sometimes do, to posterity, say fairly, whether you would not wince a little, if you could learn, that posterity also will neglect you ; and whether you would not

then appeal to a more remote posterity still for your reward, and so on, till posterity and poetry shall be no more.

If, after all, the recluse fraternity should strenuously deny the truth of our position; if they insist that they are as anxious as any poets to seize upon that mysterious medium of style, sentiment, spirit, and expression, which shall instinctively correspond to the tastes of the wide world of readers, and that they are willing to make every sacrifice to attain this end;—then, they do but force a more disagreeable alternative upon their goodnatured critics, who are endeavoring to account for the circumscribed popularity which awaits their excellent productions. Must we not reluctantly ascribe to them an *inaptitude* or *inability* to infuse into their writings a tone, precisely harmonizing with the natural inclinations and principles of taste implanted in the general mind? Certain early intellectual tendencies, voracious and undiscriminating habits of reading, seclusion from varied intercourse, or a partial feebleness or obliquity in the power of observation, may have prevented them from discerning, either in their own minds or those of others, the exact limits where delight ends and weariness begins, in the perusal of works of the imagination. Or nature, in bestowing on them nearly all her rarest and most precious gifts, may have envied them the last, and so withheld that power of delicate management, which would have instructed them to employ their talents in always producing results of irresistible fascination. Hence, in perusing the writers whom we are attempting to characterise, we are liable to be annoyed with a disproportionate stress laid upon certain ideas and sentiments; or, a strain of thought is dwelt upon too long, longer than we are willing to follow it out; or, our minds become cloyed by an unsparing profusion of beautiful images and poetical luxuries; or they are often strained and confused by the writer's breaking off from some leading track of thought to run into byepaths and labyrinths, thus holding the faculties in a painful suspense, until we are again brought back to the onward path. There is too little attention paid to those graceful transitions and natural juxtapositions of the thoughts, which carry the reader forward imperceptibly, and enable him to follow the poet in his highest flights without a wearied effort. A heavy indescribable weight will sometimes come over the eyelids, which are all the while dazzled with beauties, and offend-

ed with but few faults. Our minds are constantly rousing themselves up to the task of pursuing pleasure; and the incipient nod is now and then only checked by our starting and exclaiming, how beautiful.

Whoever has attempted a fair sit-down to any of Mr Percival's volumes, must, we are confident, recognise most, if not all of the peculiarities above specified, and ascribe to their influence the frequency with which he has laid aside the book, and achieved a complete perusal only by repeated assaults.

Yet we will venture to say (for here closes the unwilling and unenviable portion of our task) that he, who has examined to any considerable extent the poetry of our author, must have received an ample reward, and found abundant and splendid exceptions and balances to the defects above enumerated. There certainly reigns in many parts of it the true etherial spirit. The vein is often as fine as any we have ever known. The pieces are not few, in which the soul of the author, rising as he proceeds, involves itself and the reader in a cloud of delicious enchantment. He possesses the rare and divine art of imparting to language those mysterious and unearthly influences which come to us from the strings of an Æolian harp. Without employing our senses as instruments, he can yet diffuse through our feelings something like the result of all the sweetest sensations. Other authors often obtain admiration and fame from the excellence and beauty of separate ideas and sentiments, and the skill with which they arrange them. These gifts are enough to make the fine writer; they may produce the deepest immediate impressions. But to these Mr Percival adds the power of exciting in the mind a pervading and continuing charm; an aggregate effect, separate from the original one, analogous to a secondary rainbow. As you wander through the garden of his poetry, you enjoy something more than the pleasure of gazing on individual specimens, or inhaling their successive sweets, or surveying gay beds and fairly ordered parterres;—for the air itself is occupied with a spirit of mingled fragrance. As mere music often speaks a sort of language, so our author's language breathes a sort of music. We are convinced that it is true poetry, since in reading it we have had exactly the same feeling as in surveying admired subjects in the sister arts of painting and statuary.

To descend however to praises a little more particular and

discriminating,—the author's wide command of the English language deserves honorable notice. His rhymes are unhacknied, yet always very natural. He has scarcely a trick of the mere versifier. We meet with few inversions of the common order of syntax. He has drunk deeply of the best undefiled springs.

We are next pleased with his intimate familiarity with classical literature. It is evidently of a kind not borrowed from Lempriere. It generally appears in incidental allusions, which are rather forced upon him from a well-stored memory, than sought after for the purpose of display. It is doubly refreshing to meet with this property in our author; both as it furnishes a proof that the race of ripe classical scholars is flourishing among us, and also that the stock of classical images and ornaments is far from being exhausted. We are persuaded, moreover, that Mr Percival has caught from the study of Greek models, a certain Attic purity and severity of style, conspicuous in some of his best wrought pieces.

Besides this quality, we also observe, in every part of these volumes, proofs of very extensive and profound general knowledge. There is almost an encyclopædian familiarity with subjects in many departments of modern science. It is this ample store of images and illustrations, joined with his happy art of introducing them, which gives us confidence in the ultimate splendid success of Mr Percival's authorship. He is not to be named with those poets, who set up with a small stock of ideas, and a pretty talent, and soon write themselves out. We regard his powers and resources as inexhaustible, and if his spirit shall be elastic enough to try them all successively, condescending at the same time to feel and be guided by the pulse of public taste, (we do not mean merely the public of to-day,) he will acquire for the literature of his country an enviable renown.

Another peculiarity in these pages which strikes us agreeably is the felicitous art of weaving into the texture of a composition the names of common and vulgar objects, which a poet of ordinary powers would despair of introducing with success. Mr Percival overcomes in a moment the repulsive or unpoetical associations attached to such words, and invests them with an unwonted dignity and purity.

The scenery of our country, too, has to thank him for con-

secrating some of its objects in his verse. His picture of the Catskill Mountains and Valley (Clio, No. I. p. 68) though laboring under some of the defects to which we alluded in the former part of the article, has already won the admiration of a critic in Mr Campbell's magazine. The following Address has scarcely a fault that we can discern. It may possibly be thought that the picture is not sufficiently individual, and that when travelling about with it in your memory, you shall not recognise by it the Seneca lake distinct from any other fine sheet of water. But this is a precarious objection. The author may not have meant it for a picture of that particular lake, but for a record of his feelings while accidentally gazing at different hours on one of the most beautiful of natural objects. But whatever may be the truth of this objection, certainly, every line of the piece presents a distinct image of beauty, and is in perfect keeping with the spirit of the whole, which was caught from the softest breathing of nature. Repetition, sometimes called the soul of poetry, here justifies that appellation. But we are affronting our readers thus to enact so long the part of a Cicerone, and one of our brethren has to apologize to them and our author for letting the extract escape him in our former review of Mr Percival's volume, (Jan. 1822.)

TO SENECA LAKE.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream!
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north-wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue
Float round the distant mountain's side.

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below,
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake!
O! could I ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
And evening tells us toil is o'er.—*Poems*, p. 129.

This extract reminds us that it is now time to introduce others from the two small volumes before us, which we shall do, partly for the sake of exemplifying and defending the criticisms already advanced, and partly to adorn the pages of our journal.

The opening Sonnet to Clio, No. I. is not only beautiful in itself, but also appropriate to the relative position in which it stands.

SONNET.

Come forth, fair waters, from the classic spring,
And let me quaff your nectar, that my soul
May lift itself upon a bolder wing,
And spurn awhile this being's base control.

How many a cup of inspiration stole
The bards from out your sparkling well, and sung
Strains high, and worthy of the kindling bowl,
Till all Aonia and Hesperia rung.

And on the green isles of the ocean sprung
A wilder race of minstrels, like the storm,
Which beats their rocky bulwarks; there they strung
A louder harp, and show'd a prouder form;
And sending o'er the sea their song, our shore
Shall catch the sound, and silent sleep no more.

In the following crowded, classical, and animated picture, the occasional resemblance to Lord Byron ought not to be called an imitation so much as a successful attempt at rivalry:

LIBERTY TO ATHENS. ODE.

The flag of freedom floats once more
Around the lofty Parthenon;
It waves, as wav'd the palm of yore,
In days departed long and gone;

As bright a glory, from the skies,
Pours down its light around those tow'rs,
And once again the Greeks arise,
As in their country's noblest hours;
Their swords are girt in virtue's cause,
Minerva's sacred hill is free—
O! may she keep her equal laws,
While man shall live, and time shall be.

The pride of all her shrines went down;
The Goth, the Frank, the Turk, had reft
The laurel from her civic crown;
Her helm by many a sword was cleft:
She lay among her ruins low—
Where grew the palm, the cypress rose,
And crush'd and bruis'd by many a blow,
She cower'd beneath her savage foes;
But now again she springs from earth,
Her loud, awakening trumpet speaks;
She rises in a brighter birth,
And sounds redemption to the Greeks.

It is the classic jubilee—
Their servile years have roll'd away;
The clouds that hover'd o'er them flee,
They hail the dawn of freedom's day;
From heaven the golden light descends,
The times of old are on the wing,
And glory there her pinion bends,
And beauty wakes a fairer spring;
The hills of Greece, her rocks, her waves,
Are all in triumph's pomp array'd;
A light that points their tyrants' graves,
Plays round each bold Athenian's blade.

The Parthenon, the sacred shrine,
Where wisdom held her pure abode:
The hill of Mars, where light divine
Proclaim'd the true, but unknown God;
Where justice held unyielding sway,
And trampled all corruption down,
And onward took her lofty way
To reach at truth's unfading crown:
The rock, where liberty was full,
Where eloquence her torrents roll'd,
And loud, against the despot's rule,
A knell the patriot's fury toll'd:

The stage, whereon the drama spake,
In tones, that seem'd the words of heav'n,
Which made the wretch in terror shake,
As by avenging furies driv'n:
The groves and gardens, where the fire
Of wisdom, as a fountain, burn'd,
And every eye, that dar'd aspire
To truth, has long in worship turn'd:
The halls and porticoes, where trod
The moral sage, severe, unstain'd,
And where the intellectual god
In all the light of science reign'd:
The schools, where rose in symmetry
The simple, but majestic pile,
Where marble threw its roughness by,
To glow, to frown, to weep, to smile,
Where colours made the canvass live,
Where music roll'd her flood along,
And all the charms, that art can give,
Were blent with beauty, love, and song:
The port, from whose capacious womb
Her navies took their conquering road,
The heralds of an awful doom
To all, who would not kiss her rod;
On these a dawn of glory springs,
These trophies of her brightest fame;
Away the long-chain'd city flings
Her weeds, her shackles, and her shame;
Again her ancient souls awake,
Harmodius bares anew his sword;
Her sons in wrath their fetters break,
And freedom is their only lord. pp. 10—12.

CONSUMPTION.

There is a sweetness in woman's decay,
When the light of beauty is fading away,
When the bright enchantment of youth is gone,
And the tint that glow'd, and the eye that shone
And darted around its glance of power,
And the lip that vied with the sweetest flower,
That ever in Pæstum's* garden blew,
Or ever was steep'd in fragrant dew,
When all, that was bright and fair, is fled,
But the loveliness lingering round the dead.

* Biferique rosaria Pæsti.—*Virg.*

O! there is a sweetness in beauty's close,
Like the perfume scenting the wither'd rose;
For a nameless charm around her plays,
And her eyes are kindled with hallow'd rays,
And a veil of spotless purity
Has mantled her cheek with its heavenly dye,
Like a cloud whereon the queen of night
Has pour'd her softest tint of light;
And there is a blending of white and blue,
Where the purple blood is melting through
The snow of her pale and tender cheek;
And there are tones, that sweetly speak
Of a spirit, who longs for a purer day,
And is ready to wing her flight away.

In the flush of youth and the spring of feeling,
When life, like a sunny stream, is stealing
Its silent steps through a flowery path,
And all the endearments, that pleasure hath,
Are pour'd from her full, o'erflowing horn,
When the rose of enjoyment conceals no thorn,
In her lightness of heart, to the cheery song
The maiden may trip in the dance along,
And think of the passing moment, that lies,
Like a fairy dream, in her dazzled eyes,
And yield to the present, that charms around
With all that is lovely in sight and sound,
Where a thousand pleasing phantoms flit,
With the voice of mirth, and the burst of wit,
And the music that steals to the bosom's core,
And the heart in its fulness flowing o'er
With a few big drops, that are soon repress'd,
For short is the stay of grief in her breast:
In this enliven'd and gladsome hour
The spirit may burn with a brighter pow'r;
But dearer the calm and quiet day,
When the heaven-sick soul is stealing away.

And when her sun is low declining,
And life wears out with no repining,
And the whisper that tells of early death
Is soft as the west wind's balmy breath,
When it comes at the hour of still repose,
To sleep in the breast of the wooing rose;
And the lip, that swell'd with a living glow,
Is pale as a curl of new-fall'n snow;

And her cheek, like the Parian stone, is fair,
But the hectic spot that flushes there,
When the tide of life, from its secret dwelling,
In a sudden gush, is deeply swelling,
And giving a tinge to her icy lips,
Like the crimson rose's brightest tips,
As richly red, and as transient too,
As the clouds in autumn's sky of blue,
That seem like a host of glory met
To honor the sun at his golden set:
O! then, when the spirit is taking wing,
How fondly her thoughts to her dear one cling,
As if she would blend her soul with his
In a deep and long imprinted kiss;
So, fondly the panting camel flies,
Where the glassy vapour cheats his eyes,
And the dove from the falcon seeks her nest,
And the infant shrinks to its mother's breast.
And though her dying voice be mute,
Or faint as the tones of an unstrung lute,
And though the glow from her cheek be fled,
And her pale lips cold as the marble dead,
Her eye still beams unwonted fires
With a woman's love and a saint's desires,
And her last fond, lingering look is giv'n
To the love she leaves, and then to heav'n,
As if she would bear that love away
To a purer world and a brighter day. pp. 35—38.

TO THE HOUSTONIA CERULEA.*

How often, the modest flower!
I mark thy tender blossoms, where they spread,
Along the turfy slope, their starry bed,
Hung heavy with the shower.

Thou comest in the dawn
Of nature's promise, when the sod of May
Is speckled with its earliest array;
And strow'st with bloom the lawn.

'Tis but a few brief days,
I saw the green hill in its fold of snow;
But now thy slender stems arise, and blow
In April's fitful rays.

* A very delicate and humble flower of New England, blossoming early in spring, and often covering large patches of turf with a white or pale blue carpet.

I love thee, delicate
And humble, as thou art; thy dress of white,
And blue, and all the tints where these unite,
Or wrapp'd in spiral plait,

Or to the glancing sun,
Shining through chequer'd cloud, and dewy shower,
Unfolding thy fair cross.—Yes, tender flower,
Thy blended colors run,

And meet in harmony,
Commingling, like the rainbow tints; thy urn
Of yellow rises with its graceful turn,
And, as a golden eye,

Its softly swelling throat
Shines in the centre of thy circle, where
Thy downy stigma rises slim and fair,
And catches as they float,

A cloud of living air,
The atom seeds of fertilising dust,
That hover, as thy lurking anthers burst;
And O! how purely there

Thy snowy circle, ray'd
With crosslets, bends its pearly whiteness round,
And how thy spreading lips are trimly bound,
With such a mellow shade,

As in the vaulted blue,
Deepens at starry midnight, or grows pale,
When mantled in the full moon's silver veil,
That calm ethereal hue.

I love thee, modest flower!
And I do find it happiness to tread,
With careful step, along thy studded bed,
At morning's freshest hour,

Or when the day declines,
And evening comes with dewy footsteps on,
And now his golden hall of slumber won,
The setting sun resigns

His empire of the sky,
And the cool breeze awakes her fluttering train—
I walk through thy parterres, and not in vain,
For to my downward eye,

Sweet flower! thou tell'st how hearts
As pure and tender as thy leaf, as low
And humble as thy stem, will surely know
The joy, that peace imparts. pp. 38—41.

In the foregoing extract, connected with the address to Seneca lake, our author comes in competition with Mr Bryant, as a fine observer of nature, a melancholy moralist, and a true poet. We recognise in the former a kindred spirit to that which dictated the Lines to a Waterfowl.

The admirers of Mr Bryant may also find cause of jealousy in the two following effusions, which will not compare unfavorably with Thanatopsis, having, we think, no greater resemblance to Akenside, than that exquisite and much quoted production has to the Grave of Blair.

SELF DEVOTION TO SOLITARY STUDIES ACCOUNTED FOR.

'And wherefore does the student trim his lamp,
And watch his lonely taper, when the stars
Are holding their high festival in heav'n,
And worshipping around the midnight throne?
And wherefore does he spend so patiently,
In deep and voiceless thought, the blooming hours
Of youth and joyaunce, when the blood is warm,
And the heart full of buoyancy and fire?

The sun is on the waters, and the air
Breathes with a stirring energy; the plants
Expand their leaves, and swell their buds and blow,
Wooing the eye, and stealing on the soul
With perfume and with beauty. Life awakes;
Its wings are waving, and its fins at play
Glancing from out the streamlets, and the voice
Of love and joy is warbled in the grove;
And children sport upon the springing turf,
With shouts of innocent glee, and youth is fir'd
With a diviner passion, and the eye
Speaks deeper meaning, and the cheek is fill'd,
At every tender motion of the heart,
With purer flushings; for the boundless power,
That rules all living creatures, now has sway;
In man refin'd to holiness, a flame,
That purifies the heart it feeds upon:
And yet the searching spirit will not blend
With this rejoicing, these attractive charms

Of the glad season; but, at wisdom's shrine,
Will draw pure draughts from her unfathom'd well,
And nurse the never-dying lamp, that burns
Brighter and brighter on, as ages roll.

He has his pleasures—he has his reward:
For there is in the company of books,
The living souls of the departed sage,
And bard, and hero; there is in the roll
Of eloquence and history, which speak
The deeds of early and of better days;
In these, and in the visions, that arise
Sublime in midnight musings, and array
Conceptions of the mighty and the good,
There is an elevating influence,
That snatches us awhile from earth, and lifts
The spirit in its strong aspirings, where
Superior beings fill the court of heaven.
And thus his fancy wanders, and has talk
With high imaginings, and pictures out
Communion with the worthies of old time:
And then he listens in his passionate dreams,
To voices in the silent gloom of night,
As of the blind Meonian, when he struck
Wonder from out his harp-strings, and roll'd on,
From rhapsody to rhapsody, deep sounds,
That imitate the ocean's boundless roar;
Or tones of horror, which the drama spake,
Reverberated through the hollow mask,
Like sounds, which rend the sepulchres of kings,
And tell of deeds of darkness, which the grave
Would burst its marble portals to reveal;
Or his, who latest in the holy cause
Of freedom, lifted to the heavens his voice,
Commanding, and beseeching, and with all
The fervour of his spirit pour'd abroad,
Urging the sluggish souls of self-made slaves
To emulate their fathers, and be free;
Or those, which in the still and solemn shades
Of Academus, from the wooing tongue
Of Plato, charm'd the youth, the man, the sage,
Discoursing of the perfect and the pure,
The beautiful and holy, till the sound,
That play'd around his eloquent lips, became
The honey of persuasion, and was heard,
As oracles amid Dodona's groves.
With eye upturn'd watching the many stars,

And ear in deep attention fix'd, he sits,
Communing with himself, and with the world,
The universe around him, and with all
The beings of his memory, and his hopes;
Till past becomes reality, and joys,
That beckon in the future, nearer draw,
And ask fruition. O! there is a pure,
A hallow'd feeling in these midnight dreams;
They have the light of heaven around them, breathe
The odour of its sanctity, and are
Those moments taken from the sands of life,
Where guilt makes no intrusion, but they bloom,
Like islands flow'ring on Arabia's wild.
And there is pleasure in the utterance
Of pleasant images in pleasant words,
Melting like melody into the ear,
And stealing on in one continual flow,
Unruffled and unbroken. It is joy
Ineffable, to dwell upon the lines,
That register our feelings, and portray,
In colors always fresh and ever new,
Emotions, that were sanctified, and lov'd,
As something far too tender and too pure,
For forms so frail and fading. I have sat,
In days, when sensibility was young,
And the heart beat responsive to the sight,
The touch, and music of the lovely one;
Yes, I have sat, entranc'd, enraptur'd, till
The spirit would have utterance, and words
Flow'd full of hope, and love, and melody,
The gushings of an overburden'd heart
Drunk with enchantment, bursting freely forth,
Like fountains in the early days of spring.

PREVALENCE OF POETRY.

The world is full of Poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness—Earth is veil'd,
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe, with crystal, in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high
For aught, but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man, in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir
For ever charming, and for ever new,
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms;
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand,
Skilful, and mov'd with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls,
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolv'd in ecstacy, to heaven.
'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measur'd file, and metrical array;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till
He taste the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
'Tis not the noisy babbler, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and vapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments,
That overload their littleness.—Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fir'd
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, arm'd with wrath,
Commission'd to affright us, and destroy.

Passion, when deep, is still—the glaring eye,
That reads its enemy with glance of fire,

The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness,
The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide
The keen, fix'd orbs, that burn and flash below,
The hand firm-clench'd and quivering, and the foot
Planted in attitude to spring, and dart
Its vengeance, are the language, it employs.
So the poetic feeling needs no words
To give it utterance; but it swells, and glows,
And revels in the ecstacies of soul,
And sits at banquet with celestial forms,
The beings of its own creation, fair,
And lovely, as e'er haunted wood and wave,
When earth was peopled in its solitudes,
With nymph and naiad: mighty, as the gods,
Whose palace was Olympus, and the clouds,
That hung, in gold and flame, around its brow;
Who bore, upon their features, all that grand,
And awful dignity of front, which bows
The eye that gazes on the marble Jove,
Who hurls, in wrath, his thunder, and the god,
The image of a beauty, so divine,
So masculine, so artless, that we seem
To share in his intensity of joy,
When, sure as fate, the bounding arrow sped,
And darted to the scaly monster's heart.

This spirit is the breath of nature, blown
Over the sleeping forms of clay, who else
Doze on through life in blank stupidity,
Till by its blast, as by a touch of fire,
They rouse to lofty purpose, and send out,
In deeds of energy, the rage within.
Its seat is deeper in the savage breast,
Than in the man of cities; in the child,
Than in maturer bosoms. Art may prune
Its rank and wild luxuriance, and may train
Its strong out-breakings, and its vehement gusts
To soft refinement, and amenity;
But all its energy has vanish'd, all
Its madd'ning, and commanding spirit gone,
And all its tender touches, and its tones
Of soul-dissolving pathos, lost and hid
Among the measured notes, that move as dead
And heartless, as the puppets in a show.

Well I remember, in my boyish days,
How deep the feeling, when my eye look'd forth

On nature, in her loveliness, and storms.
How my heart gladden'd, as the light of spring
Came from the sun with zephyrs, and with showers,
Waking the earth to beauty, and the woods
To music, and the atmosphere to blow,
Sweetly and calmly, with its breath of balm.
O! how I gaz'd upon the dazzling blue
Of summer's heaven of glory, and the waves,
That roli'd, in bending gold, o'er hill and plain;
And on the tempest, when it issued forth,
In folds of blackness, from the northern sky,
And stood above the mountains, silent, dark,
Frowning and terrible; then sent abroad
The lightning, as its herald, and the peal,
That roll'd, in deep, deep volleys, round the hills,
The warning of its coming, and the sound,
That usher'd in its elemental war.
And, O! I stood, in breathless longing fix'd,
Trembling, and yet not fearful, as the clouds
Heav'd their dark billows on the roaring winds,
That sent, from mountain top, and bending wood,
A long hoarse murmur, like the rush of waves,
That burst, in foam and fury, on the shore.

Nor less the swelling of my heart, when high
Rose the blue arch of autumn, cloudless, pure,
As nature, at her dawning, when she sprang
Fresh from the hand, that wrought her; where the eye
Caught not a speck upon the soft serene,
To stain its deep cerulean, but the cloud,
That floated, like a lonely spirit, there,
White, as the snow of Zemla, or the foam,
That on the mid-sea tosses, cinctur'd round,
In easy undulations, with a belt
Woven of bright Apollo's golden hair.
Nor, when that arch, in winter's clearest night,
Mantled in ebon darkness, strow'd with stars
Its canopy, that seem'd to swell, and swell
The higher, as I gaz'd upon it, till,
Sphere after sphere evolving, on the height
Of heaven, the everlasting throne shone through,
In glory's full effulgence, and a wave,
Intensely bright, roll'd like a fountain, forth,
Beneath its sapphire pedestal, and stream'd
Down the long galaxy, a flood of snow,
Bathing the heavens in light, the spring, that gush'd,
In overflowing richness, from the breast

Of all-maternal nature. These I saw,
And felt to madness; but my full heart gave
No utterance to the ineffable within.
Words were too weak; they were unknown; but still
The feeling was most poignant: it has gone;
And all the deepest flow of sounds, that e'er
Pour'd, in a torrent fulness, from the tongue,
Rich with the wealth of ancient bards, and stor'd
With all, the patriarchs of British song
Hallow'd, and render'd glorious, cannot tell
Those feelings, which have died, to live no more.'

pp. 78—84.

The second number of Clio is much inferior to the first. We can only take from it The Coral Grove, highly original and imaginative.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a Coral Grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand, like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea plants lift
Their bows where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars, that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air:
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bath'd in slaughter:
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean,
Are bending, like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms,
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,

When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.
pp. 64, 65.

Could the published poetry of Mr Percival be reduced to a moderately sized single volume, and printed in a style worthy of the contents, it would, we have thought, be an acceptable present to the world, honorable to our country, and valued by posterity. But already, we understand, another volume is announced from the same prolific pen; and as long as Mr Percival will continue to write, our experience of the past raises so high our hopes of the future, that we do not ask him at present to divert his energies from composition to revision and reduction. By and by, in the calm and leisure of his days, he will, we presume, take pleasure in revising his works sternly and impartially, and fastidiously select from them fewer perhaps than the world would do, on which to fix his seal of immortality. In the mean time, may we entreat him to let no false sense of independence, or inordinate admiration of lord Byron, tempt him any more to flout the cross, or to throw doubts on the soul's immortality. Religion may not be wanted by so ethereal a race as the poets. But reviewers and other common men very much need it in the course of their numerous temptations. What would become of the wretched herd of authors, if reviewers were freed from some higher motives and restraints than are to be found among the miserable elements of this world? Let poets be careful, then, how by the acuteness and philosophy lent them in some inspired moment of disappointment and hypocondriasis, they overthrow the labors of the Lardners and Paleys, falsify the demonstrations of the metaphysicians, and disappoint the dearest and most universal sentiment of mankind.

He must not complain of the severity of these sarcasms, who, besides throwing suspicion on the beautiful enthusiasm for virtue, the perfect purity of sentiment, and even the occasional eulogiums on religion which adorn the other portions of his works, has deliberately, in two or three treacherous stanzas, cut more than one humble believer to the heart.

ART. VII.—1. *Sylla. Tragedie en Cinq Actes. Par E. Jouy, Membre de l'Institut. (Academie Française.)* Paris, 1822.
2. *Catiline. A Tragedy in Five Acts. By the Rev. George Croly, A. M.* London, 1822.

WE have selected these two tragedies, the Sylla of Jouy, (the well known Hermite de la Chaussé d'Antin,) and the Catiline of Croly, (the poet of 'Paris in 1815,') not only as the dramatic productions of two distinguished writers, but as affording each a characteristic, and we may add a favorable specimen of the present state of the art, both in France and in England.

It is a question of some interest, why the present century, which teems, especially in Great Britain, with literary talent in every department, and in none more than in serious poetry, should have done so little for the tragic drama; an age in which even prose may be said to be warm with the spirit of poetry; when fiction, rich with living pictures of man and nature, in all the varied extremities of wordly fortune, is daily, nay hourly, poured upon us: in which Scott, in strains of national enthusiasm, has so well recorded the superstitions, the feuds, the chivalrous character of his ancestors, and Byron has agitated the depths of the heart, with the most intense passion; whence is it that this age, in many other examples, so fruitful in nice yet fearless delineation of character and feeling, (the very elements of dramatic excellence,) can hardly produce one good tragedy—one, to which the present generation would willingly refer as a fair representative of their poetical merit, or to which they could refer with confidence, as likely to endure through all the caprices of literary and popular taste?

To whatever we are to attribute this deficiency, (the more remarkable as existing in that department of literature, which has been more successfully cultivated than any other,) the fact is certain, that in speaking of the English theatre, the thought turns to, and almost exclusively rests, on the glorious age of Elizabeth and James: while in the French drama, it ranges over a long reach of time, and the student is equally attracted by the chef d'œuvres of their three great dramatists, a period of a century and a half. Indeed the critics of their own nation are not yet agreed as to their relative merits; but it is

certain that in Corneille, Racine, and Voltaire is comprised all that is of great estimation in French tragedy, notwithstanding the volumes, the ' magasin enorme d'ennui,' which have issued from the press since the publication of the Cid. During this period, while the English drama has taken the passing impression of the times, more than any other species of their literature, as may be easily seen from the characteristics of its different epochs, the French has exhibited the same general invariable physiognomy, somewhat affected, it is true, by the existing state of society and the genius of the individual writer, but so little, in all its essential principles, that it may be truly regarded as the only thing in France, which still retains the features that it bore two centuries ago. We still find the same bigotted deference to their own unities, to proprieties of situation, to nice adjustment of plot, to all but development of character; to rules so multiplied and refined, that, as La Harpe and Voltaire repeatedly declare, the great triumph of a successful tragedy is in overcoming the toils thus woven about the genius of the poet, by the fastidiousness of their own critics.

In estimating the defects of the French theatre, and explaining their origin, too much stress, we think, is laid by some modern critics on their imitation of the Greek. We do not mean that they have not adopted the Greek tragedians as their models, which is incontestable, but that they have constructed their drama much more out of the elements of their own *national character;* the great pervading defect of which, at least as regards dramatic excellence, is a want of deep and genuine sensibility. However they may exhibit it in external form, they evidently have it not at heart: their whole history shows this. Of a lively, acute turn of mind, they have ever excelled in superficial portrait painting, memoirs, letter writing, and fashionable gossip; active and subtle in their perceptions of physical science; in the science of mind, ingenious, but speculative and sceptical; light, brilliant, and captivating—no where true to nature, no honest warmth, no tenderness of feeling. Hence they have no class of compositions, like the old English or Scottish ballads, breathing the devotedness of feudal heroism, or mourning over the disappointments of blighted love, or in deep sympathy with the secret beauties of nature. Hence the English poets generally most admired by them are

those abounding in dazzling and ostentatious periods, as Young, Thomson, &c. They have no sympathy for the sweet pastoral images so prodigally scattered throughout the minor poems of Spenser and Shakspeare, of Milton, or of Cowper. Hence in their drama, rhetoric takes place of action, style is more cultivated than thought, and the pomp of declamation is substituted for the vehement workings of passion. In short, all is artificial, yet all is French, and were it not too free a paradox, one might say, that art is natural to a Frenchman. Hence they have recourse to 'Rules' for want of an internal sense to regulate the measure of their sensibility. Life cannot be touched, blood cannot be shed upon the French stage: it would offend not their feeling, but their taste: of course the greatest opportunity for the display of the power of the Dramatist, the conflict of the last mortal agony, in short the most impressive exhibitions of passion, are sacrificed to theatrical squeamishness.* Hence instead of studying *men*, their poets study the '*rules*;' the question, with them, is not what is natural, but what is agreeable; and things are not painted in the eloquent colors of actual life, the alternations of joy and sorrow, the contradiction of tumultuous passion, the bustle of jarring interests; but every thing is squared and levelled by the arbitrary code of critical etiquette.

A keen perception of the ridiculous is justly esteemed another source of their dramatic inferiority. We do not mean that satirical humor, so powerful an element in the English character, but that frivolous heartless disposition to turn every thing into a jest, which is the natural growth of a state of society where manners are the chief object of solicitude, and all is regulated by the ceremonies of courtly breeding. Nothing can be more fatal to high poetical enthusiasm. It is hardly credible to what extent this feeling prevails on the French theatre, and how much it has constrained their greatest masters, not only in the delineation of powerful excitement, but in the most insignificant particulars. Voltaire tells us that were the corpse of Cæsar, or of the son of Cato to be exhibited to the eye of the spectator as in the English tragedies,† where

* It is however considered within the rules, for one of the French dramatis personæ to *kill himself;* a species of *denoument* of which their poets often avail themselves. This dispensation in favor of suicide shows a very curious state of sensibility.—See *Voltaire's Discours sur la Tragedie.*

† Since the time of Voltaire however they have grown to be less nice in the observance of this, and a few other inconsequential forms.

they give occasion to the most splendid effusion of the poet's eloquence, 'the pit would cry out, and the ladies turn away their heads in disgust;' and he adds, 'that the grotesque names of Pierre and Jaffier in Otway's Venice Preserved, (a play founded on the same historical facts with the Manlius Capitolinus of La Fosse,) would have been sufficient to have damned it with the polite audience of Paris!'

'L'Anglais dit tout ce qu'il veut, le Français ne dit que ce qu'il peut. L'un court dans une carrière vaste, et l'autre marche avec des entraves dans un chemin glissant et étroit.'

The French poet does indeed walk in fetters!

But although the French drama owes so much more, both of its excellencies and defects, to the national character than to any classical derivation, much of its permanent form must be attributed to the influence of the period and still more of the vigorous intellect, under which it was developed. French tragedy feels even to this day the impulse first given to it by the lofty genius of Corneille. Here we would observe, that we think too much account has been made of the *romantic* (in opposition to the classical) tendencies of his mind; and hence critics lament exceedingly the insurmountable opposition, which he experienced in communicating this free spirit to the national drama. But if, by romantic, be meant the exhibition of the manners, the sentiment, and character, growing out of the social relations, the religious and military institutions of the moderns, in contradistinction to those of the ancients; if this be intended by the epithet *romantic*, we have little reason to think it was his talent. That he was an admirer of the Spanish literature; that his first great tragedy was modelled upon the Spanish,—that he preferred the irregular sallies of Lucan and of Seneca, to the purer classics of the Augustan age: in fine, that he would have given greater scope to the limits of time and place, than suited the tyrannic genius of Richelieu and the academy, no one will deny, for all his compositions, both in prose and poetry, bear ample testimony to it. But here all tendency to the romantic ceases. His characters and his situations are not fashioned after any thing existing in his own time, but after the boldest ideal of Roman heroism. His women have none of the tenderness of female delicacy, none of the sweet courtesies of modern gallantry, or social refinement. We have nothing in detail, all is general and undefined,—sub-

lime and abstract sentiment, and splendid political dissertation. The man is lost in the statesman or the hero,—and private, individual feeling is swallowed up in the national. In fact, Corneille was an ancient, not of the Grecian, but of the Roman cast. Such an one, as, had he flourished in the last ages of the republic, would have created for them the national drama, which they so much wanted, building it upon the proud recollections of their heroic ancestors. Whenever he can indulge his natural vein, how does he triumph in this spirit of patriotism; how does it blaze out in all his greatest productions, even in the romantic Cid, still more in Cinna, and more than all in the Horace: and we have always dwelt upon this last play with deeper interest, (although esteemed by the connoisseurs of his nation inferior to either of the others,) since it exhibits, on every feature, the seal of his peculiar genius. In all this, however, there is nothing of a romantic tendency, and according to our notions of it, but little of the dramatic. Indeed, he seems to have been designed by nature for a great epic poet; and we have reason to regret that he did not cultivate this vein, instead of wasting the latter part of his life in fruitless attempts to rival the theatrical chef d'œuvres of his youth. But the times forbad it; still he led the way where succeeding dramatists have followed, and had he flourished at an earlier period, in the days of Francis I, or of Henry IV, or any age of high-toned chivalry and romantic honor, with 'a charter free as is the wind,' and a language as ripe for his purposes, as it was under the literary despotism of Richelieu and the academy, we do not believe that he would have given to French tragedy a more modern, romantic shape, or any materially differing from that in which he has now left it, elevated in majesty of sentiment to the height of his own genius, but accommodated in its essential costume to the genius of his countrymen. Nor do we believe that any other model could have endured in France.

Happier auspices attended the infancy and first bloom of the English drama, which, although emanating directly from the popular character, was yet fortunate in a period when that character was permitted to display itself in all its native raciness, neither depressed by the dull, assimilating forms of fashion, nor checked by any cold formula of critical anatomy. The last lingering of feudal heroism, and the dawn of modern

refinement; when the rude spirit of the 'olden time' softening under the opening influence of taste and science, formed a singular union of knightly valor and lettered elegance in the young nobility, who were gathered round the court of a maiden queen. It was an age peculiarly adapted to all the purposes of poetry. The government of the kingdom, which in a preceding period had been divided among a factious aristocracy, was in its passage into the hands of the people arrested, and almost wholly concentrated in the persons of Elizabeth and her successor; who, possessed of learning themselves, were the patrons of it in others. The magnificence of the royal festivals, where

> 'Throngs of knights and barons bold'

were met to grace the lists, and dispute the prize of chivalry, was well calculated to kindle even a torpid imagination; but the beautiful fictions of Oriental mythology,* which, floating down the stream of popular tradition, had gathered around almost every object in nature, clothing it in their own magical coloring, must have appealed yet more deeply to the sensibility of the poet. Every hill, and dale, grotto, and fountain,

> 'About whose flowery banks
> The nimble footed fairies danced their rounds
> By the pale moonshine,'

were alive with poetry. These delicate spirits of the moderns were more intimately blended with rural and domestic occupations than the sylvan deities of antiquity. They were also of a finer and more ætherial texture, couching in the cowslip's bell, surfeiting on the honey of the rose, or decking the floweret with dewdrops. In contrast to these gossamer creations of a voluptuous Southern fancy, were those mysterious intelligencies, to whom the sad superstitions of the North had given

* Whether these elfin superstitions were imported into England by the crusades, or (at an earlier period) by the conquering Saracen into Spain, and thence diffused through the rest of Europe, we believe it is now pretty generally agreed, that they owe their existence to the luxuriant invention of the East. Scott, who gathers flowers of poetry even from the dreary walks of the antiquary, beautifully derives the *Fairies* from the *Peris* of Persian mythology; spirits who to the moral purity of our angels, superadd the personal graces of the Mahometan Houri. The conjecture is the more plausible, since the Arabians, (the only Eastern people with whom the Europeans had any intercourse) were very familiar with the Persian romances, and as they have no letter *P* in their alphabet, the word *Peri* would, without violence in their enunciation, be converted into *Fairy.—Vide Essay on Fairies of Popular Superstition.*

an undefined control over the elements of nature and over the destinies of man; who, affecting the imagination through the terror of these mystical attributes, were of a more truly poetical complexion than the Eumenides of the ancients, which addressed themselves, directly, as it were, to the physical senses, in the fears which they inspired of their savage temper and hideous personal deformity. But if these shadows of superstition, not yet scattered by the lights of philosophy, gave to the age a rich illusive coloring of poetry, the state of society was peculiarly favorable to the purposes of the dramatic poet. Men were not constrained in the polished fetters of ceremony; neither was there that feeling of equality prevalent among them, produced by the general diffusion of knowledge and wealth, the former of which state of things is as destructive of individuality of character, as the latter of ideal elevation, and both of which are fatal to high poetical enthusiasm. In the chivalry that graced the court of his sovereign, the poet could find more than one model of a 'preux chevalier;' but his tribunal, fortunately for the English drama, was not so much the court as the people, who refused their applause to characters and sentiments not founded in simple intelligible nature. For this reason, the object with the old English dramatists was not as with the French, to picture some model of ideal excellence, and to produce one consistent harmonious impression, but to give a faithful transcript of nature;—nature in all her nakedness and variety of passion.—In short, they were to please an audience who acknowledged no 'rules' but those of nature,—who decided from feeling, not from taste. The English are accused by their politer neighbors of betraying a want of sensibility, in the pleasure they take in cruel heart-rending catastrophes; but in our opinion this is rather an evidence of sensibility, which, when excited, follows up without debate, the enthusiastic conceptions of the poet; and the less there is of genuine feeling in a people the more will they be disposed to hesitate, interposing the frigid rules of taste, and proscribing, as extravagant, emotions in which they cannot sympathise.

The principle, then, on which the old English Drama was bottomed, and which marks it from that of every other nation, was *veracity;* manifesting itself in the compositions of the inferior dramatists of that fruitful period, by the wonderful accuracy of detail and freshness of coloring, with which the whole

material and visible world is expressed; and in those of the higher order, by the intrepid and profound views which they every where afford of the hidden heart, and mysterious character of man. The ill digested plays of the former class teem with pictures of whatever is lovely, and revolting in nature—the opening bloom of beauty, and the loathsomeness of corruption—all are sketched with a graphical fancy, to which even the rankness of the theme seems to add fresh luxuriance. In the higher order of poets, such as Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Jonson, this same principle of veracity is shown in their deep but literal views of character, their clear expositions of all its secret windings, the unshrinking fearlessness with which they follow it into every extremity of passion and agony; nay, devising the most extravagant situations, for its better development, and then copying it in all its frightful details. Like the Italian painter, who, we are told, tortured a criminal to death, by stabbing him repeatedly, but at slow intervals, with his own hand, transferring upon his canvass each new expression of anguish that lighted up the countenance of his victim. Although these situations are often forced and extravagant, yet the characters are always true to the situations, acting precisely as such men in life would have acted under such circumstances; in this respect, being directly the reverse of the French school, who are as precise in the proprieties of situation, as they are loose and indefinite in discrimination of character.

It is not our intention to go into an analysis of the dramatic genius of an age, whose merits and defects have of late years been abundantly discussed; the laborious editions of commentators have put it into the power of every man to decide in this matter for himself. These editions have not circulated very extensively in this country; but we know not whether this is a subject of regret, as with their many beauties is mingled such a strain of earthly sensuality, as must have prevented their reception upon any stage, but one where both the players and the audience were protected by masks, as was the case at least with the female spectators in Queen Elizabeth's days; a stain which no art can wholly purge away, since, (as has been well remarked,) it is not, as in Shakspeare, a casual excrescence on the surface, but deeply ingrained into the body of the piece.

Without enlarging, then, upon the peculiar excellencies of these masters of the art, all of them concentrated, in a greater or less degree, in our divine Shakspeare, to whom these other stars repaired

'To fill their urns with golden light,'

we will only remark, first, that their neglect of all dramatic rules, must have been a matter of calculation with them, as best hitting the genius of the times, since many of them were accomplished scholars, and enjoyed therefore all the lights of Aristotle and the schools;—secondly, that they show perpetually both in the spirit of their characters, and their rich, natural imagery, how deeply they are indebted to the national ballads, those simple chronicles, which, emanating from the feelings and customs of the country, bear all the raciness and freshness of the productions of a virgin soil. In Fletcher and Shakspeare this is more discernible than in any of the others, and they alone have painted in all the sweetness of their old traditional poetry, that tender, uncomplaining, broken-hearted love, which seems to throw a sort of mournful radiance around its object,

'Carrying with it an infectious grief
That striketh all beholders:'

A character growing out of that deep and melancholy temperament not uncommon with the English, and nourished perhaps by their gloomy atmosphere, and the soft tranquil complexion of their rural scenery; a character to which we find nothing similar in the compositions of the Greeks or French. Antigone and Zaire come the nearest to it of any that we recollect; but the fascination of the Antigone of Sophocles is owing to filial tenderness, and that of Zaire to a certain open *naivetè*, bearing little resemblance to the deep suppressed feeling, which, 'like the worm in the bud,' preys on 'the damask cheek,' the more for its concealment. Fletcher seems to have possessed a more genuine poetical sensibility than any of his rival contemporaries, and in his Sad Shepherdess, has 'extracted all those liquid sweets' of English verse, which Milton, with more chastity but a less luxuriant hand, has borrowed and transfused into his Comus.

Shakspeare's Historical Dramas (no less than his Romantic,) in the glimpses which they every where afford of the feudal spirit of the 'olden time,' yet living in the romantic songs of

his country, show how deeply he drank of these fountains of simple melody, which gushing, as it were, fresh from the heart, were much better suited to his purposes than the worn cisterns of ancient literature. Upon so trite a theme as Shakspeare, we will detain our readers by one or two observations only. It has been disputed whether his compositions breathe more of a melancholy or of a cheerful temperament. Foreign critics impressed with the wild sublimity of his imagination, and the sanguinary catastrophes in many of his tragedies, (to some of which his French translators have very injudiciously given a fortunate termination,) are of the former opinion; while his own countrymen dwelling on his unrivalled characterisations of a national humor, which they only can appreciate, have imputed to him a joyous and social disposition. There is however, we think, another trait of character conspicuous over both these, though almost always mingled with them in a greater or less degree; we mean a disposition to sarcasm—not the sarcasm of chill misanthropy, (as with Byron,) nor of a splenetic querulous temper, but of one who has such a deep insight into the hypocrisies of the heart, such a vivid perception of the vanities of all things human, that he cannot help giving vent to it in the fulness of his feeling, which accordingly he does more or less in all his leading portraits; in the moralizing vein of Jaques,—the facetious, but not less philosophical reveries of Falstaff,—or the shrewd raillery of Falconbridge;—and in a more serious tone, in the bitter heart wrung expostulations of Richard II, of Wolsey, and of Timon of Athens on the treachery of man, and the emptiness of earthly grandeur—in the cold sneers of Iago and of Richard III triumphing in their villany;—in the caustic bitterness of the fool in Lear;—of Edgar, and of Lear himself in the insanity of grief,—and in Hamlet every where. Here too we may find a reason why Shakspeare did not mould his characters after an ideal standard of beauty, as in the ancient and the French drama. He was too profound a philosopher, too knowing in all the fallacies and imperfections even of the most faultless, to impose either upon us or himself a model of imaginary perfection. And although foreign critics, among the rest Schlegel, his brilliant and enthusiastic commentator, pronounce the 'beau ideal,' where 'each conception is a heavenly guest,' to be the highest object and triumph of the poet, far beyond the literal imitation of human character, we cannot but think that

the power of combining, as in real life, divine elevation of sentiment with the impurities of our earthly nature, shows a wider range of genius, and is of a far more practical and moral influence. If the critics are against us in this opinion, both Homer and Shakspeare are for us, and we may add to these names the great prose dramatist of our own day, who, in his complicated portraits has, like his divine prototype, exhibited equally their strength and their infirmities, perpetually disclosing the weak points, the *mortality*, as it were, of the characters which most command our admiration. This principle of Shakspeare may in a great measure explain and apologize for the deficiency often imputed to him, of a direct obvious moral resulting from the disposition of events in his tragedies, since the very exhibition of the contending motives of vice and virtue, as they are working in the bosoms of his agents, and the mental disquietude and torture occasioned by such contention, make each one of his dramatis personæ carry, as it were, a warning and a moral in his own person.

The deep spirit of feeling and of reflection, which had been the source of so much power and beauty in English poetry, settling into the sour fanaticism of the republic, entirely blighted these sweet and early blossoms of dramatic excellence. Even if the prejudices of this remarkable, but bigotted age, had not abolished theatrical exhibitions, the spirit in which they must have been conceived, would have been incompatible with their permanent success. The inspired doctrines of Christianity, however suited to some other kinds of poetry, are in their essence unfit for the dramatic. We revolt at the notion of bringing invisible deity and the awful mysteries of the Christian faith, in contact with our visible and ordinary concerns; and an enlightened taste is shocked at the profane familiarity with which they are personified in the ancient 'Mysteries and Moralities.' Moreover the omnipotence of such an agency, whatever dignity it may give to the subject, entirely destroys its interest as a drama, since there can be no uncertainty as to the disposition of events, where man is enlisted on the one side, and God on the other.

'Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.'

This was sublime with the ancients, but would be blasphemy and nonsense with the moderns. For this reason, we

have never taken that delight in the Athalie of Racine, faultless though it be in sentiment and eloquence of diction, that we have in some other of his compositions, where human passions and counsels are left to contend with each other in their unaided and uncontrolled vigor. Indeed the theme is almost too oppressive for any species even of narrative poetry, and although it fired the glorious muse of Milton to an unrivalled sublimity, yet it has left the divine epic open to the imputation of coldness and severity.

It is usually said that English poetry took the French costume in the effeminate reign of Charles II. But this is anticipating the period of the full influence of the French, at least, in relation to the drama. The subtleties of their criticism were not then quite as wire-drawn, as at the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. It was rather a period in which the elements of the old English spirit were contending for mastery with those of the French, and the bloated heroics of Dryden, and the stilted eloquence of Lee, had, after all, more of English impurity than of French artifice in the complicated extravagance both of their machinery and their characters; and Otway, the romantic and tender Otway, was undeniably in faults as in beauty, a delicate copy of the elder school.

Without however dwelling on the peculiarities of an age, whose best dramatic productions were but the faint lingerings of a brighter day, we will only add, that a good commentary on the taste of the times may be gathered from the well known fact, that four only of Shakspeare's Plays, were revived at the close of Charles II's reign; two of these, 'Macbeth and the Tempest, having been metamorphosed into operas, and accommodated with new scenes, machinery, flyings for witches, singing, dancing,' &c. 'still,' continues the Roscius Anglicanus, 'proved lasting plays!'

The proper æra of the consummation of a foreign influence in dramatic criticism was in the reign of Queen Anne, when Pope and Addison introduced a system of poetical taste, which had been perfected in the polite court of Louis XIV, and which controlled the serious drama in England for the greater part of the last century. The jealousies of political faction, which had distracted the kingdom during the regency of the Queen Mother, were harmonized under the courtly administration of Louis XIV, and the French drama, in common with every

other species of literature, felt the influence of the new state of things, though in all essential points remaining true to the immutable basis of national character on which it rested. The age of chivalry had given way to one of refined gallantry ; patriotism had subsided into loyalty ; and the heroic spirit of the knight, into the courteous breeding of the gentleman. Louis XIV, that ' great actor of majesty,' if not possessed of supreme abilities in himself, had at least the power of discerning and commanding them in others ; and by the splendor of his conquests, both in the arts of war and of peace, has made his reign a bye-word of excellence in French history. Beauty and wealth and talent, all attracted by the blaze of royal munificence, moved around a system, of which the grand monarque was the centre and animating principle. Every thing had reference to majesty, and the modish etiquette of court; and the drama, the peculiar subject of its patronage, was even more cramped in this ' golden hoop' of ceremony, than it had been under the iron yoke of scholastic pedantry, imposed by the academy.

These times were extremely favorable to the full expansion of a genius like Racine's, which might have wanted sufficient energy to brave the rude and stormy period of Corneille. Flexible, elegant, and always proper,—moving without effort under the tyranny of the rules,—overflowing with passionate tenderness,—above all, dainty to a degree unknown in any other country in choice of phraseology, and sweet even to cloying in the unbroken melody of his verses, his beauties were precisely those of a cultivated epicurean circle, with whom grace was more essential than vigor, taste than feeling, and harmony of language, than originality or depth of thought. Still the drama remained in all its essential principles as national as in the time of Corneille, and although the graceful genius of Racine borrowed its fire from the very altars of the Grecian muse, and his chef d'œuvres are almost paraphrases of Euripides, yet in their spirit they have little resemblance to Greek tragedy. His characters, as is well known, are as much after the French cut as those of Corneille are of the Roman, and with the *perruque* and *chapeau bordè*, the theatrical costume of the day, have put on the equally modish costume of the prevailing sentiments. One great cause of the popularity of Racine was, as we have observed, the exquisite finish of his versification, into whose

whose secret charms their commentators seem to have pryed with the very microscope of criticism, pointing out and magnifying a thousand beauties, imperceptible to the eye of a foreigner. As these subtle beauties are not only untranslatable, but can never be properly relished by any but a native, Racine, though the most popular of the French dramatists in his own country, has perhaps fewer admirers out of it than either of his two great competitors.

We agree with those, however, who consider the example of Racine to have had, after all, less influence in forming even the dramatic taste of the age, than the imposing precepts of Boileau. This eminent author obtained an influence altogether disproportioned to his merits. Far inferior in depth of sagacity and in acuteness of wit to Horace or to Pope,—without a true relish for the highest beauties of his art, but with an exquisite scent in detecting its smallest blemishes,—with a light vein of raillery polished into the poetry of language, not of sentiment, —he has by a compilation of critical *dicta*, from the writings of the ancients and the prejudices of his own countrymen, and by condensing them into the brilliant and sententious pomp of French Alexandrine, digested a code of paramount authority in all the courts of criticism in his own nation; and which, through the interpretation of the wits of queen Anne's day, controlled the dramatic literature in England for the greater part of the following century. The influence of this system was to refine upon the precision of the ancient rules. The laws of the unities were consolidated into one memorable couplet. The old peculiarities of the French school were more strongly insisted on than ever. The poet, says Boileau,

'Orne, éleve, embellit, agrandit toutes choses;'

all, therefore, was splendid, imposing, and rhetorical; reason took place of imagination, and cold correctness of free and lofty enthusiasm. In short, it was a system, which, with all its studied accuracy, leaves the heart unsatisfied, showing that in poetry, at least, faultlessness is one thing and perfection another.

A sensible critic will have a much wider influence in determining the tastes of men, than a poet of a far loftier genius in any other walk than that of criticism. The poet, addressing himself to the enthusiasm or the sensibilities of his readers,

finds sympathy only in a few; the critic appeals to reason, and is comprehended by all; the inspirations of the former may delight, but the arguments of the latter will convince. The poet teems with imagery—sentiment—fleeting beauties, which, touching the heart rather than the understanding, quickly *pass away;* the critic digests from all these his axioms, and, delivering them with authority, they are taken up, and *retained* in the memory. For this reason the didactic poetry of Boileau and of Pope has had a greater influence in determining the permanent tastes of their respective nations, than the sublime inspirations of Corneille and of Milton.—The French critic complains of the tyranny of rhyme:

> 'Maudit soit le premier, dont la verve insensée,
> Dans les bornes d'un vers renferma sa pensée,
> Et, donnant à ses mots une etroite prison,
> Voulût avec la rime enchainer la raison.'

It was a great mistake in him; for rhyme, at least the English and French heroic measure, seems to be as peculiarly well adapted to didactic subjects, as it is ill suited to all the higher kinds of poetry,—of feeling and fancy. The antithetical structure of the couplet, one line of which is mathematically set against the other, is favorable to brilliant emphasis and satirical contrast; and in the simultaneous termination of sense and sound, each distich forms in itself a complete whole—something portable, as it were, that may be carried off and laid up independently in the memory. How many of the brilliant axioms, struck out by the vivacity of Boileau and of Pope, are treasured up in the recollection of every one, but which might have escaped and run to waste in the diffusive wilderness of our blank verse!

Much of the influence of Boileau, however, on dramatic, as on other poetry, must be attributed to the predispositions of his own countrymen; that of Pope, on the other hand, chiefly to his own genius. The soil had indeed been prepared for the reception of an exotic taste, but had the seed fallen under any other cultivation than that of Pope or of Addison, it might never have struck such deep root into a foreign mould, as to produce after harvests of the same stock for nearly a century. Of these two illustrious men, Pope, although no dramatic writer, like Addison, must be considered, by his general authority as a poet and a critic, to have had the greatest influence in diverting his

countrymen from the study of those models of theatrical excellence, which flourished in the days of Elizabeth and her successor, to that of the 'rules' and the elaborate mechanism of the new school; in bringing the Muse, who had before sported in the capricious and unreproved liberty of a mountain nymph, into the circle of fashion, and instructing her to move there, with the brilliant decorum of a studied and heartless formality.*

Addison had certainly a more genuine sensibility to natural beauty than our great moral poet. This is shown abundantly in his eloquent prose compositions; especially in the delicacy with which he brought to light the neglected charms of Milton, and in the commendations which he paid to the unpretending and antiquated beauties of the glorious old ballad of Chevy Chace;—commendations, which in that age of conventional refinement, he dared not to venture upon without a suitable apology. His sweet and unaffected graces, however, seem to desert him, whenever he ventures into the company of the muses. All then is stately, showy, and uninteresting. The success of his Cato, which exhibited all the peculiarities and many of the excellencies of French tragedy, was the triumph of the new school of criticism. The French connoisseurs hailed it as the dawn of a purer taste in their neighbors. Voltaire politely compares its author to the czar Peter introducing civilization into the Russias; and takes occasion to regret that Shakspeare had not been reserved for the enlightened days of Addison. Heaven be praised that he was not. For then the premature lament of the good bishop Corbet on the flight of the fairies, had been in truth realized; and with the beautiful illusions of

* Pope's edition of Shakspeare is but another evidence of his artificial judgment, and of his distaste for the free spirit of the ancient theatre. The qualities in the great dramatist, which he most strongly eulogises, are those of the philosopher rather than of the poet, and he perpetually shows a disposition to apologise for his author's nonconformity to the severe classical system introduced by Ben Jonson. But a man's peculiar taste is more likely to be disclosed in the freedom of familiar conversation, than in set literary performances, where he must temper it in some measure to the public standard. The late publication of Spence's Anecdotes of his Contemporaries shows the natural vein of Pope in a still clearer light, than his printed compositions. 'It was mighty simple in Rowe,' says he, 'to write a play professedly in Shakspeare's style, that is, professedly in the style of a bad age.' An age, indeed, which, as has been said of the age preceding, (in every thing relating to the drama,) was to his 'Hyperion to a Satyr!' We say nothing of his singular condemnation of blank verse, and his equally remarkable eulogium on Rymer, 'the best of English critics,' who deliberately discussed and censured the plays of Shakspeare by the rules of Aristotle.

rural mythology, had vanished also much of the romantic sweetness and untutored graces of the old English poetry. Rowe had not sufficient intrepidity or vigor to turn the tide of modern criticism, although gifted with a vein of more natural feeling; and most of the succeeding attempts in the serious drama, down to the Irene of Dr Johnson, that last solid monument of French architecture, were more or less the growth of this classical school; to which many of the authors, as Theobald, Mallet, Glover, Mason, &c. scholars by profession, and tinctured with the pedantry of learning, were still farther led by the superiority of their knowledge of books to that of men; most of whose dramatic productions, not resting on the sure basis of national character, are now banished from the stage, and quietly gathered to the dust of the library.

While English tragedy was thus in a manner denationalized, the French remained true to the nice laws and primitive principles, by which it had been regulated in the days of Corneille, and this too, while the philosophy of the eighteenth century was urging its adventurous wing into every region of free inquiry, throwing off, one after another, the restraints of religion, and law, and education ;—a strong evidence how deeply, (in spite of classical pretension,) the French drama was founded in the enduring elements of the national character. Still, however, it caught something of the impression of the time from the versatile talents of Voltaire; but in no greater degree than would be naturally stamped upon every walk of science by the march of a great and independent genius. Inferior to Corneille in sublimity and Roman majesty of sentiment,—to Racine in the chastised expression and Attic grace of his eloquence, he surpassed them both in a variety and flexibility of mind, which, putting off the stiffened robe of antiquity, accommodated itself to a modernised and more liberal costume. He had, besides, what was rare with his countrymen, cultivated a knowledge of the literature of England, and during his residence in that country had particularly devoted himself to the study of its greatest dramatic genius, whose sublime compositions he has so often parodied in translation, censured in criticism, and imitated, (not to say pilfered,) in his plays. With these resources of genius and study, he gave to the French theatre a wider range of subject, drawing it from the eternal themes of Greek and Roman story, to more modern ground, and he moreover

infused into it an engaging *naivetè*, a simplicity of feeling, much more touching than the vehement tenderness of Racine, or the mawkish sensibility of his imitators. But this was all; and although he was the master spirit of that philosophy,

> 'Which, like the wind,
> Blew where it listed, laying all things prone,'

and one who did more than all his compeers to shake the pillars of social order, yet the moment he enters upon the drama, he surrenders himself without a struggle to all the fine web, which has been wound about it by the contrivance of criticism since the days of Richelieu. The source of this seeming paradox, both in himself and in his nation, is the vanity and the want of genuine feeling, which, while it has led them in metaphysics and morals to surpass every other people in the extravagance of their speculations, has also led them, in the drama, to exceed all others in the invention of arbitrary and self-constituted refinements; thus making success in both the triumph of art and not of nature.

There can be no better evidence of the hopelessness of an attempt to infuse any thing of the English temper into French tragedy, than is exhibited in the pieces which Ducis has paraphased from Shakspeare, which he has made popular with his countrymen by striking out all the individual and national physiognomy of the great poet, and melting it down into one uniform and splendid mass of French declamation. In his preface to his Macbeth, one of these most successful paraphrases, he tells us, that 'he has done his best to obliterate that revolting impression of horror, which would certainly have ruined his piece on the polite theatre of Paris!' This to the audience of Crebillon! But Crebillon raved within the rules. In his design it must be confessed Ducis has succeeded to a miracle;—effacing at a *coup de pinceau*, all that supernatural agency, that mysterious, irresistible destiny, which, like that of the ancient Greeks, seems throughout this drama to bear on its bosom the whole tide of events, showing that our divine poet was as deeply penetrated with the solemn spirit of the North, as in some other of his plays, with the lighter fictions of Fairy land. In his 'Othello,' Ducis makes a similar apology to his courtly audience for the 'extreme villany' of Iago's character, which he endeavors, in compassion to their feelings, to disguise till the last act. But the Willow song

was the touch-stone to French sensibility; and it is accordingly set to music *à la Parisienne*, and accompanied by Desdemona on the guitar! The guitar was indispensable to the *effect*. At the end of the play we have a full length portrait of the same song; or, as Mons. Ducis terms it, the Romance of the Willow, for the 'particular benefit,' as he with much *naiveté* informs us, of all mechancholy ladies, 'femmes tendres et mélancoliques, qui trouveront du plaisir à la chanter dans la solitude. Elles pourront s'accompagner avec la guitare, la harpe ou le clavecin, sur lesquels il sera très aisé de tranporter la musique de M. Grétry!' This is the precise difference between French and English sensibility. Shakspeare thus *desossé* and well garnished moreover with smooth and honeyed versification has been made palatable to the dainty audience of Paris; a circumstance which shows more than any disquisition on the subject, that English tragedy can never infuse its spirit into, and obtain the same influence over the French, that the latter has had over the English, since the peculiarities of the French, consisting rather in outward and superficial form are more easily communicated than the deep inward tone of energy and feeling, which constitutes the peculiar essence of the English.

From the preceding long, and, we fear, tedious sketch, in which it has been our object not to examine into so stale a topic as the character of the French and English dramas, but to point out the sources of that character and the principal external circumstances that have affected it; it is evident that French tragedy, notwithstanding its classical pretensions, is no less strictly national, no less intimately derived from the peculiar dispositions of the people, than the English; and in the progress of its spontaneous development, has been much less modified either by domestic or foreign influences. For the future there can be no reason to anticipate a more liberal or indeed any other constitution of their drama. In its ancient state it has survived the convulsions of a revolutionary age; and the most eminent tragedies of the last fifty years, which have endured as legitimate and classical productions, are of the old regime, differing only in a few unessential particulars. A bolder spirit both of composition and criticism has been attempted and maintained with ardor, but never enjoyed more than a temporary success. France, or more properly Paris, the reservoir of dramatic talent probably experiences as little as any place

the influence of the coarse, commercial business-spirit of modern times, which might, sooner or later, wear away some of the artificial refinements naturally cherished by a people devoted to pleasure or to science.

Poetry too seems to be less esteemed in France than it was a century ago, and to have been gradually yielding to prose the same supremacy which it acquired at the early period of the literature. 'Beau comme de la prose,' says La Harpe, came to be a common expression in the middle of the last century. Fontenelle and La Motte disparaged verse in deliberate criticism; Montesquieu, in his popular Persian letters; and Buffon, who breathed the very 'air of passionate thought,' affected to undervalue it in his conversation. Both the last writers, and Rousseau more than all, by that 'heavenly hue of words,' which they threw around every object that they touched, thus disembodying poetry of its very spirit, gave to prose a decided and a permanent ascendancy which has been maintained for it to the present day in the polished rhetoric of La Harpe, the enthusiasm of Chateaubriand and de Stael, and the calm flexible eloquence of Jouy. Indeed the light, ambitious, dazzling qualities of the French character, seem to be better adapted to the cold rhetorical blasonry of prose; while the reserved temper, the deep and passionate sensibility of the English, naturally seeks the warm mystical coloring of poetry. And so far has this peculiar adaptation been understood and cherished by each nation, that the scope allowed to prose writing in France, is as much superior to that accorded to it in England, as that conceded to poetry is inferior;* and a literal translation of the gorgeous eloquence of the French orator would seem even more extravagant to a British ear, than the rapt enthusiasm of the English bard to the precise and prosaic Frenchman.

The reverse of all this seems to have been going on in Great Britain, during the present century of brisk intellectual activity, in which poetry breaking through the chilling atmosphere of French criticism, has shone out with its natural warmth, if not with its earliest brightness. Indeed, it seems to have penetrated far into other regions of literature, and the press is daily teeming with productions, which, though without the drapery of verse, are alive with the genuine breath of poetry. The revival of an acquaintance with the old national ballad, and

* See Mad. de Stael de la Literature. Tom. 1. ch. 16.

the romantic minstrelsy of the country, through the labors of Dr Percy, (who, both an antiquary and a poet, appreciated their virtues,) and through the diligence of succeeding critics down to the illustrious antiquarian poet of the present day, has been correctly pointed out as a chief cause of this return to old English feeling and freedom, after the lapse of a century. Cowper set the example of a truly natural and homebred taste ; and some of the most eminent writers of our own time have indulged this simple vein to an extreme which savours of insipidity and coarseness. It has been well said by the critics, that in the poetry of Queen Elizabeth's day, in Shakspeare, and still more in Spenser, the Gothic spirit of the middle ages predominated over the classical spirit of antiquity. As truly may it be said that in the days of Queen Anne, precisely the reverse of this took place, while in our age the influence of both one and the other, the Teutonic and the classical have yielded to the higher inspirations of Christianity. This is discernible in the compositions of most of our truly great contemporary poets. One exception do we now recall,—one whose lips have uttered the sublimest inspirations, though touched with no spark from heaven.

In this renovation of genuine poetical feeling, how is it that the drama, once the glory of British literature, should be now almost a blank. The poetry is burning with passion and overflows with deep and tender sentiment—fancy is ever on the wing, and novels, tales, and romances, rich in conceptions of character, have become the ordinary and expected nourishment of this thrice happy age. These are the elements of dramatic excellence,—yet there is no drama.

The causes of this deficiency, we think, are to be found, first, in the peculiar temper of the writers of the present age, and secondly, in that of the age itself. In most of the modern poets we may observe, that the pervading and animating principle is egotism. Their muse no longer goes abroad in the social temper of their ancestry, into the dwellings of other men, but clings to the bosom of its votary, brooding over his peculiar passions and feelings, exhibiting these, it is true, in all the nakedness of their beauty and deformity, but these only—in short, self, either directly or indirectly, engrosses the author, and is presented under every possible aspect to the reader. Is he of a benevolent and Christian temper like Wordsworth, it gushes

forth from the heart upon every occasion however trivial, on every object that he encounters in his path—a 'donkey' or a 'daisy,' an 'abbey' or a 'washing-tub,' no matter what, the thing is of no importance in itself, as it is soon lost in the flowerings of the poet's fancy, exhibiting only the hues of his individual sentiments. Winckelman observes, that the 'poetry of the North, though rich in imagery, furnishes few images for the pencil of the artist.' This remark, which applies yet more forcibly to modern poetry, is founded on the same causes which make it essentially undramatical, viz.—that instead of the plain naked grouping of men and nature as existing in themselves, we have them in the delusive and uniform coloring of the poet's peculiar fancy and temper. The method of description rather by the impressions an object excites, than by a picture of the object itself, is genuine poetry, and of the highest order; but it is not dramatic poetry. And in this the writers of our day differ from those of the olden time, both of them the disciples of nature, but the former picturing every object in the solitary and monotonous hues of their own feelings, while the latter, like the cameleon, take the shifting colors of every object that is touched by them. This is the spirit of the dramatic, which, entering into the concerns, the prejudices, the motley characters of men, takes and gives again the very 'body and pressure of the time.' Such is not the spirit of lord Byron's muse. His egotism, indeed, not content with turning up and revealing to the public gaze the fearful depths of a vexed and tumultuous spirit, proudly disclaims all communion with mankind.

> 'From my youth upwards
> My spirit walked not with the souls of men.
> * * * * *
> I stood
> Among them, but not of them; in a shroud
> Of thoughts, which were not their thoughts.'

How can such an one enter the lists as a dramatic writer! Accordingly, his favorite character bears one general complexion of fierce, God-forsaking, man-despising independence, which, seeking, as it were in despite, the solitude of the wilderness, 'a sharer in its fierce and far delights,' peoples it with the affections that would have been better expended upon humanity. All this exasperated sensibility, it is true, is the source of the highest music of poetry. But there can hardly be imagined a constitution of mind less adapted to dramatic eminence.

Another evidence of the want of dramatic temper in the living writers, is their frequent indulgence in abstract speculation spun out into metaphysical or moral subtleties, which, in the metaphorical dress of verse, are not always intelligible, and are directly opposite to the distinct, imitative, practical spirit of the dramatist. But after all, the original cause of the present humble condition of the stage is to be referred to the character and peculiar circumstances of the age we live in. In the days of Elizabeth and James, the lower classes of the people resorted to the theatres with a zeal that can only be attributed to the novelty of the spectacle, which, as they were illiterate, little versed in any history, but such as had wandered down in the uncertain stream of oral tradition, and moreover half impressed with a belief in the supernatural creations of the poet, must have taken a more powerful hold of their eager imaginations, than we can well realize in the present day of enlightened scepticism. The nobility and higher ranks, for the most part bred to arms, had little to do with the intrigues of fashionable or literary life, but sought their amusements in the pageantry of public festivals,—the tournaments, the masques, and the theatres. In our day all this is altered; the general distribution of knowledge, of wealth, and civil privileges has levelled, or rather exalted men to an equality, which, by obliterating in some measure the varieties of condition and character, is unfavorable to the purposes of the dramatist; the bustling, matter-of-fact, and wordly spirit of trade has closed their hearts against the delusive fictions of the poet;—and finally the advancement of domestic refinements disposes them to seek their happiness in the quiet independence of their own firesides.

But the greatest discouragement to dramatic effort is in a deeper cultivation of the better classes, who, more or less accomplished in liberal studies, and in the habit of exercising their own intellectual taste, no longer go abroad to get instruction from the poet, as in the days of queen Bess, when, as the author seldom printed his plays, the theatre was the only volume in which to study him. He is now taken into the retirement of the closet, where he can indulge, secure of the sympathy of his refined reader, more unreservedly in the exhibition of his own personal feeling, than he could in the presence of a motley audience, whose coarse, contradictory passions are to be stirred only by the exhibition of the chequer-

ed scenes and characters of real life. To these causes we may, in a great degree, refer the present humble condition of the English drama; and as they are likely to continue, we have no reason to anticipate the revival of it in its ancient lustre.

There is, however, one illustrious exception to all that has been said of the selfish and the speculative tendencies of the poets of the present day, in

> 'The minstrel who called forth
> The new creation of a magic line,
> And, as the Ariosto of the North,
> Sung ladye-love and war, romance and knightly worth.'

He is, in every sense, a social and a national poet; not only as an antiquary bringing to light the long forgotten minstrelsy of his country, but as a poet breathing its full spirit into his own compositions, and renewing in them the ancient glories of Scottish chivalry. In the productions of the author of Waverley, we find the same national and romantic spirit, indeed of a more truly dramatic cast, that, like Shakspeare's, enters into all the floating prejudices, the faded superstitions, no less than the enduring elements of nature and character; and if he does not equal the divine dramatist in that profound philosophy, which in the exhibition of human magnificence, shows us also its hollow vanity, he perhaps surpasses him in a sort of worldly good natured shrewdness,* which sees through and avails itself of the hypocrisies and follies of mankind; and if he is inferior to his inimitable prototype in his dominion over an invisible supernatural world, it must be granted, that in more than one instance, (in the gipsey Merrilies and in Norna the Reim-kennar,) he has carried local superstitions as far as the scepticism of the time would allow, showing himself deeply sensible to the gloomy beauties of the popular traditions of the North. But as it is not our purpose to run a parallel between Shakspeare and the author of Waverley, we will only add, that if the British drama is to be reinvigorated in its decrepitude, we know of no poet so likely to work this renovation, as he who is every day, in his prose compositions, exhibiting the drama of real life, clothed in all the sentiment and voluptuous imagery of poetry.

We have not meant to intimate, in the course of this long

* The best examples of this, which now occur to us, are Pleydell, the Scottish barrister, and Edie Ochiltree, in the 'Antiquary.' It is a cast of character, however, to be met with more or less in all these romances.

disquisition on the dramatic tendencies of the English character, that success in this path would be now best obtained by an imitation of the primitive models. These should be studied for their 'living portraitures' of character, the unchanging, established principles of nature, not for the fleeting irregularities of their costume and manner, which would be in no way adapted to the exigencies of the present age ;—indeed a drama founded exclusively upon them could hardly be considered more original or more natural, than the drama founded on the French models in the days of queen Anne, and could be looked upon only (as has been observed of similar imitations of an obsolete school,) as a sort of 'Modern Antique.'

The most meritorious tragedies of our own age are, in our opinion, the 'De Montfort' and 'Basil' of Miss Joanna Baillie, the 'Remorse' of Coleridge, and Byron's 'Marino Faliero,'—to which we may add, inferior to none, Croly's 'Catiline.' Most of these are wholly independent of the influence of French criticism, and bear many beauties of genuine English culture. The tragedies of Miss Baillie are professedly devoted, and in them, every thing is sacrificed to the development of a single passion. They are written in the freedom and fidelity of nature ; but, with all their veracity, they are somewhat prosaic, and wanting in the genuine glow of poetical expression. The 'Remorse' is a burst of mystical passion, and, directly the reverse of Miss Baillie, this high poetical fervor confounds all delicate discrimination of character. No man has painted in such visible coloring as Coleridge, the imaginative horrors of a dead and an invisible world. This intensity of a highly stimulated fancy can hardly fit him to copy the literal realities of life.

Of Byron we must in like manner remark, that the extravagance of his personal sensibility is better suited to solitude than to the bustling scenes of the drama. His beauties are the beauties of solitude, of lofty meditation and of moral sentiment,—of deep communion with nature, with his own heart, but not with men. Under the dead coloring of misanthropy, (or if not hatred, the contempt of their own species,) his heroes lose the variety of living character. His plots are also without interest, as they are generally carried on behind the scenes, and all we learn of the progress of the intrigue is from the mouths, not the actions of the *dramatis personæ ;* it is only in an occasional burst of passion, that we are reminded of

the adventurous genius of Byron ; and we wish to breathe with him once more

> 'The difficult air of the iced mountain's top,
> To muse o'er flood and fell,
> With things that own not man's dominion.'

Barry Cornwall, in his 'Dramatic Scenes,' has given several affecting pictures of sweet romantic passion and tender melancholy, in the vein of the old English poets ; a promise of excellence, that has since been defeated by his imbecile tragedy of Mirandola.

It is now time to introduce Mr Croly to our readers, though a very brief acquaintance with him is all we can afford them. The subject of his tragedy—the conspiracy of Catiline—is one that has been successively attempted by three great masters, and has failed in the hands of all,—a failure, which they have uniformly imputed to the unwieldly and uninteresting nature of the story, as a dramatic subject. Our poet, however, with more management, finding that he could not hope to accommodate himself to the history, determined to accommodate the history to him. For this purpose he has soberly endeavored to prove in his preface, that the character of Catiline, in Sallust, is a mere rhetorical flourish, while that given of him by Cicero authorizes us to believe him to have been a lofty spirit, in whom vice and virtue contended for empire, but who was finally exasperated by misfortune and insult into open hostility with his country. Now this wresting of Cicero's eloquence into a vindication of the character of his greatest enemy is an inexcusable perversion of known historical facts ; and if Mr Croly found it expedient to cut the story according to his tragedy, he would have done better to have premised, like Voltaire, 'the savans must not expect to find here the true history of Catiline's conspiracy.' The character of Catiline is conceived with great feeling, and is in the highest degree animated and poetical.

> 'A towering and deep-rooted strength of soul,
> That, like the oak, may shake in summer's wind,
> But, stript by winter, stands immoveable.'

Public and private disappointments, divine auguries, the supplications of wife and friends, and lastly the death of an only son under the most exciting circumstances, successively provoke

him into undisguised rebellion against his country. In a conversation with the ambassadors of the Allobroges, who have entered into a secret correspondence with Catiline, he thus vehemently expresses himself in the metaphorical language of passion.

'The state is weak as dust.
Rome's broken, helpless, heartsick! Vengeance sits
Above her,—like a vulture o'er a corpse
Soon to be tasted. Time and dull decay
Have let the waters round her pillar's foot;
And it *must* fall. Her boasted strength's a ghost,
Fearful to dastards;—yet, to trenchant swords,
Thin as the passing air! A single blow,
In this diseased and crumbling frame of Rome,
Would break your chains like stubble.'

We can give no just notion of the merits of the piece by a few mutilated scraps, and we will therefore present our readers with one copious extract from the fifth act, all of it incomparably fine. Catiline is encamped with his army among the Appennines, on the eve of an expected battle with the Roman army. His wife Aurelia is with him.

'*Catiline.*
Secure the valley. Here we camp to-night.
(*They go out.*)
The dew falls heavy; and the rising wind (*Alone*)
Moans through the tree-tops like day's funeral song.
Would it were mine!—'Tis happier to be dead,
Than, being what I was, be what I am.
But I am rebel, and must stand to it!—
The dead man's pillow is not scared with dreams;
His day is haunted by no sadder sights
Of visages, grown desperate in his cause;
His fever's cold; he has no heart-ache now;
Has no *ambition!*
(*Aurelia is seen in the tent.*)
How fares my noble dame?
Aurelia.
Well, Catiline,
And yet—not well! You saw the sun go down?
Catiline.
Like all that went before.
Aurelia.
I thought the sun

Look'd like a warrior dying on the field,—
That those red gashes of the stormy west
Streak'd all with streams of gore!

Catiline.

Come forth into the air! For thoughts like those
Are medicin'd best by nature. (*She comes.*) Stand awhile.

Aurelia.

This sky's Ionian, not of Italy.

Catiline.

Night's galley's launch'd,—her cloudy sails are up,—
Yon stars the new lit lamps upon her prow,—
These perfum'd gusts, the breezes that swell out
Her cloudy sails;—and those small, whisper'd sounds,
Thus dying sweet,—the airy surge's swells,
That break before her slow and dusky stem.

Aurelia.

'Twas on a night like this I sail'd by Crete,
When all the waves were lull'd with silver sounds,—
And all the mountains moonlike with pale fires
Of Cybele's altars. (*A chorus is heard.*) Hark!

Catiline. (*smiling.*)

Those are our minstrels.—'Tis thus soldiers hail
The dark and frowning goddess of the night,
To guard their pillows from all evil dreams;
For in their rudeness still lives ceremony.
And well may they commend themselves to heaven,
(*Despondingly.*
Who, flung to sleep in danger's iron grasp,
May never welcome in another morn.

Aurelia. (*With impatience.*)

When do we march for Rome?

Catiline

You shall be safe!
All is provided for. A troop to night
Will see you through Etruria.

Aurelia.

Go! to night!
Abandon you in your extremity!
Am I your slave, Patrician! I have stood
Your equal from the first;—have never turn'd
From sorrow, toil, or danger, by your side:
For I was Marius' daughter, and *your* wife!

Catiline.

Be wise! The time is short. Go, *Roman* wife!
A rebel's fortunes are upon my head!
Our home must be the hill-tops and wild caves,—

Our canopy the forest's dripping boughs,
Our meal the berries, roots, and all strange food,
That famine wrings from the step-mother earth,—
Our rusty swords must be our health, wealth, hope,
Our life be battle, flight, and stratagem,
Till all is buried in a bloody grave!

Aurelia.

Misfortune is a fire that melts weak hearts,—
But makes the firmer *fire*.—Here will I die!

Catiline.

I have had warnings.—In my last night's sleep,
I thought I saw myself, and *you*, and all,
Flung in one general tomb!

Aurelia.

A dream! no more.
An undigested grape will do as much.—
It was the battle,——'twas the day's turmoil
That left its heavy traces on your brain.

Catiline.

Perhaps so;—for, in truth, I've been, of late,
Strangely beset, and sunk into the prey
Of midnight hauntings;—not a passing wind—
A cloud—the shadow of a shaken bush—
But makes its mark upon my broken mind.
My sleep has grown a round of horrid things,
Terrors and tortures, that the waking sense
Quivers to think of.—Sometimes I am hurl'd
From mountain tops, or hung, by failing hands,
To precipices, fathomless as hell;—
Sometimes, engulf'd in the outrageous sea,
And down its depths sent strangling, then flung loose
As many leagues aloft, above the moon,
To freeze along the deserts of the sky;—
Sometimes, in hot encounter with the foe,
I feel a sudden javelin in my heart,—
And then I'm crush'd by heaps of dying men—
And hear the battle turning o'er my head—
And, fainting, *strive* to shout;—then, in this death,
See spirits—and plunge downwards,—till I wake,
Madden'd and blinded, thinking all around
A remnant of my tortures;—and thus, night
Is lost to me,—and sorrow's comfort, sleep,
Is made *my* agony.

(Cecina enters, pale and wounded.

(Catiline suddenly turns.

What brings that spectre here? Vanish, or speak!

Cecina.

My lord, I am——Cecina!

Catiline.

Mighty Jove!
What mist was on my eyes?—He bleeds to death!—
Within there! *(Calls.*

Cecina.

By and by,—I bear ill news.

Catiline.

Tell it at once; if we had hearts to break
By piteous tales, we had not lived till now.

Cecina.

You are *undone!*

Catiline. (*fiercely.*)

I know it,—banish'd,—robb'd—
A price set on me,—hunted to the grave,—
But yet not *fang'd*—not *dead!*

Cecina.

Your friends in Rome—

Catiline.

Have they been brought to trial? One day more,
And they shall see me at their prison gates,
Laying their sentence on their sentencers.

Cecina.

My lord, your friends, last night, were—sacrificed!

Catiline.

What,—dead?—*all* dead? *(he covers his head with his robe.)*
And I was lingering here!

Cecina.

This hour they lie, each in his cell, a corpse!

Catiline.

Sound all to arms! (*A flourish of trumpets.*)
Call in the captains,—
I would speak with them!—
(*The officer goes.*)
Now, Hope! away!—and welcome, gallant death!
Welcome, the clanging shield, the trumpet's yell,—
Welcome, the fever of the mounting blood,
That makes wounds light, and battle's crimson toil
Seem but a sport,—and welcome, the cold bed,
Where soldiers with their upturn'd faces lie—
And welcome, wolf's and vulture's hungry throats,
That make their sepulchres!—We fight to-night.'

They fight,—and Catiline falls in the arms of victory!—a

splendid catastrophe, and far superior to that of Ben Jonson's tragedy.

Much fault may be found with the fourth act, and with the religious mysteries of the Allobroges, as in no way essential to the development of the plot. But the lyrical beauties of the latter episode reconcile us to it in the closet, however it might weary us on the stage. The piece moves throughout with the elasticity and freedom of the old English school, and glows with the fervent coloring of a fancy touched with tender sentiment and natural imagery. The character of Catiline, especially,

'Armed with a glory high as his despair,'

rises into the sublimity of moral grandeur; and in the extract we have given our readers, he moralizes on his gloomy situation, and welcomes coming death in a rich tone of pensive melancholy, that brings to mind the dying glories of Macbeth.

It is somewhat singular that Jouy should also have founded his tragedy of Sylla on the character of him not vulgarly received. In his preface he has drawn an ingenious parallel between him and Napoleon, implying that both were influenced more or less in their political conduct by patriotic motives. The part of Sylla is moreover played by Talma, who has some personal resemblance to the late emperor, and the portrait of the tragedian in the frontispiece is cut exactly into the physiognomy of Bonaparte, all which, connected with the sentiments put into the mouth of Sylla throughout the piece, is, without doubt, the most impudent thing we have known in France since the return of the Bourbons. But this is not our affair. The French dramatists, from the very principles on which their theatre is constructed, are, necessarily, all of them critics, and Mons. Jouy, in his preface, after premising, (as usual,) the immense interval between the French drama, and that of every other people in Europe, and that his own nation are the only pupils of the Greeks, proceeds to point out one or two slight deficiencies in the dramatic productions of his countrymen,—among others a total inattention to nice delineation of character. In opposition to this, our author has been very intent upon the development and full exposition of the character of Sylla, which he has done in a masterly manner, according to the interpretation of it, which he has assumed. Inflexible in his severities, yet chiefly out of a regard for the public weal,—with a profound

contempt for man, as an individual, yet with a sincere attachment to his country,—he exclaims in his hesitation at adding another name to the list of his proscriptions.

> 'Que m'importe après tout l'existence d'un homme?
> Je n'ai vu, je ne vois que le salut de Rome;
> Nul intérêt privé n'excite ma rigueur;
> C'est pour venger les lois, que je suis dictateur.'

The plot is feeble and uninteresting. It turns chiefly on the proscription of a noble Roman, and an abortive conspiracy of the proscribed party against the person of Sylla, which at last is determined by his voluntary abdication of the sovereign power; a catastrophe not very tragical, certainly, but as much so as that of Corneille's Cinna, to the mechanism of which play this bears considerable resemblance; indeed quite as much so as many of the best French tragedies, which in more than one instance have tapered off into a swoon, or a separation of lovers.

The regard paid in the general construction of this play, to the inviolable laws and constitution of the French theatre (notwithstanding a deviation in a few unessential particulars, which, however, has drawn forth not a little vituperation from the Parisian critics,) is another evidence, that, from the causes before enumerated, there can be no reasonable expectation, that the French drama will assume any other shape, or adopt a more liberal system, than it derived originally from the national character.

The Catiline of Croly, on the other hand, is an evidence of a return to the free and natural vein of the elder English theatre; and both of them, derived as they are from subjects in ancient history, exhibit in a strong but fair light, the peculiar genius of the two national dramas. In Sylla, where every thing proceeds with measured propriety, the Unities, at least those of time and place, are observed with a severity that produces an improbability in the identity of the latter; in Catiline they are outraged to a degree, that two or three episodes are admitted into the body of the piece. The language in Sylla, brilliant and rhetorical, flows in an even tide of lofty eloquence; the sentiments, of a cold, general nature, suggested rather by the understanding than the heart, exciting rather surprise or admiration, than deep interest or sympathy. In the English play, the language is broken into variety, but on the whole uncommonly melodious, and filled with sweet rural imagery; the sentiments

tender or violent, but always of a passionate character, gushing warm and unsolicited from the heart. Sylla, so much superior to French characterization in general, presides over the whole scene with a stern, imperturable serenity, that seems to control every thing by the terror of his frown. Catiline, on the other hand, tossed by conflicting passion, sets the elements in motion, and moves triumphant in the storm.

The events in the French play are feebly developed; the intrigue shuffles on in an indistinct, unexciting manner, and terminates in a bloodless *denouement* of a calm and imposing majesty—the abdication of Sylla. The conspiracy in Catiline is matured before the eyes of the spectator, (although its development is not equal to that of most good English tragedies,) and, in the last act, expanding into a vein of sublimity and pathos, it hurries on to a bold and sanguinary catastrophe—the victory and death of Catiline.—The Genius of French tragedy should be personified by a marble statue, in the cold severity of sculpture;—the Genius of English tragedy, in the warm and varied coloring of the canvass; the former with a composed and elevated aspect, in the well defined and delicate proportions of art; the latter in the shifting hues of passion, and the flexible graces of nature.

Art. VIII.—*A complete history of the United States of America, embracing the whole period from the discovery of North America down to the year* 1820. *By Frederick Butler, A. M.* Three vols. 8vo.

Several of our readers may recollect, like ourselves, that two or three years since a subscription paper for this work was offered them. Wisely to prevent all cavil, a specimen of the work was exhibited with the subscription paper. This specimen was a bound octavo volume of the common size, consisting, if we remember, of about *forty* printed pages, and the rest of the volume *fair blank paper*. The strongest assurances were given, that the work should not be inferior to this specimen; and we must say we think that these assurances have not been verified. Three decently bound *blank books* would have been by no means without value. The printing in these volumes, while it has ruined the paper for any other use, is itself nearly

worthless. We are not sure, however, that any one can complain; for, after all, the *Introduction*, which was bound up with the blank leaves, *is* a fair sample of the work. Those subscribers only, who took the blank leaves for the sample, have a right to murmur. We will satisfy our readers, that we do not commit an injustice in this account.

In a historical work, the materials made use of by a writer are of course of greater importance, than in almost any other species of composition. At the end of our author's preface we have this N. B. 'I shall insert at the end of the third volume a list of the *numerous* authorities I have consulted, in compiling this work.' This was no more than Dr Robertson had done, our author's great predecessor in American history, who makes a modest apology for subjoining to his work a large list of Spanish writers, in print and in manuscript. We confess we were pleased to see Mr Butler following the example. As Dr Robertson had pleaded the authority of Gibbon, Mr Butler could well plead that of Dr Robertson, and we supposed that in drawing up the list of his numerous authorities on American history, our author intended to steal a march on Mr Southey, who has promised a catalogue and account of his authorities, in another volume of the history of Brazil. It being well known that Dr Robertson was not acquainted with all the materials in existence when he wrote, and that various new sources of information have been opened since his time, we had anticipated no slight gratification of national feeling at the sight of Mr Butler's list. On turning to the close of the third volume, we find his 'numerous authorities' given, to the following amount:

'Rollin's Ancient History,
Robertson's *South America*,
Morse's Universal Geography,
Neal's History of the Puritans,
Mather's Magnalia,
Belknap's History of New Hampshire,
Hutchinson's Massachusetts,
Williams' Vermont,
Benedict's History of the Baptists,
Smith's New York,
——— New Jersey,
Proud's Pennsylvania,
Dobson's edition of the Encyclopædia,
Smith's Virginia.

Jefferson's Notes on Virginia,
Williamson's Carolina,
Gordon's American Revolution,
Lee's Southern War,
Marshall's Life of Washington,
Burr's Trial,
Gilleland's late war with England,
Mnemonika, [?]
Dana's Sketches of the Western States.'

The title of Morse's Universal Geography occurs *thrice* in the catalogue, but there seems to be no good reason for counting that work more than once. Our readers will begin to judge by this time into what hands the subscribers to this history of the United States have fallen.

The object of our author is sufficiently grand and comprehensive. He has, it seems, published a former work, under the name of sketches of 'Universal History;' one of the objects of which was to shew, that 'one supreme, eternal God created the universe, and by his almighty fiat spake all worlds into existence, with all beings that inhabit them.' As we have never had the good fortune to see these sketches, we are unable to say how far our author has fulfilled this object. His aim in the present work is equally elevated; being to shew, 'the same superintending power, wisdom, and government of God, in planting his church in this wilderness of the west; and thus laying the foundation of a great nation, which has grown up and taken its rank among the free and enlightened nations of the earth.' It may easily be conceived that a history, which is intended to contain a complete course of natural theology, must take a tolerably wide range, and our author accordingly begins with the departure of the Jews from Egypt, about fifteen centuries before our Lord. Not contented with this seasonable beginning, he soon goes back to the origin of navigation, where his style, his knowledge of antiquity, and his arrangement of facts are so finely displayed, that we will treat our readers with a sentence. 'A spirit of commerce and naval enterprise commenced with the Phœnicians and Egyptians, as early as two thousand years before Christ; this *opened the way* for the Egyptian colony, which Cadmus led into Greece; where, *in* about three hundred years after, it [?] led to the expedition of the Argonauts to Cholchos, [?] in quest of the golden fleece;

which *opened the way* for the commerce of Greece, and laid the foundation of her future naval glory. The ships of Greece bore her heroes to the Trojan war, in the year of the world 2900. About the time of the expedition of the Argonauts, it [?] extended from Phœnicia into Africa,' &c. from all which authentic facts, grouped in this masterly manner, great light is thrown upon the history of America and 'the Almighty fiat, which spake all worlds into existence.'

In the same discriminating style he speaks of the discovery of America. 'It is worthy of notice, that the commencement of the reformation under John Wickliffe, and the art of printing, were simultaneous with the discovery of the mariner's compass; and that these combined, *opened the way* for the spread of the Gospel into the new world, and planted the Puritan church in the wilderness of the West.'—The discovery of Columbus, says our author, in pursuing this train of deduction, happened 'in 1492 about one [two] whole century, after Goya [Gioja] unfolded the secrets of magnetism.'—This is followed by a sentence, which, being in Italics, we suppose contains an important truth, but which we are unable either to construe, parse, or understand :—'The *coincident circumstances attending this wonderful adventure, are worthy of notice; may serve to illustrate the great plan of Infinite Wisdom, in opening a high way into the west and into the east about the same time. The first to prepare an asylum for his afflicted, persecuted church, and the other to furnish means to support and protect her in her remote retreat.*'

One is sometimes able to judge of a writer's most familiar occupation by his figurative language and the objects from which his metaphors are drawn. We should suppose our author to have been a toll-gatherer or a turnpike man, did not his title page inform us that he is master of arts. He writes but few sentences, without 'opening a way;' sometimes by the construction it is opening a way to the opening of a way: but of all the ways he has opened, the following—in a grave history of America—is the most curious. The Italics, are our author's own fancy, in this, as in our other citations. 'This superstition and ignorance [that the earth was round] reigned in the hearts of the *princes* of that age; but this glorious adventure has *opened the way* for me to entwine *one more laurel* round the *brows of woman.*'—It seems evident here, that the

proof of a superintending providence was not our author's only object in this excellent work.

The discovery of Columbus, the settlements in the West Indies, and the conquests of Cortez, as related by our author, are in truth the most grotesque specimens of history we ever met. We are not sure, upon the whole, but they are worth the money, were it only for the rich improvements in the orthography. It may be observed, that this whole part of his work is a condensed translation, into a dialect not mentioned by Mr Adelung in his list of twelve hundred American tongues, from what our author pleases to call 'Robertson's South America,' being that part of Robertson's History of America, of which the scene is almost exclusively in the *Northern portion.* Dr Robertson's orthography is itself somewhat arbitrary, and in our author's hands it is a most extraordinary affair. In casting our eye over a few pages, we have gathered the following instances:—

Avando	for	Ovando	p. 16.
Gracios a dios	"	Gracias a Dios	17.
Mendiz	"	Mendez	*ib.*
Ojida	"	Ojeda	21.
Cabagua	"	Cubagua	22.
Graicos a dios	"	Gracias a Dios	*ib.*
Santo Maria	"	Santa Maria	23.
Vasco Nagnez de Bilboa	"	V. Nugnez* de Balboa.	23.
Herman Cortes	"	Hernan Cortez	*ib.*
Trinadad	"	Trinidad	27.
Cosumel	"	Cozumel	*ib.*
Tobasco	"	Tabasco	*ib.*
St Jean	"	St Juan	*ib.*
Dilpatoe	"	Pilpatoe	28.
Tutile	"	Teutile	*ib.*
Ardaz	"	Ordaz	30 & 31.
Vera Crux	"	Vera Cruz	*Passim.*
Zampoella	"	Zempoalla	*Passim.*
Zampoela	"	Zempoalla	32.
Zempoella	"	Zempoalla	31 *thrice.*
Chaleo	"	Chalco	35.

* According to Robertson's orthography.

Lake of Tibzuco	for	Tezeuco	35.
Tules, tules	"	Teules, teules	36.
Tawba	"	Tacuba	38.
Tezuco	"	Tezeuco	*Sæpe.*
Choluta	"	Cholula	39.
Quelpopoca	"	Qualpopoca	39 & 40.
Luppopoca	"	Qualpopoca	*ib.*
Narvez	"	Narvaez,	*Sæpius.*
Alverado	"	Alvarado	46.
Cuyocan	"	Cuoyacan,	46 & 47.
Guatamosin	"	Guatimozin	*Passim.*

This will serve as a fair sample of our author's manner.—Of his insight into things, and of a pleasing gift of tracing analogies between the most remote, the following is an instance :—'In the midst of the interview, Cortez noticed some painters in the governor's train, who were employed in sketching, on cotton stuffs, the ships, horses, artillery, soldiers, &c. belonging to Cortez. When Cortez understood that these were to be sent to Montezuma, he determined to fill up the piece : accordingly he made a display of his men, horse, artillery, and musquetry in various military evolutions and firings, which astonished the affrighted Mexicans. When the picture was finished, it was sent off by despatches, placed at regular stages upon the roads, after the Mexican manner, who relieved each other, to give facility to the messages!' To this intelligent account of the most curious subject in American antiquities, our author appends this valuable note : 'The French *improved upon this*, by erecting telegraphs throughout the country, in the revolution.'—The French, it must be granted, have not had full justice done them in this respect ; and the establishment of telegraphs must be allowed to be one of the most considerable improvements on the Mexican hieroglyphics which the world has witnessed. Since this last discovery, Whittemore's carding machine may be looked upon as a still more splendid effort in the same way, and eclipsed only by a proposal, not yet fully experimented, of converting pine sawdust into oak plank.

The following historical deduction of the civil institutions of our forefathers will be read and admired, when the Federalist and President Adams' Defence are forgotten.—'Under this standard (the Bible,) they planted a system of civil, religious, and literary institutions the most free, pure, and perfect ever

before known ; protected by a system of military discipline, the most independent in that all important military principle, *true merit*, ever before witnessed : the whole supported by that balance of power in the three departments of government, *unknown to all former republics:* a balance of power which originated in the *Saxton* heptarchy in the fifth century ; was greatly improved by Alfred the Great, in the ninth century, and has been completed in America. Upon this inestimable basis stands the illustrious republic of United America.—The success of these systems stands unrivalled in the annals of time, and so long as they are preserved in their purity, will continue to stand unrivalled until they shall be eclipsed by the glories of the great millenial day.' It must not be inferred, however, that our author supposes that these excellent systems are to make converts in the world, or be imitated by other nations, between the present time and the millenium. On the contrary, within two pages of the passage where he had traced the basis of our republic to the Saxon heptarchy, he declares that the principles, ' which formed that basis originated in the puritan church, and were unknown to any former age of the world, and have never been enjoyed by any other people, either before or since ; and probably *never will be* till the great millenial day.'

But we have spent too much time on this work. It is one of the most notable productions of the catchpenny school of literature, that hath lately appeared. That it is destitute of any literary pretensions, the specimens we have given of it abundantly show. We have, however, a much more serious charge against it than this : it is that of impertinent allusions to the divine providence of God, appeals far too frequent to his name and councils, and unauthorized reference to his immediate interference. It is not in this way, that his glory is promoted or his ways to man vindicated. This is not a theme so easily treated. Most writers, who would indeed seek this high object, will best attain it, if they will devoutly abstain from any familiar mention of what they cannot comprehend, and ' in expressive silence muse his praise.' To multiply commonplace ascriptions and repeat, on every extraordinary event, that it was an immediate interposition of the Most High,—however well meant,—is conclusive evidence of nothing but bad taste.—On proper occasions, by the proper persons, and with due solemnity, let the divine government of the world be de-

voutly acknowledged ; and let men be aroused from the habitual thoughtlessness into which they sink, and taught to see and tremble at the hand, which shakes their empires, scatters their generations, and fulfils, in their passing fortunes, eternal purposes of wisdom and love. But do not think to produce this effect by a perpetual cry of ' miracle,' in which there is no devotion, no reason. We hold it something worse than misguided zeal deliberately to attribute such events as the burning of Guatimozin, and the cutting off of the hands of the Tlascalan spies to the Almighty arm thus exerted, to ' open a way' for the church of the Son of God. And if it is wicked and profane, as it certainly is, in an unguarded moment of levity or passion to take the divine name in vain; we hold it very little better to be repeating the same name, page after page, without pertinence, and without force. The command against taking that name in vain is no where, that we read, limited to cases of anger or mirth. It is taken in vain whenever it is injudiciously and needlessly introduced. These three volumes have the appearance of having been put together, in a few months. We should think a person who stepped out of the common path of private duty as a man and citizen, to write the history of his country with the still higher professed object of promoting the glory of the Almighty, would think it decent to bend his whole soul to the task ; to labor for many years, to read, search, and pray over it ; and then if he had gathered into one work the best of his talents, life, and means, he might scarcely, without arrogance, consecrate it to this solemn design. If he is not willing to take this pains, let him at least not pretend to this serious purpose, but be content to publish his compilations, professing the ordinary motives for like efforts.

ART. IX.—*Sketches of the domestic manners and institutions of the Romans.* Reprinted, Philadelphia, 1822, 12mo.

WHEN our fathers were children, they learned nothing, without paying for it a full price, in labor ; our children have all sorts of expedients and facilities contrived, by which they may play and learn too, and perhaps the result will be, that their children will refuse to be cheated into learning, and so play all. In these days, every science and every art is made

a plaything. One child is putting together dissected maps, and thereby learns geography; another is diverting himself with a musical game, very scientific in its principles, and no doubt equally amusing and instructive; and another is set to work upon the royal game of Goose, by way of becoming an expert arithmetician. Now there is some danger perhaps, lest the children should carry the sport too far, and when their instructers turn the things they would teach into games, the children may possibly make game of the things they should learn.

Man must work; he cannot earn physical or intellectual sustenance or wealth, but by physical or intellectual labor. All the concerns of this world must undergo a great change, and stand in very different relations to each other, before this decree will be revoked; at all events it stands now, and is not to be evaded; and therefore, a knowledge of the elements of the sciences,—that is, a superficial, indistinct, indigested knowledge of certain desultory and very general elements of a few sciences,—is hardly recompense enough for the abandonment of a habit of prompt, willing, and earnest exertion, which a boy may and should acquire while his character is growing. But it may be asked, since children must and ought to play, why not make their amusements edifying and useful, in such measure and manner as may be possible? We have no objections to this, so long as their amusements are known and regarded as what they really are. It is only when they are considered important vehicles of instruction, that they become worse than useless by favoring the prevalent mistake, that the principal object of education is not to invigorate but replenish the mind, and the yet more injurious notion, that a good thing may be gotten without toil. Set your child at work upon a task, suited to his age and capacity; make him work as hard as you can without doing him harm, and compel him to learn and feel that labor, the necessary evil of life, must be borne, and if borne patiently, diminishes, till in the end it disappears. A distinct practical conviction of this truth is worth a hundred times over all the music, or geography, or history, or mathematics that a child ever learned from his playthings, since the fashion of this day came in.

The same principle has been applied to literary amusements which are calculated for children of a larger growth, and perhaps with more good. Learning has thrown by her stilts and

has come down from the study into the parlor. She no longer loves only the light of the midnight-lamp or the solitary toil of the student, but gathers much homage in warm summer afternoons, and often exhibits her charms to some joyous circle round a cheerful fire. True it is, that the intense respect and admiration which were formerly paid her, have become rather scarce, and the sincerity and entire devotion of most of her worshippers may well be doubted. But perhaps this is compensated by their increased number, and the wide extension of her empire. Many who would have fled from a book, between whose covers learning was suspected to lie, are tolerably willing to meet her, when she comes only as an additional charm and ornament to something they like better.

If there be no royal road to learning, there is at least a fashionable one, and many walk therein, who would not have followed the old paths. Now out of this state of things much blue stockingism,—male and female,—has no doubt arisen, and this is a sore evil. But evil and good generally keep close to each other in this world of compensation, and the good caused by the easy access to literature, is indubitable and important; the tone of small talk,—the great cement of society,—is much elevated; better and higher things are made the subject of conversation; a lady or a gentleman must know more and think more than formerly; and this is all extremely well, for it is much better to discuss the last books than the latest scandals, however the change be effected.

The 'Travels of Anacharsis' was the earliest book we now recollect of this kind,—unless we consider the 'Athenian letters' as entitled to precedence. In this class too, may perhaps be ranked the Waverly novels, in which magnificent productions the history of ages, over which forgetfulness had long since thrown her pall, has come forth from darkness into light, no longer an inert and shapeless mass, but moulded by the master spirit of the age, into living beauty. Valerius also and Sismondi's Julia Severa, and in some sort Anastasius, all mentioned in late numbers of this journal, belong to this class,—and the book now under consideration holds a high rank among them.* It has not the form of a novel or a book of travels, but from the general liveliness of the style and its occasional

* Mr Böttiger, of Dresden, has published in German an esteemed work, of which the subject is in part that of our author, entitled 'Sabina, or the Morning of a Roman Lady.'

wit and satire, is about as entertaining as most tales and travels. The author shall tell for himself what his purpose was in making this book; the following extract is from the preface:

'It has often been remarked that, amongst all the labored volumes which have been written on the subject of the antiquities of the Romans, we possess no compendious account of their domestic customs alone; and that, although every well-educated person is acquainted with the Roman history, but few have an accurate idea of Roman manners. It is, indeed, only to be acquired by toiling through a variety of authors with which the generality of readers are but imperfectly acquainted; and ladies, in particular, are deterred from the study by the classical allusions and the learned quotations, in which the subject has been usually enveloped.

'It, therefore, occurred to the author, that a concise account of the state of society in ancient Rome, clothed in plain language, divested, as far as possible, of Latin terms, and pruned of all subjects which offend against delicacy, could not fail to be serviceable to young persons of both sexes who are completing their education; and might, perhaps, not prove unacceptable to some of riper years.'

It contains much learning, that no where else perhaps is exhibited in a popular form. The author has displayed good taste in the arrangement of his subjects, and has managed very skilfully in treating each one with due respect, enlarging upon all which his readers would be likely to find interesting and dismissing with very few words, those which could not bear many. The distinctness and method observed throughout the book impress the facts and statements strongly upon the memory, and if we consider how much better we remember that, by which our attention is excited than that which fatigues us, it is hardly too much to say, that most readers may be taught as much by this little volume, as by Dr Adams' heavy work upon Roman antiquities. Moreover we find here a much more minute and exact account of a part of this subject than is to be gathered from the usual compends of Roman antiquities, and that is the domestic economy of the Romans,—their indoor life and manners.

It is often said that the want of all information upon this interesting topic is very great; and so it undoubtedly is in comparison with the knowledge which the good people who may chance to live in the world eighteen centuries hence, may

have of our family concerns, if they are lucky or unlucky enough to have our novels and comedies. But still much may be known relating to this subject, as many things are distinctly stated by Roman writers, and many more may be obtained by ingenious implication. At all events, the author of this work has collected a great deal of information, much of which we know to be correct, and the remainder we shall take to be so, having neither inclination nor leisure to examine his numerous references.

It is amusing to observe how little cleanliness and comfort the Romans enjoyed, with all their wealth and power and ingenious luxury. Many things with which our almshouses are supplied, were wanting in the imperial palaces of Rome. To give one instance for many, forks were utterly unknown to them ; nor were they used in Europe till Henry IV, of France, somewhere in the sixteenth century, discovered that they were,—for certain purposes,—quite as convenient as fingers. The first fork used in christendom,—a great steel thing, one prong of which would make ten forks of these degenerate days, —is now, or was lately, in the castle of Pau. It is true enough that while wants of this kind would affect our comfort prodigiously, they may not have been much felt by the Romans ; since, however natural, as it were, they have become by habit and constant custom, they were originally factitious,—and the power of accommodation to circumstances,—of assimilation to the things about him, which exists in man, in greater perfection than in any other animal, soon makes him tolerably easy, wherever and however he lives. Notwithstanding all this, there is a difference between nations ;—between the Esquimaux Indians and the London cockneys, for instance,—in point of comfort ; and certain it must be, that more of that most excellent and desirable article may be had, by any one among us, than could have been enjoyed by a Roman noble, who rode in a carriage without springs, or on a saddle without stirrups, or dined without knives and forks, or lived in a room without a chimney, heated by a brasier of burning charcoal.

Their want of cleanliness really appears to have been quite monstrous, and it is wholly inconceivable that a nation who exhibited so exquisite a perception and enjoyment of beauty, as is manifested both in their many works of art, and in all

of their poetry, which speaks of, or alludes to natural loveliness of every kind,—and much of this there is,—should be so destitute of all desire to be clean, as we must believe them to have been, if we suppose their writers to have told the truth. It may seem that their constant and universal use of the bath rather proves the fact to be otherwise; but the reason assigned by their writers for this excellent custom is, that the bath was necessary, as they very rarely changed their clothes. The Roman poets are full of anecdotes and allusions, which place in a very strong light the common notion in Rome, respecting the uselessness of all instruments of the broom kind.

Horace tells of a sad disaster which befel a festive party in a magnificent dining-room, owing to the fall of a canopy, which brought down with it the accumulated dust of ages. Now if in a splendid state apartment, dust should be suffered quietly to repose in sufficient quantities to overwhelm the company and fill every dish, on no greater provocation than the fall of a canopy, it may safely be asserted that any people who would so live, must be a very dirty people indeed. It may also be mentioned among the curiosities of Roman manners, that the masters and mistresses of the world were utterly unacquainted with that article of apparel, which in these days is apt to be found in the pocket of every gentleman, and the indispensable of every lady.

That our readers may be able to judge for themselves how far the author has been able so to treat his subject as to make a learned book an interesting and popular one, we will give them a few extracts;—and the first shall relate to the theatrical amusements of Rome:

The dramatic entertainments of the Romans appear to have been always accompanied with music. They originally, indeed, consisted in little more than dances to the sound of the flute. Dialogue was only gradually introduced: at first, in coarse, and frequently obscene couplets, which obtained the name of *fescennine verses*, from the name, as it is supposed, of the city whence they originated;* afterwards in satires, still accompanied with

'* "*Fescennine verses.*" The generally received opinion is, that these verses took their name from *Fescennia*, a city of Etruria, now *Galesa*, in the ecclesiastical states. But, according to Macrobius, it is derived from the word *fascinum*, a charm—and the verses were originally used as a protection against witchcraft.'

music and dancing; and it was not until about the year of Rome 512, that an attempt was made to represent a regular comedy. From this period the drama progressively improved, and the plays which still exist sufficiently attest the excellence to which this species of composition arrived; while the fortunes acquired by some of the actors afford abundant proof of the estimation in which the histrionic art was held, notwithstanding that, according to the Roman law, the profession of an actor was declared infamous, and those who practised it were deprived of the rights of citizens.'

'The actors wore masks descriptive of the characters they represented. The origin of the custom has been attributed to a celebrated tragedian, who is said to have adopted it to conceal the defect of squinting; but it was, more probably borrowed from the Greeks. The interior of the mask was lined with metal, or with horn, in such manner as materially to assist the power of the voice; and its use was rendered in some measure necessary by the vast size of their roofless theatres, in which, without some such assistance, they must have been inaudible to the greater part of the audience. Yet, as they must have been destructive of that great charm of superior acting—the expression of the countenance—it is difficult to imagine how their eminent performers could, while so disguised, have acquired the reputation they enjoyed.'

'Another singular custom prevailed on the Roman stage—the occasional division of the same part between two actors, the one reciting, while the other accompanied him with the appropriate gestures. But it was probably confined to the recitation of verse, or single speeches; for we do not find that it was applied to dialogue, and it was originally introduced for the convenience of a favorite performer who was rendered hoarse by his obedience to reiterated calls of "encore."

'Comedians wore a low-heeled shoe, called a *sock*, that merely covered the foot; tragedians, a high *buskin* that reached to the mid leg; whence these words are used to denote the different styles of comedy and tragedy.'

'The audience testified their applause, or censure, in the modern manner, and espoused the pretensions of different actors with so much heat, that the representation was often interrupted by their disputes, and quarrels ensued which not unfrequently terminated in bloodshed. Such, indeed, was the partiality of the people to theatrical amusements, that every eminent player had his party, and their absurd factions rendered the theatre a constant scene of riot and disorder. Persons of the highest rank took part in these brawls, which were at length carried so far as to attract the attention of the senate; and, in the reign of Tibe-

rius, the players were, in consequence, banished from Italy. The drama never recovered this blow: but dancers and buffoons gradually found means to return to the stage; of which they afterwards kept entire, and undisputed possession.'

'The extraordinary, and somewhat ridiculous, influence acquired by the actors, excites the more surprise, as we are told that, although courted by the great, and liberally rewarded by the public,* they never were freed from the restraints of the law; which, as has been already observed, held their profession to be infamous; and, indeed, the majority of those who embraced it were slaves. Even Augustus, who was their greatest protector, ordered one celebrated comedian to be publicly whipped through the theatres for having presumed to intrigue with a Roman matron; and banished another from Italy for affronting one of the audience who hissed him.

'Scenic exhibitions were, for a long time, held to be subversive of the morals of the people; and, so late as the year of Rome 599, a decree passed the senate prohibiting the erection of theatres within a mile of the city. But this prejudice gave way in process of time, and it is well known upon what a colossal scale of magnificence those edifices were afterwards constructed. The first permanent building erected for this purpose within the city, was calculated to contain 40,000 spectators, and others were afterwards raised of still more stupendous dimensions. They were, at first, open at the top, and awnings were used to guard against the sun and rain; nor were the audience accommodated with seats; but, at a later period, they were covered, and built with regular rows of stone benches, rising above each other, and divided according to the rank of those who were to occupy them. The lowest rows were appropriated to the senators and foreign ambassadors, the next fourteen to the knights, and the remainder to the public; and it appears, that the foremost seats were covered with cushions, while those assigned to the lower classes were left bare. As all were equally admitted gratuitously, these distinctions gave great offence to the people; and with the greater apparent reason, as they were not observed in the circus: but they were, notwithstanding, rigidly enforced, and inspectors were appointed at the theatres, who regulated the distribution of places according to the rank of the parties. The

'* "*Liberally rewarded by the public.*" Although it is certain that the principal actors acquired large fortunes, which must have been derived from the public bounty, it yet does not appear in what manner this was bestowed. They probably profitted largely by exhibiting their talents at private entertainments. That their public engagements were not very lucrative may be conjectured from the fact, that a law was enacted, in the reign of the Emperor M. Antoninus, which limited the rewards usually given to them on extraordinary occasions to ten *aurei*, or about eight guineas.'

stage was constructed in much the same manner as at prosent, except that the orchestra was equally appropriated to dancing and music. The scenery and decorations were generally of the most splendid description, and were screened, during the intervals of the performance, by a silken curtain.' pp. 142—147.

There seems scarcely any passion more universal than the love of the drama. It is to be found in some form or other in every nation that has made any advance towards civilization; and no wonder; for in the skilful representation of a good drama, many very copious sources of gratification are united. There is an exhibition of personal beauty, and graceful dignity of gesture, cultivated and heightened by exquisite art; melody of voice and musical intonation are employed to give new expression and charm to the finest poetry; and we are strongly excited either to laughter by humor or wit, or to tears by the suffering and despair of some buskined hero. It is certain that strong impressions are thus made on the mind and memory; but as dramatic entertainments are never regarded as any thing better than an amusement, they are of course made to assume such a character as will best interest and amuse; and it may be considered, in some measure, a proof of the degradation and rooted evil of human character, that plays, acted and popular plays, are every where, if tragic, unnatural and improbable, and so useless, and if comic, licentious and vulgar, and therefore worse than useless.

It is difficult to believe that there is any thing inherent in the nature of theatrical entertainments, which of itself, by necessity, precludes the possibility of their being turned so far from their present course, as to subserve the cause of virtue. It is difficult to see why chaste and gentlemanly wit may not be made sufficiently amusing, why the fancy and taste may not be excited and gratified by something better than licentious allusion and imagery, and why we may not be interested by an exhibition of possible excellence struggling with possible misfortune, or of such a degree of moral strength and majesty, as may become the object of human aspiration and endeavor, and be attained without soaring far above the sphere of the duties and realities of life. It may be said, that all this will be very well some centuries hence, if the world chances to improve rather than deteriorate; but that plays must for some time to come continue as they are, or the theatres be shut. Now this considera-

tion may be very just, but it is not exactly very comforting, as we do not like to believe that the time is yet afar off, when the most popular amusements shall cease to be the most licentious, and the common delight of both sexes, and all classes and ages, become somewhat better than a provocative to passion, or an idle exhibition of unprofitable and impossible greatness, distorted and exaggerated into nonsense.

Another species of theatrical amusement, almost peculiar to the Romans, was provided for the inhabitants of the eternal city by all those, who would win their favor or their votes ;— the combats of gladiators. Our author says but little about this custom, which might have been made an interesting subject. The taste for gladiatorial murder prevalent in Rome and most cities of the empire for centuries, and often indulged to the most extravagant excess, implies so wide a deviation from the common principles and feelings of humanity, that it is to be regarded as an important fact in the moral history of man. Trajan, the pride of paganism, whose excellence was proverbial, gave those games during one hundred and twenty days, arraying against each other ten thousand gladiators. Roman knights and nobles became public fighters. The emperor Commodus contended upon the common arena and drew from the common fund an enormous salary; at least, so says Dion Cassius. This elegant and refined amusement was prohibited by the first christian emperors, but was not finally abolished until the beginning of the sixth century. It slumbered in the rudeness and ignorance of the dark ages, and is in these days confined to one country; perhaps because in no other have civilization and refinement operated so strongly upon the character and habits of the people. In England the most fashionable and highly relished enjoyment of the higher classes, which has even found an eulogist in one of the most eloquent English statesmen, is a gladiatorial combat between persons very exactly trained, and very carefully prepared to bruise each other with the utmost possible force, to cut deep gashes in each other's faces, and to beat each other's eyes with so much vigor, as to occasion excessive swelling and inflammation, which last is considered a peculiarly desirable and pleasant achievement, as thus the blinded party may be mangled at the leisure of his opponent.

The gladiators* are not considered as having exhibited a commendable degree of spirit and skill, unless they have so crushed and beaten into an uniform mass the different features of the face, that all appearance of a human countenance is as thoroughly extirpated, as all vestiges of human feeling are, from the hearts of the joyous spectators, whose delight is in exact proportion to the number of ribs broken, the amount of the disfigurement or destruction of the features, and the degree of exhaustion and sickness of the actors in this amusing drama. The spectators are rarely so fortunate as to witness the dealing of the death blow. This circumstance takes place much less frequently upon the English arena, than formerly upon the Roman. In this particular, the ancients seem to have had the advantage of the moderns; but by way of compensation a fashion has lately come out in England of exhibiting gladiators of the softer sex. Very interesting accounts of a battle lately fought in England between two women, in which both parties were most scientifically and thoroughly mangled, have lately appeared in some English papers. Should this custom become fairly established, a gladiatorial combat in England will be as abhorrent to all the vulgar, common-place feelings of painful pity, which are usually excited by the sight of a fellow being in agony, as ever was or could have been a similar work of destruction upon a Roman stage.

Our next and last quotation shall be descriptive of the Roman fashion of behavior during that very important period of human life—the dinner hour.

'The construction of their houses and furniture accorded in plainness with their frugality of diet. But the pristine simplicity of Roman manners yielded gradually to the foreign habits introduced by the conquests of the republic; Greece furnished models of taste in the fine arts, and Asia all the refinements of sensual indulgence; while the vast increase of wealth, the consequent progress of civilization, and the prodigious population of Rome itself, all contributed to the innovation; and luxury, at length, reached a pitch of lavish magnificence, which, although it excites our wonder, yet conveys an idea rather of barbarous splendor and profligate profusion, than of the refined enjoyments of polished society.'

* This word meant originally, as most of our readers will know, persons who contended with swords; but it was gradually applied to all who fought in public for the entertainment of others, whatever were their weapons; it is thus we use it.

'Small figures of Mercury, Hercules, and the penates were placed upon the table—of which they were deemed the presiding genii,—and a small quantity of wine was poured upon the board at the commencement and at the end of the repast, as a libation in honor of them, accompanied by a prayer; it was a custom derived from the remotest antiquity, and was ever scrupulously adhered to with pious reverence. The salt was placed beside them, and was looked upon as a thing sacred; if forgotten or spilled, the table was considered as profaned, and it was supposed to portend some dire misfortune. This superstition was derived from the Greeks, as well as that of viewing it as a bad omen to be thirteen in company; they have indeed descended to more modern times, and are not even yet entirely exploded. The table itself was held in veneration, as being sanctified by the presence of their gods, and devoted to the rites of hospitality and the cultivation of friendship; were a solemn asseveration made, they touched it with the same reverence, as if it were an altar, and an act of violence committed there would have been punished as a sacrilege.'

'The supper, if a meal taken before four o'clock in the afternoon may be so called consistently with modern ideas, was usually composed of two courses and a dessert. The first consisted of eggs stained of various colors, shell-fish, vegetables, and such trifles as compose the entremêts at our tables; the second comprised the ragoûts, roast meat, and fish; the latter, particularly, was a luxury in such request, that without it no Roman of fashion could be persuaded that he had supped. The dessert contained the usual proportion of fruit and confectionary, much in the modern style; but it was customary to serve it on a separate table, and even the more substantial parts of the supper were occasionally brought in on portable tables, or placed before the guests on frames.

'Some of their greatest dainties would be apt to startle a modern epicure; snails, and a species of white maggot found in old timber, were fattened with peculiar care, and served only at the best tables; stewed sows' teats, fricaseed sucking puppies,* and water-rats were in great request; and according to Horace,

> 'A lamb's fat paunch was a delicious treat.'
>
> *Francis*, b. i. ep. 15.

* '"*Sows' teats and sucking puppies.*" Pliny says that the latter were worthy of being served at a supper for the gods.—*Hist. Nat.* l. xxix. c. 4. And Martial celebrates a cook who prepared the paps of a sow with so much art, that they appeared as if still full of milk.—l. xiii. epig. 43. Whoever wishes to taste them superlatively well dressed will find the most approved receipt in *Apicius de Art. Coquin.* l. vii. c. 2.

Poultry of every kind known at present, except the turkey,* were abundant, and in common use; but the favorite fowl was a goose, of which incredible numbers were annually consumed. Whether this partiality arose from veneration for the memorable service rendered to the state by this bird, or from other qualities more easily appreciated and more generally acknowledged, or whether its destruction may not rather be considered as a trait of ingratitude, has already been made the subject of grave discussion among learned commentators, and still remains an unsettled point.'

'It was customary to drink toasts and healths; and sometimes, when any very animating sentiment was given, the company pledged it by throwing their chaplets into the wine, which was called, "drinking the crowns." During the preparations for the battle of Actium, Antony having suspected Cleopatra of a design to poison him, refused to partake of any thing at her table, until she had previously tasted it. Cleopatra laughed at his fears, and having dressed herself in a wreath of poisoned flowers, she proposed, after supper, "to drink the crowns." Antony, out of gallantry, immediately threw the one she wore into his cup, and had already carried it to his lips, when the queen, seizing his arm, informed him of his danger, and thus proved to him that his suspicions were as groundless as his precautions were unavailing.' p. 103.

Upon the whole, we are disposed to recommend this book very strongly to all who desire to be instructed in the manners and habits of ancient Rome; a desire, which all must feel, whose education has taught them any thing of the history or existence of that people, who bound the civilized world within

* '"*Turkeys.*" It has been generally supposed that the birds known to the ancients under the name of *Meleagrides* were the same as our turkeys; and that conjecture has given rise to much learned controversy. But professor Beckmann, who has summed up the proofs and arguments on both sides with great perspicuity, has clearly shown, that they were not known in Europe until after the discovery of America, in which country they are indigenous; and that the birds mentioned in ancient authors by the name of *Gallinæ Africanæ*—Guinea fowls—were, in fact, the same as the *Meleagrides.*

'It appears that they were not introduced into England until late in the reign of Henry VIII. as they are not mentioned in the regulations of his household, (*inserted in the Archæologia*, vol. iii. p. 157,) in which all fowls used in the royal kitchen are named. But if we may judge from the following couplets, of the date of the year 1585, they must have then become plentiful.

'Beefe, mutton, and porke, shred pies of the best,
Pig, veale, goose, and capon, *and turkie well drest;*
Cheese, apples, and nuts, jolie carols to heare,
As then in the countrie, is counted good cheare.'

See Beckmann's Hist. of Inven. vol. iii. art. *Turkeys.*

the chain of their dominion. It is praise enough to say that the author has fairly executed the plan he announced in the preface, from which we inserted an extract in the beginning of this article.

ART. X.—*A New System of Modern Geography, or a view of the present state of the world, with an appendix containing statistical tables of the population, commerce, revenue, expenditure, and various institutions of the United States; and general views of Europe and the world. By Sidney E. Morse, A. M. Accompanied with an atlas.* 8vo. pp. 676. Boston and New Haven.

THIS is the best treatise of universal geography, which we have seen published in this country. Within a few years several small works have been published, of a much higher character than those previously in use, but they are much too brief to give any adequate description of the different countries of the globe. To the imperfection of the elementary books on this subject in the English language, we are to attribute the very great neglect of the study of geography as a part of the education, even of those who are the most assiduous in the pursuit of useful learning. It could not be expected that any adequate acquaintance with the various countries of the world should be derived from the study of a mere summary of geography, comprised within the compass of two or three hundred duodecimo pages. The present work, although but a compendium of universal geography, is much more extensive than those, to which we have alluded. It exhibits marks of extensive research, and of care and judgment in digesting and arranging the mass of materials, from which it is compiled. The part of it devoted to a description of the United States of America is perhaps executed in a more satisfactory manner, than any other part. The author has consulted in general the most recent documents, which have been published, for information relative to the country at large, and to the several states.

There are, however, some parts of the work, which we think susceptible of material improvement. The part, which we consider liable to the greatest objection, is the introduction, consisting principally of an imperfect treatise upon astronomy.

A great part of this treatise is not appropriate to its object. Such a general description of the solar system, as will serve to explain the different phenomena relating to the earth and which depend upon its being a part of that system, forms a proper and necessary part of a treatise upon geography. But every thing beyond this is superfluous, and belongs exclusively to a science which ought to be studied after that of geography. A description of the form, dimensions, and revolutions of the earth, and of the different circles of the sphere, is necessary to give a clear idea of what is meant by latitude and longitude, of the causes of the change of seasons, and of the variety of seasons in the different parts of the world, of the different degrees of heat and cold, and of the difference in the length of days. But a particular description of all the planets and their satellites, of the sun and its revolutions, and of the fixed stars, does not serve to illustrate any thing which belongs to the study of geography. We therefore consider the greater part of the view of astronomy, which is given in this introduction, as irrelevant to the purpose, and calculated to prevent the young student from acquiring a clear understanding of those few principles of astronomy, which we have described as necessary to be understood.

A work of this kind ought to give, either in the introduction or in the body of the work, a precise statement of the measures, weights, and monies of the different countries, or at least of those countries, whose books we read, or with which we have a frequent intercourse. This kind of information, which is often very important, is either not given at all, or given very imperfectly, in this work. The introduction contains a table of measures of distances, which is not very complete, and is quite inaccurate, and it is followed by a table of scripture measures, which appears to have nothing to do with the subject.

We have not observed that the work before us states the number of miles to a degree, or the length of the French metre or myriametre, or of the English geographical mile. The importance of such a table has induced us to subjoin the following, which we believe will be found accurate :

Comparison of the miles of different countries.

German	4.62	or	15 to a degree
Swedish	6.65	or	10.41
French myriametre	6.23	or	$11\frac{1}{9}$
Italian	1.16	or	60
Arabian	1.22	or	$56\frac{2}{3}$
Turkish	1.04	or	66.67
Dutch	3.65	or	19
Spanish and Polish	3.41	or	20
Danish	4.69	or	14.79
Old French league	2.77	or	25
English and French marine league	3.46	or	20
Irish	1.25	or	$54\frac{1}{2}$
English geographical mile	1.16	or	60
Scotch	1.39	or	$49\frac{3}{4}$
Hungarian	5.78	or	12
English statute mile	1	or	69.36

We do not think that the arrangement is very judicious. Although to an American student a particular knowledge of his own country is more important than that of the other quarters of the globe, this does not furnish any conclusive reason for placing the description of America first in the arrangement of the work. There are several reasons why Europe should be described first; one of which is, that many portions of America are still dependencies on different governments of Europe, and a large proportion of its population derived from that quarter. The geography of Europe is more complete, and susceptible of being reduced to a more systematic order than that of America, and for this reason is more suited to occupy the front place in the work. There seems also to be a want of system in the order of arrangement of the different countries. In the description of the American colonies, those which depend upon the same European power should be placed by themselves. The order of arrangement of the different kingdoms of Europe appears to be entirely arbitrary. It may admit of doubt what principle of arrangement ought to be adopted, yet it cannot be doubted that there would be an advantage in some systematic order. After the head of Germany, for example, and a description of the minor German states, follows

Prussia, then Spain, Portugal, Italy, the Italian States, and Austria. It might have been expected that more regard would be had, in the arrangement, either to the political connexions of the different countries, or to their geographical position.

There is also a want of distinctness in the account of the Turkish government, one of the most important, certainly, without the pale of Christendom. As the natural division of the earth into continents is assumed as the basis of the work, a difficulty of course presents itself in describing a government like Turkey, whose territories are divided between Europe, Asia, and Africa. Nevertheless, somewhere in the book a table might be given of the Turkish empire, consisting of

Turkey in Europe,
Turkey in Asia,
Turkey in Africa.

The two former of these appellations are indeed retained; but the African dominions of the Porte are not given with sufficient precision. The connexion of Egypt with the Grand Seignior is dismissed with the simple epithet of *nominal;* while the relation of the Barbary regencies does not appear to be given at all.

We may mention as a general defect, not of this work, but of all our geographical compends, that they afford too little information on the condition of the people. A few paragraphs on the subject of the codes or systems of law in the various countries, the distribution of estates, the privileges or incapacities of the different classes might be easily furnished, and impart more light on the state of man in the different countries, than all that is contained under the rubrics of education, religion, or government. Taking England, for instance, as an example, there is no question but the condition of that country depends far more on the statute of distributions, the laws prescribing the conditions on which a settlement is obtained, and the system of parliamentary elections, than on the great nominal features of the constitution.

We speak not of this, however, as particularly a defect in the present work. We may regard it as one, that the computation by pounds sterling is retained in most statements relative to all countries, as Germany for instance, which have been derived from English sources. Our decimal notation is in itself far more beautiful and convenient; the pounds, shillings, and

pence have ceased to be familiar to Americans, and in a work like this, designed to go into the hands of the rising generation, every thing should be done to contribute to the diffusion of our admirable national notation. Having mentioned Germany, we cannot but bestow great praise, (with the slight exception now taken,) on the account of this country. In no article have most preceding compends been more erroneous. In the present work, the main facts with regard to this important country are given from authentic sources. A few general views, however, remain to be corrected, as where it is stated that 'Saxony is more distinguished for literature than any other part of Germany.' This cannot be regarded as correct in any acceptation in which Saxony is now used.

Under the head of Turkey in Europe, we think the modern travellers in Greece could have furnished more information than is presented. The dependence of Wallachia and Moldavia on the Porte is not accurately stated, nor are the Greek governors, appointed by the Porte for those provinces, called by one of their most common names, Hospodar.—Athens is not a part of the province of Livadia, nor is it true in any sense, that its 'ruins remain for the most part in a state little inferior to their original splendor.' The 'temple of Minerva' is not converted into a mosque; but a miserable structure, called a mosque, is built up on a part of the area of the Parthenon, of which only the porticos at the two ends and a portion of the cell are standing. The most perfect ancient building at Athens is the Theseum.—Platæa, enumerated among the towns of Turkey, is a cornfield without a habitation near it.

In several parts of the work attention has not been had to conform the traditionary geographical statements, which have stood their ground in defiance of all improvements, to the present state of literature in general. Thus, under the head of Malacca is a description given of *running amok*. This practice is certainly not confined to the Malays of the coast of Malacca,* and *running a-muck* is too well naturalized in the English language to be brought back to a foreign orthography.

We could point out other little errors of this kind, but we would not be thought to find unnecessary fault. Upon the whole we entertain a very favorable opinion of the work, and cheerfully recommend it to general use. It exhibits proofs of

* See Crawford's Indian Archipelago.

patient inquiry on the almost infinite number of topics, which come within the scope of such a work, and it has perhaps as few defects as ought to be expected in any production, the subject of which is perpetually changing.

Art. XI.—*United States Law Journal and Civilian's Magazine.* New-Haven, Gray & Hewit.

We have derived so much satisfaction from the perusal of the two numbers of this work before us, that we cannot but step a little out of our course to express our good wishes for its encouragement. Its plan must recommend it to the attention of all, who, whether by reason of their taste or their pursuits, are interested in the prosecution of inquiries connected with the national economy, the laws, and the political institutions of our country; and the execution, we feel confidently assured, has been answerable to the public expectations. It is enriched with hitherto unreported opinions of court in adjudged cases of extensive importance, and with other like pieces of a fugitive nature, which this journal will prove the means of preserving and rendering accessible to the profession. The editorial articles, consisting of essays, disquisitions and criticisms on various subjects of constitutional and municipal law, are written with much ability, and, although sometimes verging upon a less chastened style than is perfectly acceptable to a severe taste, are of such a quality as cannot fail to do credit to the character of our jurists, in England as well as in America.

To give a more complete view of the nature of the journal, we lay before our readers the contents of the two numbers as yet published. In the first are contained the following articles:

'Bills of Exchange—Opinion of Judge Van Ness; Jurisdiction of the United States Courts in Bankruptcy—Opinion by the same; Equity Jurisdiction in the State of New York; Examination of President Monroe's Views on Internal Improvement—Mr Clay's Speech on the same subject; Practice under the Patent Laws of the United States—Opinion of Judge Van Ness; Notice of Cowen's Treatise on the Civil Jurisdiction of a Justice of the Peace; Notice of Anthon's Nisi Prius; Translation of M. Dupin's Historical Sketch of the Roman Law; Statute of Frauds; Will; Notice of Swift's Digest.'

In the second number are contained the following articles:

'Admiralty Law—Mariners' Wages—Rand & al. *vs.* Ship Hercules—Williams *vs.* Brigantine Juno, &c.; Decision of Judge Livingston in the case of the United States *vs.* Jacob Barker; Examination of Cases argued and determined in the Supreme Court of Judicature of the State of New York, in the terms of May, August, and October, 1821, and January, 1822; Remarks on the Resolution of Mr Stevenson, of Virginia, for the Repeal of the 25th section of the Judiciary Act of the United States; Review of the Case of the Jeune Eugenie, determined in the Circuit Court of the United States, held at Boston, December, 1821; Penal Jurisprudence—Review of a Report made to the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana, on the plan of a Penal Code for said State; by Edward Livingston; Commission to take Foreign Testimony; Law of Corporations—Opinion of Chancellor Kent and of Judge Spencer, in the case of the North River Bank; Law of Corporations—Remarks on the case of the Corporation, styled "The Trustees of the Roman Catholic Society worshipping at the Church of St. Mary, in the city of Philadelphia," by Richard H. Bayard.'

A note to the table of contents of the second number, informs us, that 'a digest of all the late British and American reports, which are not included in the present British or American digests, is preparing for the third number of this work.'

Having of course no other object in the present article, but to take a friendly and respectful notice of a contemporary journal, and to pay a just tribute to its merit and promise, we forbear to enter into any discussion of the separate essays enumerated in the contents, as we have just quoted them. This enumeration will have sufficiently excited the curiosity of such of our law readers as have not already done it, to put themselves in possession of the work. We rejoice to behold in it another respectable literary enterprise, and to see springing up in different parts of our native land, writers of inquisitive minds, sterling sense, deep science, and patriotic sentiment, who devote themselves to the task of elucidating the grand, but yet unfinished system of civil polity, of which America was the first to lay the foundations, and to exhibit as a model for the imitation and guidance of other nations. It is not for Americans, who demonstrated to the world that the fetters of the feudal institutions could be burst asunder as easily as the bands on the strong man in Holy Writ, who first set mankind an ex-

ample of the efficiency and stability of representative democracies, maintained by equal laws, flowing from the general will, instead of the interested and arbitrary dictation of one or of a few,—it is not for us to rest contented with drawing all our law from the troubled fountains of transatlantic jurisprudence. The codes of Europe, whether of Roman or Germanic origin,—under whatever denomination, civil or common, they are respectively to be ranked,—at the same time, that they abound in reverend maxims of justice, which demand our profoundest respect, are not devoid of equally reverend abuses and corruptions, which require to be stamped with reprobation. If it be a settled principle of one of these systems, that the good pleasure of the prince has all the force of law, it is no less the settled principle of another, that the king can do no wrong, and that the powers of parliament are as boundless even as space or time. Novel and unlike in spirit to our parent institutions as are the principles of government and legislation so happily established in this country, there is the greater necessity that jurists of eminent abilities, whom long study and practice of our laws have enabled to appreciate their defects and excellencies, should bring forth the stores of their erudition to direct and enlighten their fellow citizens. To consummate our independence, we need that our laws should be sifted of the relics of feudal barbarism which continue mingled with them, and that a strong line of demarcation should be clearly and distinctly drawn between what is and what is not adopted from the English into the American codes, so that one and the same uncontaminated spirit of liberty should pervade and animate all our political institutions. While our tribunals of justice and legislative assemblies are gradually effecting this object, as occasions call for their interposition, by sage decisions and enactments, private individuals may usefully cooperate in promoting the same end by disseminating sound and lucid expositions of the constitutions and laws of the confederate states; and in this honorable field of exertion we feel authorized to anticipate many benefits from such publications as the United States Law Journal.

ART. XII.—*Biography of the Signers to the Declaration of Independence. By John Sanderson ; vols.* I. *and* II. Philadelphia.

WE feel it a kind of national duty to recommend to our readers any publication, of respectable claims, which has for its end to commemorate the great events in our history. To put in the most striking and impressive form, the record of some of those great actions, which have signalized our short political career, is of itself a praiseworthy object, and we do not feel ourselves called upon to enforce the rules of literary taste on publications of this nature, which are not sent forth as specimens of literary skill. We have now before us the two first numbers or volumes of the work of Mr Sanderson on the signers of the declaration of independence. They contain five lives:—those of Hancock, Franklin, Wythe, Hopkinson, and Paine. These are preceded by an introduction, which fills about two thirds of the first volume, and is intended as a historical memoir of the colonies in succession. It may be doubted, if by this arrangement the unity of the biographical plan, in itself well conceived, is not unnecessarily violated. Honesty also compels us to say, notwithstanding the author's apology in the outset, that this portion of the work is too long and too diffuse, the reasoning not very original, and the relation laboring occasionally under the vital disease of a barrenness of facts. There is also, we must be pardoned for saying, in point of mere literary execution, much false taste of every kind, in this part of the book. The arrangement of the subject is a division of the history of the colonies, into four parts. The character of the colonists, their civil institutions and political relations with England, the wars which preceded the revolution, and the immediate causes which produced it, occupy each a chapter. The first chapter includes a view of the religious, literary, and moral character of our ancestors. Some just and clear views of the opinions entertanied by the colonists on the subject of their relation to Great Britain, are comprised in the second division, though certainly not improved by the rhetoric, in which they are conveyed. The Indian wars in New England, Virginia, and North Carolina, of the seventeenth century, the defeat of Braddock, the capture of Louisbourg and Quebec, are described with some spirit in the third;

and finally, in the fourth, the measures of the British Parliament of 1773 and 1774, and the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, introduce the declaration of independence, and close the Introduction.

In the preface to this work the author alludes to an objection occurring to the plan, in the following words: 'By attempting to exhibit so numerous a combination of contemporary statesmen, engaged in the same transactions and enterprises, and in a corporate capacity, he is circumscribed in prospect, confined to a uniformity of scenery, and induced almost unavoidably into tedious and frequent repetitions.' The justice of this remark is apparent in the progress of the work. After reading the sketch of the events of the 5th of March, &c. in the introduction, we are immediately presented with another account of the same occurrences, in the life of Governor Hancock. This portion of the biography, therefore, though it could hardly be spared in its connexion, might have led the author perhaps to doubt the expediency of so long an introduction. Much is also said of Samuel Adams in this article, which, of course, must be repeated in that devoted to him. On the occasion of the anniversary of the 'Boston massacre,' we find the following among the extracts from Governor Hancock's oration, which certainly when considered as spoken in a place garrisoned by the very troops alluded to, is exceedingly bold and impressive.

'I have, from the earliest recollections of youth, rejoiced in the felicity of my fellow men, and have considered it as the indispensable duty of every member of society to promote, as far as in him lies, the prosperity of every individual of his species, but more especially of the community to which he belongs; and also, as a faithful subject of the state, to use his utmost endeavors to detect and defeat every traitorous plot, which its enemies may devise for its destruction.'

'Some boast of being friends to government; I am a friend to righteous government, to a government founded upon the principles of reason and justice; but I glory in publicly avowing my eternal enmity to tyranny; and here suffer me to ask what tenderness, what regard, have the rulers of Great Britain manifested in their late transactions, for the security of the persons or property of the inhabitants of these colonies? Or rather, what have they omitted doing to destroy that security? They have usurped the right of ruling us, in all cases whatever, by arbitrary laws; they have exercised this pretended right, by imposing a tax upon

us without our consent; and, lest we should show some reluctance at parting with our property, their fleets and armies are sent to enforce their mad and tyrannical pretensions. The town of Boston, ever faithful to the British crown, has been invested by a British fleet, the troops of George III. have crossed the Atlantic, not to engage an enemy, but to assist a band of traitors in trampling on the rights and liberties of his most loyal subjects; those rights and liberties, which, as a father, he ought ever to regard, and, as a king, he is bound in honor to defend from violations, even at the risk of his own life.'——

'But I gladly quit the theme of death,—I would not dwell too long upon the horrid effects, which have already followed from quartering regular troops in this town; let our misfortunes instruct posterity to guard against these evils. Standing armies are *sometimes* (I would by no means say generally, much less universally) composed of persons, who have rendered themselves unfit to live in civil society; who are equally indifferent to the glory of a George or a Louis; who, for the addition of one penny a day to their wages, would desert from the christian cross, and fight under the crescent of the Turkish sultan; from such men as these what has not a state to fear? With such as these, usurping Cæsar passed the Rubicon. With such as these he humbled mighty Rome, and forced the mistress of the world to own a master in a traitor. *These are the men, whom sceptered robbers* now employ to frustrate the designs of God, and render vain the bounties which his gracious hand pours indiscriminately upon his creatures.' pp. 12—17.

In the 'character' of Governor Hancock too much and too frequent qualification seems to be employed in giving him the praise due to his liberality and patriotism. The writer indeed appears to entertain a just veneration for his virtues, but to think it necessary, perhaps, in point of historical accuracy, to allude pretty frequently to the various opinions entertained of Governor Hancock's merit by his contemporaries. It is, however, too well known how entirely 'censure is the tax paid for eminence,' to need that such circumstances as the current, popular dissensions of the day should be minutely examined, in regard to their effect on the reputation of men of worth. The various authorities of contemporaries are indeed the most valuable elements of biography in many points of fact, but when the vague opposition of party is alone in question, little necessity exists of combatting it, in the case of such men as Governor Hancock, and at this distance of time. The following are extracts from the close of this article:

'These are but few of the many particulars I might enumerate, did the subject require a further illustration: for there are, indeed, few lives, either ancient or modern, that afford, of disinterested generosity, more frequent and illustrious examples. Charity was the common business of his life. From his private benevolence a thousand families received their daily bread; and there is, perhaps, no individual mentioned in history, who has expended a more ample fortune in promoting the liberties of his country.—Of this element of his character, as it is perhaps the most godlike virtue of human nature, a few examples may be permitted in its illustration.

'Previous to the demise of his paternal uncle, whom I have already mentioned as his patron and benefactor, the hall of the university had been destroyed by fire. The deceased, it was said, had expressed the intention of leaving five hundred pounds for the reparation of its library. No such appropriation was, however, made by his will; yet the sum was paid without hesitation by his heir.

'The salary allowed by the constitution to the chief magistrate of the commonwealth of Massachusetts had occupied, for several years, the debates of the legislature. It was declared to be exorbitant, and was enumerated amongst the various grievances that had occasioned riot and insurrection in the state. An act for its reduction from eleven to eight hundred pounds had passed both houses of the legislature, but was negatived by the governor; and the subject being resumed under the administration of Mr Hancock, he intercepted all farther discussion of it, by a voluntary remission of the sum.

'In 1775 it was proposed by the American officers who carried on the siege of Boston, that they might procure the expulsion of the enemy, to bombard or destroy the town. The entire wealth of Mr Hancock was exposed, by the execution of this enterprise, to inevitable ruin; and whilst he felt for the sufferings of others with a very generous compassion, he required that no regard to his personal interests should obstruct the operations of the army.' pp. 38—40.

The life of Franklin begins the second volume, and of course must suffer from comparison with the delightful memoir of the early years of his life, by himself. It is well known that the first editions of this charming biography were retranslations from the French to the English. Nothing but the great simplicity and beauty of Franklin's style could have preserved, under similar circumstances, a manner so attractive as that of the little portion of his autobiography originally thus published.

Some curious anecdotes are added in the memoir now before us, from his works as published by his grandson, and other sources. From these we extract the following as interesting:

'On the first of January 1775, lord Chatham introduced in the house of lords, his celebrated plan of conciliation, on the subject of which he had sought with Franklin frequent and public interviews. He professed great esteem for his character, and in the affairs of America, the highest deference for his advice and opinions. "I pay you these visits," said he, "that I may rectify my judgment by yours, as men do their watches by a regulator." On the present occasion he led him by the arm into the house of lords, which was frequented by a very numerous crowd of spectators. This distinguished familiarity of a man, who held the very highest rank amongst the English nobility, and who was not less a favorite of nature than of fortune, drew upon him a particular and favorable attention; which, joined to the countenance and approbation he had received from many other distinguished members of the parliament, not a little inflamed the animosities which the ministerial faction had already entertained towards him; perceiving that he had not only resisted their seductions, but had risen into reputation under the very efforts made to depress him.

'Lord Chatham having explained and supported his motion, was followed by lord Sandwich, who, in the course of a very passionate harangue, declared that this motion of Chatham's was disgraceful to his name, and should be rejected with contempt; that he did not believe it to be the production of any British peer; and added, turning towards Franklin, who leaned upon the bar, "I fancy I have in my eye the person who drew it up,—one of the bitterest and most mischievous enemies that this country has ever known." Under this allusion, so severe and offensive, although it drew upon him the observation of the whole assembly, Franklin remained, as if unconscious of the application, with a composed aspect; or to use his own expression in relating this story, "as if his countenance had been made of wood." Lord Chatham replied, that were he the first minister of the country, he should not be ashamed to "call publicly to his assistance, a person so eminently acquainted with American affairs, as the gentleman alluded to, and so ungenerously reflected on; one," he added, "whom all Europe holds in the highest estimation for his knowledge and wisdom; whom she ranks with her Boyles and her Newtons; who is an honor, not to the English nation only, but to human nature." ' pp. 91—93.

The following account of Dr Franklin's emotions at the beginning of the civil war, with all its afflicting events, it is grateful

to record. It is obvious that, however the importance of transactions in the course of political contests, like the American war, may vary, an intense interest must be felt at their first disclosure. In this instance, too, the mournful and cruel interest attached to the separation of the social ties of a vast community, and to the substitution of violence and bloodshed, for protection and obedience, is, by the nature of the case, stronger at the commencement of hostilities. We are told that the mercies of the winds and waves in a tempest are like those of brothers in a civil war, and it is dreadful to observe how much more fatal and remorseless are the cruelties exercised, while the parties in the contest still bear the names of 'rebellion' and 'authority.' Equal nations, fair enemies, great public rivals fight with mercy, and conquer with courtesy, but woe to the weak and helpless, when a mother country is moved to extend her parental correction to an unruly province, and chasteneth whom she *loveth*.

'"It is probable," says Dr Priestley in his memoirs, "that no man now living was better acquainted with Dr Franklin and his sentiments on all subjects of importance, than myself for several years of the American war. He took every method in his power to prevent a rupture between the colonies and the mother country. He dreaded the war, and often said that if the differences should come to an open rupture, it would be a war of ten years. That the issue would be favorable to America, he never doubted. The English, he used to say, may take all our great towns, but that will not give them possession of the country. By many persons Franklin was considered so callous, that the prospect of all the horrors of a civil war would not affect him. This was far from being the case. A great part of the last day that he passed in England, we spent alone together. He was looking over a number of American newspapers, directing me what to extract for the English ones; and in reading them he was frequently not able to proceed, *for the tears literally running down his cheeks.*" ' p. 96.

We must close our extracts from Franklin's life by the following two anecdotes; the first an instance of his coolness and humor, and the last amusing from the contrast of character displayed:

'Among the ambassadors of other countries, then residing at Paris, he supported, in the same spirit, the dignity of his station and character; and in his intercourse of visits with them suffered

no neglect of any of the punctilios of honor and ceremony, which are observed towards each other by the ministers of independent nations. When the Russian ambassador, whose card being left at *his* door, had occasioned a return of the supposed civility, betrayed much alarm at the accident, Franklin, with his usual composure, observed that he perceived no cause of embarrassment: "Prince Bariatinski has but to erase my name out of his book of visits received, *and I will burn his card.*' p. 116.

'He visited assiduously the French Academy, where he was hailed at all times with the most respectful homage, and where he enlarged the circle of his extensive and honorable acquaintance. It was here that occurred, at a numerous and splendid meeting of this assembly, his well known rencontre with Voltaire, who, like himself, had approached the last scene of a long and eventful life, and who, from the extraordinary admiration which his writings had excited amongst his countrymen, was now received, after an absence of twenty seven years from his native city, with the most lavish profusion of honors. The meeting of two men, born in regions of the globe so remote, and who in their different offices had exercised so powerful an influence upon mankind; of men so respectable by their age, as well as by their transcendent genius, and the occupations of their lives, was viewed with sentiments of tenderness and admiration. At their meeting, they embraced each other affectionately, as ancient friends after a long absence, and were hailed by the repeated acclamations of the assembly. "It is Solon," said some one in the crowd, "in the arms of Sophocles." It is related that at one of these meetings, Franklin, leading by the hand his grandson, and presenting him to Voltaire, asked his benediction; and that the latter, in placing his hands on the head of the youth, with patriarchal solemnity, pronounced aloud, in English, "*God and liberty*," adding, "this is the only device that becomes the grandson of the great Franklin."' p. 130.

The life of George Wythe follows that of Franklin. This is a short memoir, the materials for the biography not having been found very abundant. Mr Wythe began the study of the law at the age of thirty, and was a member of the house of burgesses of Virginia in 1764. He drew the remonstrance to the British house of commons, which followed their resolutions in introduction to the Stamp Act. He appears, however, to have opposed, in conjunction with Peyton Randolph and others, the famous resolutions of Patrick Henry, on the ground of the substance of their contents having been urged in the former memorials. In 1776, Mr Wythe was appointed a com-

mittee with Mr Jefferson and others, to revise the laws of the state, and prepare bills for reenacting them, with the alterations made necessary by the independence of the state. This labor was effected by Messrs Jefferson, Pendleton, and Wythe, and in 1779, 'one hundred and twenty-six bills were prepared and reported to the general assembly.' 'Of this extensive work of legislation,' having among its objects to abolish the law of primogeniture, 'to define with precision the rules by which aliens should become citizens, and citizens make themselves aliens;' 'to establish religious freedom on the broadest bottom,' '*to emancipate all slaves, born after passing the act*,' 'to proportion crimes and punishments according to a scale submitted,' to diffuse knowledge more generally by means of public schools, Wythe executed the revision of those laws, which had been enacted during the period commencing with the revolution in England, and ending with the establishment of the new government here, except the acts for regulating descents, for religious freedom, and for proportioning crimes and punishments, which were part of the labors of Mr Jefferson.'

Mr Wythe was nominated in 1777, one of the three judges of the high court of chancery of Virginia, and on a new arrangement of that court, was appointed sole chancellor, in which situation he remained more than twenty years.

His death is a rare, we might venture to say, a solitary instance in our country of the occurrence in real life of those horrible crimes, which turn civilization into shame, in contrast with savage barbarity.

'His long life of public usefulness was closed, in exhibiting an additional proof of fervent devotion to the interests of the community. Tortured on the bed of death, with agonies produced by poison, taken in some portion of his aliment, he was immersed in the study of cases, yet pending in his court; regretting, as long as his senses continued, the delay and consequent expense which would be incurred by the parties, should his illness prove fatal. He died in the midst of this benevolent anxiety, on the 8th of June, 1806, in the eighty-first year of his age.

'In his death, Virginia mourned one of her most favoured sons; but the cause of his sudden loss spread an additional gloom over the darkness of her grief. No doubt remained of his death being producced by violence, and suspicion fell upon one, who, if guilty, would have added the blackest ingratitude, to the most detestable of crimes.

'By his last will he bequeaths a great part of his property in trust to support his three freed negroes, a woman, a man, and a boy, during their lives; after several legacies, particularly one, "of his books and philosophical apparatus, to his valued friend, Thomas Jefferson, president of the United States," the remainder of his estate is devised to George Wythe Sweney, the grandson of his sister.

'During the life-time of Wythe, his freed man died, and by a codicil to his will, the legacy to the freed boy is increased, with a provision, that if he should die before his full age, the bequest to him should enure to the benefit of Sweney, the residuary legatee. A few days before the death of Wythe, a second codicil is dated; in this instrument the freed boy is mentioned as having "died this morning:"—all the devises to George Wythe Sweney are revoked, and the whole of the chancellor's estate is left to the other grand children of his sister, the brothers and sisters of Sweney, to be equally divided between them.

'The sudden death of the negro boy; the revocation of the former devises; the suspicions of the community, fatally confirmed by the death of Wythe himself, all tend to the conclusion, that poison was introduced amongst the provisions of the household. The residuary legatee of the first will, submitted to a public trial on the charge of poisoning his uncle and the freed boy: an acquittal by a jury has caused a veil to be dropped over the transaction revolting to humanity; and the solemn decision of a criminal court has shown to the world, that although the lamented Wythe died by poison, yet legal certainty cannot be attached to his murderer.' pp. 177—179.

A very interesting memoir of judge Hopkinson follows the sketch of chancellor Wythe. No portion of the volumes before us has given us greater pleasure than this memoir. We wish that it may stimulate some patriotic bookseller to republish the humorous and satirical productions of judge Hopkinson: or rather may stimulate the patriotic public, to call for such a republication; the fault in these cases being, we own, unfairly laid at the door of the poor booksellers, who are willing to publish any thing which the community is willing to buy, and more perhaps cannot fairly be asked of them. Among the pieces of judge Hopkinson in question, is that most *spectatorial* disquisition on white washing, inferior to nothing in this strain since or by Addison.

The life of judge Paine concludes this number; and will be read with special interest, particularly by those in this quarter to whom his memory is still fresh. We lay before our

readers the following extract of a letter of Judge Paine's, written at the time that Congress moved to Baltimore, in December 1776, on the approach of the English to Philadelphia.

'Our public affairs have been exceedingly agitated since I wrote you last. The loss of fort Washington made way for that of fort Lee; and the dissolution of our army happening at the same time, threw us into a most disagreeable situation. * * But to work we went—the associations of the city were drawn forth, and about three thousand men, with some artillery, marched. The country associations were called upon; but there was no expectation of immediate relief from them. As the week advanced, we had repeated advices from General Washington of the unopposed approach of the enemy, headed by General Cornwallis. On Monday, we were informed that they had arrived at Brunswick, and that Washington was retreating to the west side of the Delaware. We sent many continental stores into the country, and great numbers of the people are moving. The shops have not been open since Sunday; and there was a real apprehension that we should be routed. I need not tell you what our calculations were on the expectation of losing this city. I had called in my accounts and prepared matters for a regular retreat: but on Thursday we found the enemy had not crossed the Brunswick river. By an officer of my acquaintance, who went with a flag to the enemy, to exchange a prisoner, we learned that they were about six thousand strong, and were surprised to find Newark and Elizabethtown evacuated by their inhabitants; that they knew the state of our army, which induced them to make the excursion. The enemy are in possession of a large part of New Jersey; and the remaining part is greatly distressed by their approach. But I hope this affair will rouse them from that lethargy which occasioned this excursion. Had their militia been alert and resolute, and given General Washington the support they might have done, these events had not happened; but carelessness and apathy have been the lords of our ascendants this last month. It is to no purpose, however, to scold. Let us carefully ascertain our past errors and amend them. Sunday, 8th; congress were called this morning, on advice, that General Howe had joined General Cornwallis with a large reinforcement, and was marching to Princeton. This measure induces us to think, that the expedition is against Philadelphia. Monday, 9th; Yesterday General Washington crossed the Delaware, and the enemy arrived at Trenton on the east side, thirty miles from this place. Close quarters for congress! It obliges us to move; we have resolved to go to Baltimore.' pp. 229—232.

In the notes to this number also, is found the following sportive correspondence, which may relieve the attention from the contemplation of the more weighty discussions connected with the Declaration of Independence.

'In 1762, J. Sewall, the attorney general of the province, wrote his friend Paine as follows: viz. "Brother Bob, pray be so kind as to deliver the enclosed to a *Catchpole*, and when you can give me an opportunity to cancel the obligation, please to command me freely; your hearty friend," &c.—"How is the harvest in your part of the vineyard? Which side do you take in the political controversy? What think you of coin? What of writs of assistance? What of his honor the Lieutenant Governor? What of Otis? What of Thacher? What of Coke, the cobbler? What think you of bedlam for political madmen? What think you of patriotsm? What think you of disappointed ambition? What think you of the fable of the bees? What ———? Send me your thoughts on these questions, and I will send you fifty more." Mr Paine's reply, six days after the date of the above. "Friend Jonathan, I have just received yours, and shall take special care of the enclosed. Your queries demand an immediate answer, in which I hope you will find a satisfactory display of the orthodoxy of my mind. To first query, I answer, that the old account is reversed, for the harvest is small and the labourers many, and there are many little foxes that spoil the vines. To second query, I reply, the *right* side. To the third question I say, what hungry men do of food, if they can get any, never dispute the quality or the price. I reply to the fourth inquiry, never was more need of them; I shall soon apply for one to get me a *help-meet*. Question fifth: What of his honour the L. G.? I answer as the son of Sirach said, all things cannot be in vain, because man is not immortal—what is brighter than the sun? yet the light thereof faileth. What of Otis? Answer: What the *virtuosi* do of Lemory's concave mirror, which *burns* every thing that cannot be melted. What of Thacher? Answer; as Jacob said of his son Dan, as a serpent in the way, he biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider falleth backward. What of Coke, the cobbler? That he is dignified with a title which many others deserve more. What of bedlam for political madmen? It will by no means do, being already occupied by madmen of a more *sacred* profession. What of patriotism? As I do of the balance master's art, very few have virtue enough, in the Roman sense, to keep themselves perpendicular. What of disappointed ambition? Consult your own mind, in having no reply to this question. What of the fable of the bees? It proves that good old word, The wrath of man shall praise the Lord. Last question, What ———? It

is the recapitulation of all the others. Thus I have gone through my catechism, and according to the good rule of education, the next step is to learn it with *proofs;* in which I shall hardly fail of success, if I keep to that standard. As for the fifty questions more, with which you threaten me, I beg when you execute it, you would observe a modern rule of answering them yourself as you go along. pp. 242, 243.

We remarked above, that we thought the plan of this work good. The declaration of Independence—a national monument, not more lasting than brass, but as durable in its effects and associations, as the republic itself and the name of freedom,—still deserves every illustration, which documents, tradition, or the arts can afford. Several enterprises of the kind, fac similes of the instrument, portraits of the members of the congress, &c. have lately appeared. Certainly nothing is more desirable than that these efforts should not be directed merely to a mechanical preservation of this paper, venerable as it is. The plan of adding the most interesting facts, in the lives of the signers to their names and portraits, seems to comprise every thing necessary to render this document satisfactory and precious to us and posterity. Something of the same kind has also been undertaken in England, and a perfect fac simile of Magna Charta in lithography has just been executed London. But this baronial declaration of Independence, venerable and valuable as it is to Americans and Englishmen, wants the greatness of ours. Those are proud words, *Nulli vendendam justitiam*, but they are spoken by a master; the 'free, sovereign, and independent states' was a formula to equalise the subservient and oppressed provinces with the haughty metropolitan empire. Every association connected with this event too seems more generous and exalted than those of Magna Charta. One, extorted by rude violence from a base and treacherous spirit, whose cowardice and weakness gave up, what he could neither understand nor value, the other uttered by virtuous and wise men, with the gravity of age and the ardor of youth. The captive prince strove only to secure his own worthless life, the American patriots were eager to expose theirs to defend what they asserted;—they were 'the full of hope, miscalled forlorn.' As one reads the Gothic characters of Magna Charta, some associations of darker and ruder ages unite themselves, with its promises of better and freer times, while the

generous and enlightened sentiments of the Declaration of Independence, soften the anticipations of danger and suffering which attended their utterance. We observe that these two numbers of this work are well executed in a mechanical point of view. There are some errors of the press, but on the whole, both the engraving and printing are handsome and creditable.

ART. XIII.—*Yelverton's Reports. First American from the fourth English edition, with notes and references to prior and subsequent decisions, by Theron Metcalf.* Andover, Flagg & Gould, 1820, 8vo, pp. 228.

SIR HENRY YELVERTON was one of the most distinguished lawyers of his age. There are, however, but few traces of his life and character to be found. On the promotion of the great Bacon to the office of attorney general, in the eleventh year of James I. Yelverton was made solicitor general. He held this office seven years, when he was appointed attorney general, upon Bacon's being promoted to the office of lord keeper. In about four years, having incurred the displeasure of the king, he was removed from office, and sentenced in the star-chamber to be committed to the tower. The offence, with which he was charged, was the enlarging of a charter granted to the city of London, beyond the royal warrant. In 1621, whilst he was still imprisoned in the tower under this sentence, such was his popularity, that he was chosen to parliament by the burgesses of Northampton, but he was soon after accused by the commons of having drawn and supported patents for certain monopolies and of other misconduct, while he was the king's attorney. His articles of defence, which implicated the royal favorite, Buckingham, and even glanced at James himself, induced the king to repair to the house of lords, and require them to punish him for his alleged slander. The lords very complaisantly fined him ten thousand marks to the king, and five thousand marks to the duke. Now the truth was, that the persons, who had obtained these oppressive patents, shared the profits of their monopoly with sir Edward Villiers, the duke's brother; and yet that contemptible prince, his master, pretended to thank the commons for the information they had

given, and to be ashamed of the abuses which had crept into his administration unknowingly to him. Villiers was sent on a foreign mission to screen him from punishment, and poor Yelverton was fined for apologising for drawing the patents, by saying, that 'he was forced by the duke, and supposed it to be the king's pleasure.'* The fines imposed upon him were, however, afterwards remitted, and on the accession of Charles I. to the throne, he was appointed a judge of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he held until his death, which happened on the 24th of January 1630. The notices of his decease are full of testimonies of his virtues, talents, and learning.

The reports, of which a new edition has been presented to the profession by Mr Metcalf, consist of 'divers special cases' in the Court of King's Bench, in the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth and the first ten years of James I. They form an essential link in the long chain of works of this nature, which constitute the original authorities of the common law. They were originally published in Norman French by sir William Wylde in 1661. A second edition was printed in 1674. The third edition was published in English in 1735, and the fourth in 1792. Yelverton also wrote a celebrated argument against the power of the crown to establish or increase impositions or duties on merchandise, without the concurrence of parliament,

* In the course of his speech before the lords, he showed that he had in fact opposed the granting of the obnoxious patents; and stated, that 'when sir Giles Monpesson saw I would not be wooed to offend his majesty, in his direction, I received a message by Mr Emmerson, sent me from sir Giles, that I would run myself upon the rocks, and that I should not hold my place long, if I did thus withstand the patent of inns; or to this effect: he had a message to tell me from my lord of Buckingham, that I should not hold my place a month, if I did not conform myself in better measure to the patent of inns; for my lord had obtained it by his favor, and would maintain it by his power. —Soon after I found the message in part made good; for all the profits almost of my place were diverted from me, and turned into an unusual channel to one of my lord's worthies; that I retained little more than the name of attorney. It became so fatal and so penal, that it became almost the loss of suit to come to me, my place was but the seat of winds and tempests. Howbeit, I dare say, *if my lord of Buckingham had but read the articles against Hugh Spencer, and had known the danger of placing and displacing officers about a king*, he would not have pursued me with such bitterness. But by opposing my lord in this patent of inns, and in the patent of ale-houses, in the Irish customs, and in sir Robert Naunton's deputation of his place in the Court of Wards, these have been my overthrow; and for these I suffer at this day in my estate and fortune (not meaning to say *I take it*, but as *I know*, and for my humble oppositions to his lordship) above twenty thousand pounds!'

which was first published in 1658; was republished in 1679, and has been inserted in Mr Hargrave's edition of the State Trials, vol. xi. p. 52.

The cases contained in his reports are very concisely given, and very meagre in point of reasoning and illustration, but are of great weight as authorities in the formation of the existing common law. In the words of the old English edition, 'the Cases are select, such as his curious Choice out of the Plenty of his great Observation preferred; and in most of which himself was Counsel, the Weight whereof may well pass for Number.' But the peculiar value of the present edition consists in the great number of excellent notes, with which it has been enriched by the American editor. Indeed, we do not know a book in the lawyer's library, which contains more useful and accurate learning on a great variety of heads, and we think it does real honor to the professional character of the country. It is obviously impossible in a journal like ours to give any thing like an analysis of a merely technical work of this kind, being annotations upon adjudged cases. It is sufficient to say, that many of them are very ample essays upon the subjects they touch, and that they all indicate an extensive and accurate knowledge of the ancient and modern law. Some of the judgments and *dicta* are critically examined, and doubted or denied; and much useful light is thrown upon the subjects discussed. Upon the whole, we have derived great pleasure and instruction from seeing our old acquaintance in the new dress, which Mr Metcalf has given him. Although his works are 'so excellent in their native beauty,' as the English editor expresses it, yet we think the modern improvements in the law have given it additional strength as well as ornament. A more liberal mode of reasoning upon legal subjects has been adopted, and the Roman code has been freely resorted to, as containing a rich collection of principles recommended by their intrinsic wisdom and equity, and by their having become incorporated into the jurisprudence of almost every civilized and commercial state. The science has been greatly improved, and is still improving, by these means; and we venture to say in none of the countries of the common law, is it in a more flourishing condition, than in the United States. We can now do very well without the modern English reports and elementary treatises. The former contain, at present, hardly any thing but

decisions on local statutes, or trifling distinctions from old cases. It seems to be the object of the English judges of the present day, both in the courts of law and equity, to avoid deciding any thing but the case in judgment; and what is stated as falling from the bench, is given in such a slovenly way as to afford very little instruction. There is frequently a want both of perspicuity and precision in what is reported as the judgments of the English courts, which doubtless proceeds in a great measure from the judges not having time, and wanting inclination if they had time, to reduce their opinions to writing. We believe that sir William Scott and sir William Grant are almost the only eminent judges of recent times, who have drawn up their judgments in writing, and we all see the fruits of this care for their own fame in the superior accuracy and elegance of the judicial opinions of these great men, which, no doubt, partly proceed from their intellectual superiority, but must be in a great measure owing to the circumstance we have mentioned. We think lord Eldon could hardly be so intricate, cloudy, perplexed, and obscure, if he would take the trouble to explain himself on paper. Of course we do not mean by this to say any thing irreverent of that accomplished master of the science of equity. But we do think it is time for us to cut adrift from England in this respect, and that the American lawyer might very safely stop at the end of the long reign of George III, and exclude from his library the crowd of reporters, which annually pour forth from the English press.

ART. XIV.—*An Essay on the law of patents for new inventions. By Thomas Green Fessenden, counsellor at law.* Boston, 1822, 8vo.

THE law of patents for inventions is daily becoming more interesting in this country, on account of the extraordinary mechanical genius of our countrymen, and the rapid advances which have been recently made in manufactures and the useful arts. A very large amount of property is invested in these branches of industry, which is daily increasing by means of labor-saving machinery. The constitution of the Union has given to congress the prerogative of granting to inventors a monopoly of their discoveries and improvements, as a reward

due to the application of genius and industry to objects so essential to national prosperity. Whether congress has wisely exercised this power, in the details of the patent laws, is a large question, upon which we do not choose to enter in this short notice of a treatise on the subject. It would seem that in confining the benefit of these legislative provisions exclusively *to citizens*, and in not providing adequate means to prevent patents from being improvidently issued, our legislators have not evinced their usual liberality, wisdom, and skill. But we have nothing to do at present with the policy of the law; our concern is with that system of judicial interpretation, which has been built up on the statutes, copied as they are from the English code, and consequently borrowing and reflecting mutual light from the decisions, which have been pronounced in the tribunals of the two countries.

A good treatise on the law of patents and the kindred subject of literary property, as secured by copy rights, is very much wanted by the profession. A great deal has been done by the national courts of late towards settling its principles, and applying them to the great variety of nice and difficult questions, which occur in this branch, which has not improperly been called 'the metaphysics of the law.' Indeed, the human mind has never been employed upon any subject of a practical character, which tasked more severely its subtlety and acuteness. A work, therefore, deducing its principles in a scientific manner, collecting and classifying the cases, analyzing each case, so as to bring under the proper head the various points adjudged, and subjecting them all to the test of free and candid criticism, would certainly form a very valuable addition to our digests or abridgments of the law. We are sorry that we cannot conscientiously say, that Mr Fessenden's compilation, a second edition of which is now presented to the public, fulfils what the profession have a just right to expect from such a work. In the first place, it entirely passes over in silence some of the most important heads of the subject, such as the extensive jurisdiction, which the Court of Chancery exercises in preventing the infringement of patent rights, as well as copy rights; the general question of jurisdiction; and the vast field of conflict between the state and federal authorities, as connected with this matter. The great case of Livingston and Fulton against Van Ingen, in the Supreme Court of New

York, in which the right of that state to grant a monopoly of the navigation of its waters by steam boats is discussed, is entirely unnoticed. It may indeed be said, that it was not expedient or proper to notice that case, because the same question is now pending before the Supreme Court of the United States, the only tribunal competent to give it a final determination. But we cannot think this a sufficient reason for altogether omitting a cause, which was so ably debated by very eminent counsel, and which, besides the general doctrines involved in it, contains a great deal of useful collateral information on the subject of injunctions, and Mr Chancellor Kent's valuable exposition of the English patent laws. The reader might safely have been trusted with an abstract of so leading a case, even if it were accompanied with a caveat against the heresies contained in it, or what would have been still better, a candid and critical examination of those heresies. If, however, this latter task ought to have been left to the Areopagus at Washington, we see no sufficient reason for keeping out of sight an adjudication of a very respectable state tribunal, which throws so much light upon the subject of the work before us.

Nor is this all. The book is extremely deficient in that methodical arrangement and lucid order, which is indispensable in what is to serve both as an elementary treatise and as an index to the reporters and to preceding abridgers. It contains no original matter whatever; and does not give a proper statement of the principles on which the cases, which are quoted, depend. It does not analyze each case, and refer the different principles it contains to their appropriate heads; but copies the cases at large (and sometimes with the arguments of counsel and marginal notes) from the original reporters, and leaves the reader to grope his way as well as he can through a long labyrinth, for which the compiler furnishes no other or better clue, than is to be found in the book from which he makes his extracts. The case of Evans against Eaton, for example, is copied verbatim from the third volume of Mr Wheaton's Reports, in which it takes up the unreasonable length of more than fifty pages, into Mr Fessenden's book. This long and tedious case, which we think must be read over several times before it can be perfectly understood, ought to have been carefully dissected, and the elementary doctrines, which could fairly be deduced from it, should have been arranged and pre-

sented under the various heads, to which they respectively belonged. The most ordinary index maker would not think of jumbling them together under one title, and least of all should the whole case have been given *en masse*, as a part of the text of an elementary work on a particular branch of the law. If this is to be considered as only a digest of authorities, humble as is the task of the mere abridger, he cannot be said to execute it with fidelity by merely copying the marginal notes from the books of reports; and if it was thought desireable to give the cases at large for the convenience of reference, they should have been annexed in the appendix, as Mr Montague has done in his treatise on the law of partnership. Upon the plan here adopted, it would be quite an easy mechanical task to make a law book:—Search the indexes for the different heads of your matter, copy from preceding elementary writers some of the general principles belonging to it, extract from, or rather *cut out* of the reporters the cases, which have been adjudged upon it, make a title page and index to the whole, secure your copy right, and send the book to your printer.

Among the cases entirely omitted in this compilation, and some of which are of very great importance, are the following: *Ex parte* Fox, 1 Ves. & Beames, 67. Hope *v.* Stevenson, 3 Bos. & Pul. 565. Hill *v.* Thompson, 3 Meriv. 612. The King *v.* Wheeler, 2 Barnwell & Ald. 344. Moore *v.* Reid, 9 Johns. R. 521. Morrill *v.* Worthington, 14 Mass. R. 389. Newberry *v.* James, 2 Meriv. 446. *Ex parte* O'Reilly, 1 Ves. Jur. 112. Parsons *v.* Barnard, Same *v.* Wigton, 9 Johns. R. 144. It does not appear, that the editor has made any considerable additions to the former edition, except the case of Evans against Eaton, above referred to, and the very able judgments delivered by Mr Justice Story in the Circuit Court, which contain a great body of valuable learning on the law of patents, which have already appeared in Mr Gallison's and Mr Mason's reports, but which the reader may find it convenient to have collected in a single volume.

Art. XV.—*Constantinopolis und der Bosporos örtlich und geschichtlich beschrieben von Jos. von Hammer.*——*Constantinople and the Bosphorus topographically and historically described by Joseph von Hammer.* 2 vols: 8vo. Pesth. 1822.

Not a year has elapsed since this work was published in Hungary, and it is several months since the politeness of a friend favored us with a sight of perhaps the only copy of it, which has yet reached America. This rapid communication of literary intelligence is the great evidence, as it is the greatest engine of the civilization of our day; and we confess we look with added curiosity into a work not yet a year from the press, and reaching us from countries beyond the circle of our ordinary geography. Nothing illustrates more strongly the civilizing spirit of the christian religion, than to see one branch of the old race of Turkish Tartars—for such the Hungarians are—able to send forth publications like this from their provincial capital: while the other, politically speaking so much more important, constituting a powerful independent empire, are still substantially as barbarous, as when their ancestors, from the sides of the Altai mountains, sent ambassadors to Justinian.

Mr Von Hammer, the author of the work before us, was for a long time, at the head of the interpreters of the Austrian legation at Constantinople. No nation of Europe is brought so much into contact with the Turks, as Austria: for though the Russian empire bounds the Turkish, for a greater extent, yet the Austrian frontier is of much greater political consequence from the character of the population and the vicinity of the capital. The memory of the days is yet fresh, when Turkish armies knocked hard at the gates of Vienna; and the seat is still pointed out in the tower of St Stephen's church, in that city, where field marshall Stahremberg sat to direct the defence against the Mahometan besiegers. Though alarms like these are not likely to recur, the Austrian government has ever regarded its Turkish frontier as highly important, and a limitary militia of 80,000 men is stationed to defend it. The importance of the relations between the two powers is so great, that the Austrians have also imitated the example of the French government, and established a school for the education of interpreters in the Turkish

language and the other oriental tongues most connected with the Turkish, that it may not be obliged to depend in its negotiations on the mercenary and faithless services of the Greeks.

Mr Von Hammer is one of the most distinguished pupils of this school, and has long been at the head of the official interpreters of his government. The zeal, with which he magnifies the dignity of his calling, cannot be condemned: and his digression, in the second volume, on the antiquity and importance of the function of *interpreter*, if sometimes marked by extravagance, is nevertheless animated and instructive. We are not yet prepared, with Mr Von Hammer, to find the origin of the office of interpreter in the ancient doctrines of Egyptian and Persian theology; but it is quite plain that the great powers of Europe, who have the important relations of peace and war to negotiate with the Turks, must suffer great indignities in entrusting their diplomacy to the mercenary Greek subjects of the Porte; whose characters and situation are alike incompatible with the independent discharge of their duty to foreign employers. In fact, it is by no means to negotiations between Christians and Turks, that the pertinency of these remarks is limited. The English and American diplomacy has suffered, in the eyes of continental Europe, by a favorite practice of sending out ministers, who cannot speak the universal language of the continent; and it was pleasantly said by Napoleon of a certain legation, of which the head spoke no French and the secretary was hard of hearing, that 'the —— legation was deaf and dumb.'

Our readers may gain a little insight into our author's manner, by an extract containing an account of three distinguished interpreters in the service of the Porte.

'As a relief to the foregoing passages in the Turkish annals, relative to the ill treatment of European ministers and interpreters, one more shall be added from the same historians, as it is the only one, which bears honorable testimony to a foreign, and that an imperial German ambassador, in respect to the knowledge of eastern tongues. It is expressly stated by the Turkish historian Naima, that Negroni, who was sent as ambassador to Constantinople in 1608, spoke the Turkish, Persian, and Arabic languages. Had other European ambassadors imitated this example, much abuse, on the part of the drogomans, would have been restrained.

'It remains only to speak of the drogomans of the Porte, the real secretaries of state of the Ottoman empire, through whose hands all foreign negotiations pass; and of the fortunes and disasters recorded of them, in the Turkish histories. Imprisonment, confiscation, and the bow-string have as frequently been their reward, as wealth and the princedom of Moldavia and Wallachia. The three greatest interpreters of the Ottoman empire, lived in the seventeenth century, in the person of Graziani, Mavrocordato and Panajotti. The two last were Greeks, and the founders of the still existing princely families of Mavrocordato and Murusi. The family of the first, however, who seems to have been a native of Grätz, and who elevated himself, by great services to the princedom of Moldavia and the dukedom of Naxos, appears to have been extinguished in his own person. The less that has hitherto been known of the fortunes of the Gräzian, Graciano, who still retained this name as prince of Moldavia and duke of Naxos, the more are we bound by patriotic duty, to communicate what we have been able to learn of him from authentic sources. Casparo Graziani, (that is Caspar of Grätz), appears to have been properly named Chrunitsch, for a kinsman of Gratiani recommended for the school of linguists, by Starzer the imperial agent of the Porte, is called Peter Chrunitsch. Gratiani, as a servant of the archduke Ferdinand of Grätz, maintained a correspondence from Constantinople in 1612, with the secretary of the archduke and with the Spanish viceroy in Naples and Sicily, and he was recommended by Starzer, as his successor as agent to the Porte. He seems, however, to have preferred the Turkish service; for three years after, he appears with Achmet Kiaja and Mustapha Aga, as plenipotentiaries at the Vienna peace, which was signed in twelve articles, 14 July, 1615. As the imperial court was by no means contented with this first treaty, the Turkish plenipotentiaries, Achmet Kiaja and Gratiani, were retained till the subscription of a supplementary convention, which took place May 1, 1616, in the Italian, Hungarian, and Turkish languages. As a reward for the conclusion of this treaty, Gratiani received from the Turkish government the titles of duke of Naxos and count of Paros; an uncommon distinction, never bestowed on a Greek before or after him. The next year, 1617, Gratiani was sent to Vienna as plenipotentiary, to bring the ratification of the treaty of the preceding year and of the supplementary convention. Gratiani, although in the Turkish service, was less a traitor to his native land and sovereign than the imperial ambassador Negroni, praised above for his knowledge of the oriental tongues, who with his adjunct Buonuomo, a Genoese of the Pera, were detected

in treachery and unfaithfulness; and first made the necessity fully apparent of employing, instead of the faithless drogomans of the Pera, honest German interpreters, that should bar the intrusion of the Perotes into any important affairs.

'On his return from Vienna, Gratiani enjoyed the highest influence, and was appointed hospodar of Moldavia. In this post, he enticed the Poles to an invasion of the empire, and in a promiscuous conflict, was killed by a peasant, in whose house he had taken refuge. After Gratiani, who left no family behind him, his steps were followed exclusively by Greeks, as interpreters, ministers, and princes of Wallachia and Moldavia. The most distinguished after him was Panajotti the founder of the family of Murusi, who in 1650 entered into the imperial service, under the Swiss Schmid, at that time Austrian internuntio. Having afterwards married a lady from the noble Greek house of Cantacuzeni, he was elevated to the rank of nobility among the Genoese of Pera, and retaining his imperial salary of a thousand dollars, passed over as interpreter to the Porte, into the service of the Turks. After the peace of Candia in 1669, which he negotiated much to the satisfaction of the grand vizier, he received the revenues of the island of Mycone, and just before his death, in 1673, by means of his influence with the Porte, he obtained for the Greek communion, the care of the holy sepulchre at Jerusalem. To him succeeded Mavrocordato, a learned man and skilful negotiator, who was much employed in the negotiations between the Turks and the imperial court. Shortly after the execution of the grand vizier, Kara Mustapha Pacha, in 1683, he was thrown into prison and his property confiscated; but in 1689 he was sent with Sulfikar Effendi as ambassador to the imperial court, and in 1699 was plenipotentiary for the treaty at Carlowitz. As a testimonial of the satisfaction, which his services had given to all parties, he received from the emperor the patent of count of the empire, and from the sultan the rank of privy counsellor; and his son succeeded him as interpreter to the Porte.'

Mr Von Hammer, the author of the present work, is already advantageously known, for his learned publications of similar import. One of these appeared at Vienna in 1815, under the title,—'The Constitution and administration of the Ottoman empire, represented from its fundamental Laws,' a work of high repute on this topic.—Still earlier, viz. in 1811, Mr Von Hammer had published,—'Topographical views, collected on a voyage in the Levant;'—and in 1818, appeared from

the same diligent pen, 'Observations on an excursion from Constantinople to Brussa and Olympus, and thence back to Nice and Nicomedia.' The present work is to be regarded as a continuation of the latter. It contains the sum of his personal observations, connected with the fruit of his perusal of the former writers. It is easy to perceive the advantages, which Mr Von Hammer possessed for an undertaking like the present. He repeatedly traversed the city of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, in every direction, with Kaufer's guide in his hand; compared regularly the accounts of the Turkish writers, who alone communicate authentic information as to the erection, destination, and changes of the most considerable buildings; and diligently noted every local circumstance that offered itself, particularly in the way of inscriptions. After his return to Austria, the materials thus collected were exposed to diligent revision, and subjected to the test of a systematic perusal of the Byzantine historians.—Mr Von Hammer also observes, that after his departure from Turkey, he became possessed of a large work of travels from the pen of a native Turkish writer, Evlia Effendi, who had been brought up in the seraglio, which he had sought in vain in Constantinople, and from which he derived important assistance. The whole chapter on the gilds among the mechanics of Constantinople is copied from that writer.

Mr Von Hammer's work is of the same class with many German publications;—it perfectly exhausts the subject. A host of writers have preceded him, some writing quietly at home, and deriving their materials from the Byzantines and earlier authors; others recording the results of their own observations. Mr Von Hammer does both. A very long official residence at Constantinople gave him advantages, which few of the travellers possessed, and a thorough acquaintance with Turkish, Persian, and Arabic, with the learned languages of antiquity, and the most important ones in modern Europe, placed within his reach many facilities of personal observation, and the means of consulting native authors, which scarce any other traveller has enjoyed. In addition to this, Mr Von Hammer goes regularly to work to digest his materials, on a comprehensive plan and in the most systematic order. He reads the Byzantines through in course, as he tells us himself, 'with the pen in his hand,' to make an abstract or a note of

whatever might illustrate his subject, and thus performs the task which none of the writers, since Gylles and Du Cange, have attempted. Having accomplished the Byzantines, Mr Von Hammer next reads all the modern writers, English, Dutch, and German, Portuguese, Spanish, French, Italian and Latin, who have written on the subject. Whoever knows but little of Constantinople will perceive that it is purely his own fault, if he will but cast his eye over the formidable list of preceding writers of all nations and tongues, which Mr Von Hammer has furnished in his introduction We think it speaking within bounds to say that as much has been written, in modern Europe, on the single subject of Constantinople, as equals the whole amount of ancient Greek and Roman literature, which has descended to us.—It is somewhat curious that the first and the last of the works, which European ambassadors have published on the subject of Constantinople, should be thought to deserve the palm over all those of the intermediate writers.—Auger Gislen Busbec, commonly known as Busbequius, a native of the Netherlands, and imperial ambassador to the Porte, has described in a classical latinity the antiquities of the city, and did not disdain to do himself what most of the subsequent ambassadors have left to their chaplains or secretaries:—and count Andreossi, the late French ambassador at Constantinople, has given the world a topographical work, which, particularly in relation to the hydrography of the city, is equal to the best which has been written on this much described place.

It is doing the work of Mr Von Hammer no more than justice to say, that it is much the most useful, which we have seen on Constantinople and the Bosphorus, as it brings into a portable compass all that is contained in the ponderous tomes of Banduri and Du Cange; all that is valuable in the cloud of travellers, together with the fruits of better means of observation and of more diligent study, than almost any other writer can boast. In addition to what we have already stated in commendation of the work, may be added, that it contains one hundred and twenty Greek, Latin, Arabic, Persian, and Turkish inscriptions, in the original languages, and with accurate translations into German. With respect to one class of these, our author thus expresses himself:—

'With regard to the Turkish and Arabic inscriptions (except-

ing one or two in Comidas) no traveller has been at pains to collect them, either from ignorance of the languages or discouraged by the difficulties attending the transcribing of them on the spot. These difficulties, such as inaccessibility for Europeans, too great distance for short sight, sentinels who forbid approach, boys in the street pelting with stones, and females threatening blows with their slippers, difficulties, with which the author has repeatedly had to contend, are really so great, that in spite of all the pains he has taken, he has been unable to make his collection as perfect as he could wish.'

At the end of the work are found a very comprehensive and finely executed plan of the city of Constantinople and a beautiful map of the Bosphorus. The former, containing a very minute detail of Constantinople and its suburbs, was originally taken by geometrical survey in 1766, enlarged and improved by Kaufer, an engineer in the legation of the count Choiseul Gouffier in 1786, with new additions by M. Barbié du Bocage in 1821. It will be found, we think, the best plan of Constantinople in possession of the public.

Having thus endeavored to do ample justice to the merits of this work, we may be pardoned for mentioning one or two defects. The topographical plan, on which it is constructed, is perhaps the only one, that could be advantageously pursued in the description of a large city, but in combining historical notices and antiquarian accounts with this plan, sufficient care has not been taken to avoid repetition. Some things are stated thrice, and many twice. The whole section of 'Monuments,' had been anticipated in describing the places where they stand; and, what must be regarded as a still greater offence against plan, the detailed description is given under the topographical notice of the place where they respectively stand, while under the head of Monuments, a brief notice only is to be found. This defect, if it be one, would have been much less sensible, had there been any index to the work. In a book of this nature, abounding with facts that have only a local connexion, an ample register is indispensable. By the aid of this, it would have been easy for the reader to collect in one the scattered notices of the same thing. Without it, nothing but a diligent perusal of the whole work, with vigilant care and some exercise of the memory, are sufficient to assure the reader that he has possessed himself of all the information, which it con-

tains, on any given subject of inquiry. This is the more remarkable, as the German authors seldom neglect this essential appendage to a work of this kind; and well understand the vanity of a reproach sometimes cast on 'index learning:' a reproach generally uttered by book-ignorance. He who pretends to read the whole of all books, is a very great pretender.

The nature of Mr Von Hammer's work forbids the attempt of any thing like an analysis, but we have thought our readers would be pleased with a few translations from it. The first passage we select belongs to a very copious and interesting description of the ancient Hippodrome, called by the Turks, the *Atmeidan*, a name of similar import.

'The patron gods of the games of the circus and of the popular spectacles in general were—with Hercules the guide (Hodegetes) and Mercury the guardian of gymnastic games—the Dioscuri, who had the charge of fleet horses, and Neptune Zeuxippus, also called Conso, to whom Numa dedicated an altar, as the *adviser*. Apollonius, of Tyana, consecrated several of these statues in the hippodrome, as well as in other places in the city, and mysterious inscriptions were placed upon them, involving the future fortunes of the city. Other inscriptions indicated the places from which these statues were brought, with a forest of which Constantine adorned the hippodrome, when the city was rebuilt and the circus was repaired. They were torn from the temples and public places of Athens, Cyzicum, Cæsarea, Tralles, Sardis, Sebastia, Satalia, Chalcis, Antioch, Cyprus, Crete, Rhodes, Scio, Iconium, and Nicæa, to adorn the circus of the metropolis. Among these were particularly signalized the statue of Hercules Trihesperus, who, without bow, quiver, or club, reposed himself on the left knee, in which position the same figure, under the name of Al-Dschassi (Al-Gethi,) is still designated as a constellation in the heavens. This position of Hercules, sinking under the task imposed on him by Euristheus, was the type of the forms of this god, which Lysimachus first and forever set up. It was of such colossal dimensions, that the size of the thumb equalled that of a human body, and the calves of the legs were as high as a man. This work of art, like so many others, was broken up, by the western barbarians, the Latins, under Baldwin and Dandolo, to be cast into copper coin; a barbarism renewed by their descendants in the French revolution, but happily confined to bells.

In like manner, they annihilated the noblest works of art here to be seen: as *the ass and his driver*, brought to Constantinople

from Actium, afterwards Nicopolis, which Augustus had there erected, in memory of the well known occurrence which there befel him. Having gone out in the night, to reconnoitre the position of Antony, Augustus met a peasant driving an ass, and having inquired what was his name and whither he was going, the peasant replied, "My ass is named Nikon, (victorious,) and I Nicander, (victor,) and I am going to Cæsar's army." The happy omen contained in these words was commemorated by Augustus, and was appropriated by Constantine as a symbol of prosperity, together with the female wolf, which stood near it, suckling Romulus and Remus, the hippopotamus with scaly tail, the elephant, the man in contest with a lion, the hyæna of Antioch, the wild horse, the flying sphinges, and the monsters Scylla and Charybdis. All eyes were drawn towards the column, on which was an eagle, with overshadowing wings, in contest with a serpent, which he holds and rends in his talons, and which Apollonius of Tyana had set up as a talisman to protect the city from serpents.

'By the side of the ass of victory, the wolf of Romulus, and the eagle of Apollonius, there were several other talismans erected here, which, according to the various superstitions, served and protected the city, some by their presence, and some by their destruction. Thus in the spina of the hippodrome, in which direction the obelisk, the pillar, and the column consisting of three serpents entwined together, are still found, was placed a statue, with three heads, which represented the enemies of the empire. For this reason, the renowned seer and master of the secret sciences, John, in the reign of Michael, the successor of Theophilus, gave the emperor counsel to strike off a couple of heads from this statue; and when afterwards two rebels fell, it was made doubly clear that these heads had represented them. But as superstition dictated at one time to strike off the heads of these statues, it required at another that they should be restored and repaired. As the power of the empire at home and abroad declined, as sieges and rebellions threatened the metropolis, the emperor never failed to have recourse to the talismanic statues, and by repairing them sought to repair the strength of the state. For this reason, the Erymanthian boar, which stood in the hippodrome, was repaired in teeth and limbs, by way of securing the state against enemies and rebels. These talismanic traditions were transmitted to the Turks, and the power of expelling serpents ascribed to the eagle of Apollonius was attributed by them to the triple column of serpents, which is thought formerly to have supported the Delphic tripod. Mahomet II, on his entrance into the hippodrome, smote off one of its heads, but the serpents abound, as much as before, both without and within the walls of the city.'

We are a little surprised at the want of assurance, with which Mr Von Hammer speaks of the identity of this monument with the Delphic pillar. Some of the earlier travellers denied its identity, but the moderns, while they question the truth of the anecdote of Mahomet, have, almost without exception, allowed it to be the genuine relic of antiquity, which was taken among the spoils of the tent of Mardonius. Mr Hobhouse thus expresses himself on the subject :—'Le Chevalier is the last traveller, who, following Thevenot's pretended voyage, describes the serpents' heads forming the capital of the Delphic column of bronze, as having been struck off by a blow of Mahomet's battle axe. That such a story should ever have prevailed is extraordinary, since every traveller from Gyllius to Wheler, who has given a picture of it, describes the column as entire. The reputation of this monument has been various. Gyllius established, beyond all doubt, its identity with the column, supporting the Platean tripod at Delphi; Sandys noticed it without any remark; Smyth does not mention it at all; Wheler disputes its actual history, and supposes it to have been placed on the colossus structilis. In 1700, as Tournefort relates, the heads were gone, one having been struck off by the sultan Mourat; meaning probably Amurath IV, who died in 1639, and who could not have performed the exploit any more than Mahomet, as Wheler saw them entire after that period. The French traveller adds, that the others had been broken off and the pillar thrown down, and afterwards placed in its present situation. He in a great measure restores the monument to its ancient credit. Lady M. W. Montague beheld the heads again in 1717; but they had disappeared, when the hippodrome was seen by lord Sandwich, who mentioned the story of Mourat and disputed the antiquity of the column; Pococke notices the ruin of the capital, but without adding the story; and Chishull avers that "the serpents' heads, which *lately* terminated the pillar, were taken off privately by the servants of the *late* Polish ambassador." It is difficult to discover the precise period to which he alludes, and I presume that he speaks only of the two heads. Subsequent travellers have revived the story of Thevenot; but by way of compensation, the well known decision of our last great historian has stamped the authenticity of this venerable relic.'

We have quoted this passage, as giving a pretty good view of the opinions of the travellers. We would observe, by the way, that the reader may be misled by the term *capital*, applied to the serpents' heads, in this pillar. If we may trust sir George Wheler's representation in his plate, as copied in the second volume of Banduri, the column, consisting of the closely entwined bodies of the serpents, diverges and separates into three distinct necks and heads. Now in the extract we have made from Mr Hobhouse, that traveller denies that Mahomet II, or Amurath IV, who died in 1639, could have struck off a head, because sir G. Wheler afterwards saw them entire. And yet Mr Hobhouse finds no difficulty in the circumstance that lady M. W. Montague saw the heads in 1717, while Tournefort found them gone in 1700. As to the anecdote of Mahomet II, therefore, whoever is willing to credit Tournefort, that the heads were gone in 1700, though sir G. Wheler saw them entire in 1687, and lady M. W. Montague in 1717, may also believe that one was struck off by Mahomet II, and afterwards replaced.—The truth seems to us to be this. We have seen in the conclusion of the last extract from Mr Von Hammer, that several talismanic statues were standing in the hippodrome, among which were the Delphic pillar, another statue with three heads, and a wild boar; that these statues were held to personify enemies and rebels, and that as early at least as the ninth century, the practice began of striking off heads and members of these charmed statues, and afterwards restoring them. It is well known that the Turks inherited many of the Byzantine superstitions, being themselves very apt to entertain all such notions. That Mahomet should have been told of the superstitious import of these many headed columns and statues, by some treacherous Greek, in the moment of his entrance into the city, is quite natural; and it was surely no Herculean feat to smite off a head, which had been often before struck off and replaced, a process, that would necessarily lead to a weak and shattered juncture. The same superstition, which would lead to its being stricken off in imitation of former practices, would also have led to its being restored; and accordingly the account in Tournefort, that a head was struck off by Amurath IV, instead of contradicting, confirms the other anecdote, as showing the continuance of the practice. As there is also no reason to doubt that they were all standing in

the time of sir G. Wheler, all gone in 1700, all seen in 1717, and all missed by lord Sandwich, there seems to be very clear proof that the practice of striking them off and replacing them continued till a recent period; and it may be supposed that the heads became at last so loosely attached, that they could be struck off in any broil; as they appear at last to have been removed by the wantonness of the servants of the Polish ambassador. Meantime, as Mr Von Hammer leaves a little doubt on the identity of the pillar, we may subjoin the remarks of Gibbon, alluded to by Mr Hobhouse, referring those who would go more into the question, to the work of Gylles. 'The space,' says Gibbon, 'between the two metæ or goals was filled with statues and obelisks: and we may still remark a very singular fragment of antiquity, the bodies of three serpents twisted into one of brass. Their triple heads had once supported the golden tripod, which, after the defeat of Xerxes, was consecrated in the temple of Delphi by the victorious Greeks.'—To this passage Gibbon adds the following note: 'The guardians of the most holy relics would rejoice, if they were able to produce such a chain of evidence, as may be alleged on this occasion.* 1. The original consecration of the tripod and pillar in the temple of Delphi may be proved from Herodotus and Pausanias. 2. The Pagan Zosimus agrees with the three ecclesiastical historians, Eusebius, Socrates, and Sozomen, that the sacred ornaments of the temple of Delphi were removed to Constantinople by order of Constantine; and among these, the serpentine pillar of the hippodrome is particularly mentioned.' Gibbon adds a third consideration, which is superseded by our previous extract from Mr Hobhouse. This monument is now much defaced, being filled up with stones and rubbish. It is seven feet above ground, and being described by the early travellers as twelve in height, five feet of it are supposed to be buried. No relic of this kind can boast so great antiquity, and the evidence of its identity is more full and unbroken than that, on which most matters of question, in the history of the arts, are settled.

It is well known that many hopes have at times been entertained of discovering, within the seraglio, the library of the Greek emperors. The romantic Pietro della Valle reported that the Decardes of Livy, the work which generally does duty on

'* See Banduri ad antiquitat. Const. p. 668. Gyllius de Byzant, *l.* ii. c. 13.'

these wonderful occasions, were still latent within these inapproachable recesses. We have thought that our readers would be pleased with Mr Von Hammer's remarks on this subject: He is speaking of a part of the seraglio, which no European is allowed to enter, but of which Tavernier received an account apparently correct from one of the confidential train of the sultan.

'In the middle of the third vaulted room stood, in the time of Tavernier, a frame with a portrait of Charles V, and many books and manuscripts in European languages, from the library captured by Suleiman, the lawgiver, at the taking of Ofen.* With these relics of the library of Matthias Corvinus, thus laid up in the imperial archives, tradition has confounded the remnants of a library preserved from the time of the Greek emperors, and has raised delusive hopes in the minds of the curious, without the affair's yet being fairly settled, in the result of the latest investigations.

'Three clergymen, a Frenchman, an Italian, and an Englishman, the abbé Sevin, the abbate Toderini, and the dean Carlisle, have proposed, as the main end of their journey, the investigation of the library in the seraglio, without having been able fully to attain this object. The abbé Sevin received as answer, that the books had been burned. The abbate procured a catalogue of a library of oriental books existing in the seraglio, and Dr Carlisle succeeded, through the agency of lord Elgin, in examining the deposit and the books, in the oriental library, in the garden toward the harbor, connected with the mosque *Bostan Jamissi*. In this library, of course, he found no trace either of Greek or Latin manuscripts. Even should the report of Sevin, that the rest of the books had been burned, or that of the French minister Girardin, that they were, in his day, sold in Pera, be without foundation, and though in fact the remainder of the library of the Greek emperors were still in the seraglio, it certainly will not be in the library of the garden examined by Dr Carlisle, but in the library in the interior of the harem, where, as it is expressly stated in the national annals, all books, before scattered in the seraglio, are collected and united. As this passage, so important in the history of the seraglio library, was unknown to the abovementioned gentlemen, and for want of acquaintance with the language as inaccessible to them as the library itself, a literal translation from the original Turkish of Raschid is subjoined. "Inasmuch as the numberless precious books and beautiful manuscripts, which, from the foundation of

* The German name of Pesth, where Mr Von Hammer's work was published.

the Ottoman empire to the present time, [1718,] have, from every quarter, some given and some purchased, been preserved in the inner treasury of the sultan, and covered with the dust of forgetfulness in the corners of their cases, been the prey of worms and moths, the greater part of them were in this wise destroyed, and from the impossibility of lending them rendered useless, even to the studious persons of the inner court. His majesty, the emperor, enlightened by the allwise God, held it not right that such an amount of books should remain imprisoned in the corners of forgetfulness and withdrawn from the sight of those, who are zealous to learn. He reflected, that a prudent man would not willingly place himself in a situation to be obliged, at the day of judgment, to give an account for the inconsiderate incarceration of books, and he therefore thought it good to erect a library in the interior of the imperial court, and to deposit all the books and entire manuscripts contained in the imperial vaults, in this library, and to impart the knowledge of them to such of the inmates of the imperial court, as were able to embrace it. In consequence of this, by virtue of an order addressed to the grand vizier, the work was begun, and after the necessary preparations for the building, in the month Rebiulewwel, the grand vizier, the mufti, the two judges of the army, and the chief the emirs were invited to the serai. His majesty, the sultan himself, took a stone in his most excellent hand, to lay the foundation, and the abovenamed dignitaries followed the sublime example, in laying each a stone. In this manner, the foundation of the imperial library was made on the site of a kiosk, built on marble pillars two hundred years ago for the contentment of the preceding sultans, touching on the one side the innermost chamber; on the other, the hall of pilgrimage; on the other, the chamber of the laundry; on the other, the hall of audience. By such good works, the general prayer and benediction of the people is deserved.

"After the imperial library, whose foundation is above related, was finished, on the 10th of Moharrem, in the year of the hegira 1131, [A. D. 1719] the grand vizier, the mufti, the viziers of the empire, (the three tailed pachas,) the judges of the army, and the chiefs of the emirs were invited to the seraglio. When they were assembled in the library, his majesty, the sultan, the refuge of the world, deigned to assume the throne erected in the library, and to vouchsafe to all present a nod of gracious salutation. The former cadi of Scutari, Fasil Selim Effendi, appointed as teacher of the common school at this library, with a salary of two hundred aspers daily, placed himself in the middle of the assembly, upon the cushion, to instruct some intelligent youths of the pages of the seraglio,

in the elements of religion. He expounded the first sura of the Koran, (*Fatiha*, the opener) and, illuminated with the light of inspired truth the hearts of all present. Whereupon the sheiks (the preachers of the seraglio) began the prayers, at the end of which his majesty, the sultan, bestowed on his highness the grand vizier, his eminence the mufti, their excellencies the viziers, judges, and chiefs of the emirs, sable dresses; and on their honors the sheiks, full purses."

'If these passages were to be construed literally, it would destroy the hope of ever finding Greek manuscripts in the library of the seraglio, inasmuch as they speak only of books presented or bought, since the foundation of the Ottoman empire. It is by no means certain, however, that the books existing in the royal palace at the capture of Constantinople were not included among them, and in this case, a faint hope may still be entertained, of recovering hereafter some manuscripts, from the remains of the library of the Hungarian kings or Greek emperors. The latter library, however, was already so much diminished by fires and other disasters, that if its remains have been wholly destroyed since the capture of Constantinople, it cannot be supposed that any great treasures have perished. The case is much the same with this, as with the Alexandrian library, which Omar burned. There is no doubt that Omar, according to the testimony of several Arabic writers, burned whatever books were remaining at Alexandria, but fires and accidents had already destroyed the greater part of the Ptolemæan library.'

We have prolonged this extract for the sake of quoting the opinion, at its close, relative to the destruction of the library at Alexandria, which, since Gibbon's time, has been regarded as doubtful. One of Gibbon's arguments against the received opinion is, that it rests on the authority of one Arabic writer, Abulpharagius, living three centuries after the supposed event. Mr Von Hammer asserts it, however, on the authority of 'several Arabic writers,' and quotes in a note to this sentence 'Ibn Chaledun, in his encyclopædian survey of the sciences of the East.' How much weight Ibn Chaledun may carry with him, we are unable to say, but the opinion appears in general to be reviving among the learned, that the tradition of a destruction of a library at Alexandria by Omar, has at least a foundation in fact. Neither Gibbon nor our author, in the passage quoted, distinguish between the Ptolemæan library in the Bruchion and the second great Alexandrian library in the Serapeum. That the remains of the latter were preserved, when the Serapeum was converted into a church, there can be

little doubt. Nor is there any reason to think with Gibbon, that the new library in the church, built on the ruins of the Serapeum, 'was confined to the volumes of the Arian and Monophysite controversy.' All our stores of classical learning have been transmitted through these ecclesiastical channels; nor does Eunapius, in relating with great bitterness the destruction of the Serapeum by the monks, intimate that any ravages were committed on the books. Moreover in the two centuries, which elapsed between the destruction of the Serapeum and the capture of Alexandria by Omar, there is every probability that accessions would be made to the church library of the city, and that when this fanatical chief was exercising the powers of a conqueror, he should have given the mandate for the destruction of the books, 'which were impious, if they contradicted the Koran, and useless, if they agreed with it.' Subsequent and ill informed writers who heard of this might confound it with the destruction of the great Ptolemæan library, which had taken place by a series of disasters much earlier. This is the view taken of the subject in Mr Heeren's work on the *study of classical literature*, and appears best to solve the difficulties of the question.

Notwithstanding the reputed intolerance of the Turks, three forms of the Christian religion exist and are protected, at the capital, viz: the Greek, Armenian, and Roman Catholic, the churches of which latter communion are confined to the suburbs of Pera and Galata, being chiefly the resort of the Franks, there residing. The Greek church possesses great importance, not only on account of the religion of the original population of all the European and a part of the Asiatic portion of the Turkish empire; but also on account of the diffusion of the Greek church, throughout the vast territories of Russia. The spiritual dominion of the Greek patriarch is accordingly very extensive, and, at the present day, scarcely inferior to that of the pope, even ascribing to the latter the religious sovereignty of the Spanish colonies. The following is Mr Von Hammer's account of the patriarchal church at Constantinople.

'The *Patriarchate* which bears, at the present day, the name of St George, has, in the progress of time, more than once altered its patron saint and its situation. For some time after the conquest by the Turks, the patriarch Gennadius, with whom Mahomet II entered into a controversy, had his seat at the church of the apostles. Not thinking himself longer safe, on account of a murder

there perpetrated, he fled to the Fanal, as it is now called, where he fixed his seat at the church of the *Supremely Blessed*, built by Michael, the Tarchaniote and Maria Ducaina Palæologina. Here the sacred bodies of the saints Euphemia and Salome were preserved, the pillar to which our Lord was bound at the scourging, the arm chair of St John Chrysostom, inlaid with mother of pearl, and the tomb of the Greek emperor Alexius Comnenus. If this be correct, the emperor must have been removed from the convent of our Savior, *the Philanthropist;* and the body of St Euphemia from the church which bore her name in the Hippodrome. For in these places severally was Alexius Comnenus buried, and the body of St Euphemia preserved. The latter was first brought, in the year 440, from Alexandria to Constantinople, where the monument transpired blood on the anniversary of her martyrdom. The emperor Maurice, who suspected some fraud, caused every thing about the tomb to be removed, but still the miracle continued. The body, at that time, reposed in a church at Chalcedon, where other miracles also took place. Constantine Copronymous, the sworn foe of miracles and saints, caused the monument and the body of St Euphemia to be cast into the sea. It, however, floated down to the isle of Lemnos, and, being there picked up, was brought back to Constantinople in 766. Henceforward the monument never ceased to transpire odorous ointments. The church where the body was deposited is probably that, which was converted into a powder magazine in 1464, under Bajazet II; by occasion of which transformation, the body of the saint may have been removed to the patriarchate, as the pillar of the Flagellation was transported from the church of the Agony, when that church was converted into a mosque. On high festivals, the patriarch occupies the arm chair of St John Chrysostom; on other days, he is seated in a smaller chair. Opposite to him are placed two large arm chairs, covered with scarlet, as places of honor for the hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, who are always absent, or present at most but a few days, after their appointment. On both these princely chairs is a white cross and the Russian eagle, as also on the arm chair of the patriarch. The twelve seats about the patriarch are for the metropolitans, and those opposite for the archons, or noble Greeks of the Fanal. Females are placed behind the grate. The pictures on the wall of the chancel are those of our Savior, of the Virgin, the archangel Michael, and the saints Minas and George.

'The service of the patriarchal church is performed by twelve priests, who live in the house adjoining the patriarchate. In this house are two halls of council, in one of which, meetings of the patriarch and his priests are held every Tuesday and Friday, for

the current business of the church; in the other, extraordinary concerns and great affairs are administered by the council of the nation, consisting of the twelve metropolitans of the Byzantine church. The patriarch has a guard of jannisaries, and the power of imprisonment for violation of his orders. The prison immediately joins the patriarchate under the quarters of the jannisaries. In the portico of the church, on the walls, are represented the scenes of future punishment and reward, in the most glaring colors, and with the most extraordinary detail of circumstances. The lower regions have their divisions and compartments, much in the way in which Dante has described them, who, perhaps, borrowed his conception from some such painting. To prevent any doubt, as to the personality of the individuals, their names are generally attached to them. Diocletian, Maximian, and Julian are conspicuous; here and there the calpac of a drogoman is seen peeping through the flames, and in the more daring frescos of the churches on the *Princes' Islands*, the hat of a hospodar may be discerned, in the same predicament. The idea of these paintings dates from the early ages of the Byzantine church. In the middle of the ninth century, the painter Methodius painted for the prince of the Bulgarians church pictures of this description, representing the last judgment and its various scenes of retribution.'

From Mr Von Hammer's account of the schools, colleges, and libraries at Constantinople, more care would seem to be bestowed by the Turks on education, than they have usually had credit for. Of primary schools, in which nothing but reading and the common prayers are taught, there are, according to a Turkish writer, whom he quotes, 1653, of which the most respectable are enumerated in this work. Nor is the number less in proportion of the *Midreses*, or high schools, which the sultans, in imitation of the Arabian caliphs, have endowed with great liberality. Were Europe now sunk in the barbarity of the middle ages, the colleges of Constantinople might share the reputation of those of Bagdad or Cordova. The second sultan of the Ottoman line, Orchan, converted a church in Aidos into a college in 1327, and three years after founded another at Nicæa. He built and endowed several other similar institutions at Brussa, and his example was followed by his successors, in all the large cities, which they captured in Asia and Europe. After the conquest of Constantinople, Mahomet II attached a college to St Sophia's, and eight

others to the mosque which he built, and which bears his name. The latter are called, by excellence, *The Eight*, and stand four on the right side and four on the left of the outer court of the Mohamedije. In founding these institutions, Mahomet II organized the whole plan of study, and the career of the teachers.—The *Talib*, (disciple,) who has completed his studies, and devotes himself to the office of a teacher, becomes professor, either of mathematics (*Riasat*) or metaphysics (*Kelam*), with a stipend of twenty aspers daily. After this he succeeds, with thirty aspers, to the chair of rhetoric and jurisprudence, (*Miftah* and *Sadrescheriat.*) With forty aspers he proceeds to the higher metaphysics or *Mekawif*, and to the doctrine of tradition, called *Makassid*. With fifty aspers he is regularly promoted to the chair of *Hedajet*, (the name of the most famous law treatise among the Turks,) of which he explains the doctrines. Of these three degrees—of thirty, forty, and fifty aspers—the first is called the *externals*, the second, the *internals*, the third, the *octaves*, that is, 'belonging to the eight colleges of the court of the Mohamedije.' This gradation must be gone through by all. Behind the eight colleges of the Mohamedije are the places of abode for the students, of which there are as many as there are days in the year, and a cell for each.

Mr Von Hammer enumerates twenty libraries of the Turks at Constantinople, without disputing the accuracy of d'Ohsson, who gives them at thirty-five. They contain, besides the works of the renowned Persian and Arabic poets, and a few national chronicles, chiefly expositions and commentaries on the Koran, and works of Mahometan jurisprudence, a mixed system of legal, customary, and ritual tradition.

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A Sermon delivered in the Centre Church, New Haven, Sept. 12, 1822, at the Ordination of Rev. W. Goodell, William Richards, and Artemas Bishop, as Evangelists and Missionaries to the Heathen, by S. Miller, D. D.

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[The foregoing work is entitled to the name of a new French Dictionary, containing more in it than any of the English editions of Boyer. The latter, it is notorious, are deficient in the important article of phrases: which in this edition have been liberally supplied from approved sources. It is correctly printed, and highly deserving the patronage of the Amercan public. The second or English-French part is also in course of publication.]

IN PRESS.

Military Journal during the American Revolutionary War, &c. by James Thatcher, M. D. late Surgeon in the American army.

Elements of Astronomy, for the use Schools and Academies. By J. H. Wilkins. 2d Edit.

Oliver Everett has in the Press and will shortly publish

The Greek Reader, by Frederic Jacobs, Professor at the Gymnasium in Gotha, Editor of the Anthologia, &c. from the Seventh German edition, adapted to the translation of Buttmann's Greek Grammar, with notes and a Lexicon in English; by Edward Everett.

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NEW SERIES, NO. XIV.

APRIL 1823.

ART. XVI.—*Notizie varie sullo stato presente della Republica degli Stati Uniti dell' America settentrionale, scritte, al principio del* 1818, *dal Padre Giovanni Grassi, della compagnia di Gesù.* Edizione seconda. Milano, 1819.

A BOOK of travels in the United States, written by a Jesuit, published at Rome, and reprinted at Milan, is in itself a novelty not to be passed over without notice. These are not the only peculiarities of the publication now under consideration. It is recommended by a still more extraordinary circumstance: it is a *pamphlet.* This we mention as matter of congratulation to our readers, not doubting that they will fully participate in the complacency with which, after the scores of folios, quartos, and octavos we have had to grapple withal, we hail the appearance of this literary anomaly, 'a pamphlet of travels.' They need not to be reminded that amplification is the crying fault of writers of the present day. So rare, indeed, is the opposite quality become, that we are almost ready to pronounce the '*densus et brevis*' in composition, like charity among the virtues, the sum and substance of all excellence. We may, however, solace ourselves with the reflection, that the fault we complain of is not peculiar to our own times; at least we may infer as much from the practice of those sturdy reviewers, the curate and barber in Don Quixote, who have left us an admirable sample of practical criticism. We are informed that these worthies, after having condemned a great number of

authors, one by one, to the flames, at length, ' without giving themselves the trouble of reading any more titles, ordered the housekeeper to dismiss *all the large books* into the yard.' We do not intend to hint that it will ever become expedient to purge our modern libraries after the manner of these primitive critics, but merely to premise, that if we are more indulgent to this ' little book,' than strict justice would seem to require, we think it a sufficient apology, that it does not offend in the particular above mentioned.

Father Grassi, the author of this treatise, resided some years in the United States, in the capacity of superior of the Catholic seminary at Georgetown in the District of Columbia. On his return he was persuaded by his friends to publish the result of his observations, with a view, as his editor expresses it, ' to give an idea of the rapid progress that country is already making in commerce, population, manufactures, *the Catholic religion*, and every other species of improvement.' This last topic and the subjects connected with it occupy a large portion of the book; the remainder being principally made up of very general statements relating to the climate, soil, and productions of the United States, taken from the common statistical tables, and from a letter of our obliging countryman, Dr Mitchell. These are interspersed with such personal observations as the reverend author had opportunity to make within the limits of the District of Columbia—for he does not appear to have extended his researches far beyond them—together with the gossip of the vulgar, which he has adopted with a degree of credulity altogether surprising. We have had our doubts, so extravagant are some of the absurdities detailed by father Grassi, whether he had himself been duped, or had a mind to make his countrymen a little merry at our expense. The latter conclusion would have been the most desirable, as being more honorable to the writer, and by no means offensive to ourselves, for we are so much the friends of good humor, as to be ready to forgive it under almost any shape. But the profession of the author and the grave character of the work forbad this interpretation. We leave it to our readers to determine, from the translations we propose to give of certain portions of the book, what foundation there is for the first supposition. The coarse jests and broad caricatures, which the good father has, with overweening simplicity, retailed, are not

quoted either for their novelty or spirit. We have thought it not amiss, however, to take this opportunity to show how much of the misrepresentation we impute to foreigners is the reflected picture, which in the excitement of party animosity or local prejudice, we have drawn of ourselves. While the various sects, religious and political, as well as the different sections of our country, are but too willing to paint their neighbors in ridiculous, not to say odious colors, it should not be matter of surprise or complaint, that their distorted portraits are copied by the credulous or illiberal traveller, to the infinite disadvantage of our national character. That the feelings of father Grassi are unfriendly to us, as a nation, we are far from believing; on the contrary, his observations, on points where his religious prejudices do not operate, denote an artlessness of character quite inconsistent with such a presumption. The following remarks will perhaps excite a smile.

'In respect of food, I can truly say, that after having been in most of the countries of Europe, in my judgment, the mass of the people is no where better provided for than in America, where both flesh and fish are very abundant. The French, who have been there, have justly observed, that in the United States one sees literally fulfilled the wish, which did so much honor to Henry IV of France, who was used to declare, "that he should not think himself happy until each of his subjects had every Sunday a fowl in the pot." I cannot say that this country is equally well furnished in the article of drink, which consists of *whiskey* (a sort of brandy,) rum, and other distilled spirits, mixed with water. Wine is very dear, and beer exceedingly rare.' p. 10.

This reminds us of the remark we have somewhere seen of a French traveller in Ireland:—'Le vin ordinaire de ce pays-ci,' he observes, 'est un boisson execrable, que l'on appelle *viski*.'

After some further remarks on the productions and resources of the United States, the author proceeds to state generally the number of inhabitants, and then adds:

'About a seventh part of the actual population are negroes, who are held in slavery, in open contradiction to one of the first articles of the general constitution of this republic, which declares freedom to be a privilege inherent in man, and inalienable. It cannot be denied, however, that there are many power-

ful reasons against granting liberty to the blacks in a mass. It must not be supposed, that the shores of the American republic are at this day disgraced by the inhuman spectacle of ships discharging cargoes of the miserable victims of human avarice. The present race of negroes in the United States are the descendants of those Africans, who in former times were transported from their native country to the colonies of the New World. The importation of slaves from abroad is now prohibited under severe penalties, but nevertheless, the internal traffic in these unhappy beings still continues. Men are sold to their fellow men, and in the land of liberty, we but too often hear the mournful clank of servile chains. In many states the negroes are kindly treated, and better fed than the peasants of Europe, but in many others they are left in a total ignorance of religion; no attention is paid to their morals; they are never baptized, nor joined in the holy bands of wedlock. The sordid master asks but their labor, and then leaves them like brutes to the blind impulse of their passions, and to follow vices and superstitions that exceed belief. This applies principally to the southern states; in the more northern ones, slavery is abolished, and the example begins by degrees to be imitated elsewhere.' p. 17.

As a counterpart to the foregoing, we shall translate a sketch from the north, which occurs afterwards in describing the character of the people of our country.

'Among the inhabitants of the United States, those of New England are regarded as thorough knaves, practised in the most artful deception, and are nicknamed *Yankis*. The great number of small dealers, who distribute themselves from this quarter into all the other states, and resort to every art and device to get money, has brought this reputation upon the Yankis, an appellation which the English bestow indiscriminately on all Americans. It is very certain,' adds the doctor, 'that to deal with this sort of people, requires no little shrewdness and a pretty exact acquaintance with their laws in relation to contracts. But it seems to me,' he adds with an appearance of candor, which we fear he did not learn at Georgetown, 'it seems to me unjust to apply a reproach, which belongs to individuals, or at most to a class of persons, to all the inhabitants of those states.' p. 29.

After the preceding samples, the reader will not be entirely unprepared for the following description of American manners.

'The unrestrained freedom which obtains, the drunkenness which abounds, the rabble of adventurers, the great number of

negro slaves, the almost infinite variety of sects, and the little real religion that is met with, the incredible number of novels that are read, and the insatiate eagerness for gain, are indeed circumstances, that would hardly give reason to expect much in point of manners. At first view, however, one is not aware of the depravity of this country, because it is hidden for a time under the veil of an engaging exterior. But it is not difficult to discern it, when a little familiar with the inhabitants, particularly in the cities. The vices of gaming and drunkenness prevail there to a degree altogether incredible in Italy, and frequently prove fatal in their consequences, not only to the individual, but to whole families. Their general intercourse is civil, but notwithstanding this civility, not a few among them commit frequent breaches of good manners. To pare the nails, for instance, or comb the head in company; to sit with the feet resting on the nearest chair, or braced against the wall in the air, are not considered indecorous. When a stranger is introduced into company, he is pointed out by name, and presented in turn to each individual present. Friends who meet, even after an absence of many years, never embrace, but merely shake hands. Mothers have the laudable habit of nursing their own children, a custom which would be still more praiseworthy, if performed with a little more reserve. The richest individuals do not disdain to hold the plough or the spade in their own fields, and to take their meals with the laborers. Luxury in dress is carried to a degree hardly known in Europe; they dress in the country with the same expense as in town, and on holidays rich clothing forms not the smallest indication of the circumstances of the wearer.

'Dancing is the most common recreation in America, where the passion for this diversion seems to be even as strong as in France. An absurd point of honor gives rise to frequent duels, and to evade the rigor of the laws, the parties retire to the frontiers of some neighbouring state for the purpose of deciding their quarrels in this barbarous, shocking, and superstitious manner, in which the aggressor is frequently triumphant, and the injured party has the satisfaction to be left wounded, crippled, or perchance dead.' p. 30.

We take from the author's remarks on education those which relate to the female sex.

'The education of young ladies rarely consists in learning the use of the needle or the spindle, or in working linen or woollen stuffs; but as soon as they are taken from the English school, they never fail to learn to dance, and sometimes a few lessons in music, drawing, and perhaps French complete their education.

It is of no moment that this is forgotten in the course of a few weeks. Their vanity is satisfied in being able to say that they have studied music, drawing, and French.'—p. 25.

From the observations on literature we select those which relate to public speaking, as the most remarkable.

'Greek and Latin are generally cultivated, but with very few exceptions, not in a sufficient degree to give a perception or taste for the beauties of the great masters of Greece and Italy, otherwise could it be possible that in the public prints they should boast of the Columbiad of Barlow, as a poem equal, nay superior, to Homer and Virgil, and the speeches of their representatives as models of eloquence infinitely above those of Demosthenes and Cicero?* It is not to be denied, that the Americans express themselves with great facility and elegance, and sometimes display fine traits of real eloquence. In short, after gold, this is their idol; but of the various branches which, according to the greatest masters, make up the art of speaking well, elocution is the one on which they bestow the greatest care. Provided a speaker or writer deals in choice expressions, elegant phrases, and harmonious periods, nothing more is required to stamp him as a great orator, however deficient he may be in the richness of invention, felicity of thought, weight of sentiment, force of argument, accuracy of arrangement, and command of the passions, which would be required elsewhere.'—p. 39.

In the foregoing extracts, the reader has found little to flatter national vanity; but we have translated them, not only with a view to show how much injustice may be done with the most honest intentions, but because we think his discrimination will discern, through a great deal of prejudice and misapprehension, not a little wholesome truth. It cannot be necessary to comment upon this part of father Grassi's treatise. If we feel that any of his strictures are just, we have only to profit by them, and where we know them to be otherwise, it can give little satisfaction to ourselves, and will add nothing to our real merit, to refute them. We now proceed to notice the reverend author's observations on the religious character of the United States; and here we are sorry to be obliged to say,

* It were well if this rodomontade were confined to newspapers, but strangers may well call our taste in question when they see a grave biographer quote, as a most happy illustration of the powers of a late distinguished southern orator, what was said of him by another orator from the same state, namely, that 'he was Shakspeare and Garrick combined.'

that on this subject, although he loses none of his credulity, he leaves all his candor and moderation behind him. It must not be supposed that, at this period of the world, we look for a great degree of either of the above qualities in theological discussions. But we own we did not expect to see stale jokes from the jest books brought out and gravely applied in illustration of the religious character of a nation. We admit that, if one half the abuse which father Grassi complains of has been bestowed upon the Catholics by the American protestants, the account stands pretty fairly balanced between them. This, however, is not to our present purpose, and we do not intend to enter into the controversy any further than to explain the feelings which dictated the following statements. After bestowing due praise on the perfect toleration, which is not only professed but observed in the United States, he proceeds to remark:

"Among the peculiarities of America which have attracted the notice of travellers, few are more striking than, that people frequently live for years together without ever knowing the religion of each other, and when interrogated upon that point they do not answer, *I believe*, but I was *brought up* in such a sect or religion. But in order to give a better idea of the consideration in which religion is held, I shall state a few facts. There was a regiment stationed at Georgetown, a suburb of the flourishing city of Washington, and among other regulations the soldiers were required to attend church every sabbath. But as they were of various persuasions, it was difficult to determine what church or congregation they should attend. So the affair was compromised in the following way. They went the first Sunday to the Catholic Chapel, the next to the Methodists, on the third to the English, then to the Calvinists, and so on through them all in succession. It is not uncommon to find persons who have professed all the *sects*, and the reasons for these changes are diverting enough. A young lady related of herself, that she took it into her head that that must needs be the best religion whose professors were the most genteel folks in the city. She was brought up in I know not what sect, but observing every Sunday a greater number of carriages before the congregational meeting-house than any where else, she forthwith became a Congregationalist. Her parents changed their place of residence, and she her religion, because she observed more carriages near the English Church. The family again removed, and by the standard of carriages she was again converted. At length she was

married, and took the creed of her husband. It is not uncommon to see parents who do not think it best to instruct their children in the principles of Christianity, but are satisfied with giving them notions of natural honesty, observing, that the children at the proper time can choose the sect that shall be most to their taste; accordingly, you may frequently see in a family as many sects as individuals. In New England the sects are more rigid than elsewhere, consequently various superstitions and vain observances are there most in vogue, and the *Sticks Doctors*, or 'doctors of the rods,' find here the greatest encouragement for their impositions."—p. 63.

What particular class of dignitaries is intended by father Grassi under the English name of *Sticks Doctors*, or '*dottori dalle bacchette*,' we are entirely unable to conjecture, although we have run over all the titles of honor in law, physic, and divinity, in which, thanks to the liberality of our literary institutions, we may hold up our heads with any nation, ancient or modern. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to furnish an explanation for themselves.

'Notwithstanding,' continues our author, 'the indifference which prevails among these various sects, there appears, particularly at the north, a great display of piety. Every body reads the bible, and in New-England no traveller, not excepting a courier, is allowed to proceed on his journey on Sunday, and they are every year presenting memorials to Congress to prohibit travelling on the Lord's day. The captain of the vessel in which I sailed from America to Europe, would not allow the passengers to play at *Domino*, nor sing on the Sabbath, at the same time that he permitted all sorts of indecency and profanity among the sailors, and happening to arrive in port on a Sunday morning, he kept them hard at work all day without the smallest necessity. Anciently the observance of fasts at the north was carried to a most extravagant height. There still remain in several states laws relating to religious worship, which insist strongly on the observance of the third commandment. These laws, though still in existence, are not now strictly enforced, and are called Blue Laws, of which the following may serve as a specimen. 'To the end that the Sabbath may be more exactly observed, it is enjoined on those who intend to go to church, to saddle their horses the day before. On fast days the ladies will not be permitted to scour the floor, make the beds, or comb the children's heads—No beer to be made on the Saturday, lest it should work on the Sunday.'"—p. 68.

We regret that the wag who furnished the doctor with these extracts should have given him so poor a sample of this venerable code, for we think there is scarce a lad of any cleverness among us who would not have been able to invent a better. Having displayed a general view of the state of religion among us, father Grassi attempts to enumerate the different sects in the United States, which he names in Italian as follows: Congregazionalisti, Metodisti, Anglicani, Presbiteriani, Anabaptisti, Universalisti, Unitari, Luterani, Puritani, Quacqueri, Dunkers e Chrystiani. All these are passed upon in turn, with appropriate denunciations, and the author then proceeds to consider the style of preaching in our country.

'The passion for elegant preaching is universal in this nation, and some traveller has remarked, that religion here reduces itself into the mere fondness for fluent preachers. Hence the great end of their ministers is preaching, that is to say, a polished diction, which flatters and sooths the ear; their sermons are more commonly the essays of philosophers, than the discourses of Christian pastors, and not unfrequently political rhapsodies, suited to the taste of the majority of the audience. They affect an air of great indifference, to which they give the plausible name of liberality towards other sects, but commonly conclude with "my hearers, stick to your own." That the Catholic religion is the only one which rarely participates in their liberality, will not appear strange to those who are acquainted with them. It is indeed matter of surprise, that men of honest principles, and some of them not without sense and information, should persist in the grossest prejudices and the most absurd errors in regard to the Catholic religion. Our astonishment will subside, however, when we reflect, that in addition to the force of education, and early impressions, the circumstances of the American protestants are very different from those of the German and English. In these countries the walls of their temples, the inscriptions on the tombs of their ancestors, the sacred relics that are preserved, the many monuments which still exist, the books that are in his hands remind the protestant that he has renounced the religion of his fathers, and reproach him as it were with his heresy and apostacy. But in America, there is nothing of all this—all is new, and in many parts they have heard nothing for two hundred years but a repetition of the prejudices and calumnies against the Catholics, which their fathers have handed down to them; there, a catechism is never seen; there, so much as a Catholic preacher is never heard.'

Had our author confined himself to remarks like the foregoing, we should not have thought him deserving of very serious reprehension. That a stranger, particularly a native of a Catholic country, should be surprised, not to say scandalized, at the little regard that is here paid to the established modes of belief, and the apparent indifference that prevails as to forms of worship, is not wonderful. We admit the fact, and are by no means prepared to repel the censure. It is one of the evils incident to unlimited toleration. We should be glad to find as good an apology for the insertion of low and vulgar abuse, which is applied to particular sects merely on the authority of some prating story-teller, or scandalous newspaper. We select an instance from his account of the Methodists.

'I have seen in print the following dialogue between a shopkeeper and his domestic, both Methodists. *William*, have you sanded the sugar, lad? Yes, sir. Have you watered the spirit? Yes, sir. Have you wet the tobacco well? Yes, sir.—Come to prayers, then.'

We shall take two other anecdotes of the same character, which we think will suffice.

'Three years ago a minister of the Church of England in Maryland, substituted cider (a liquor made of apple juice) for wine in the ceremony of the Lord's Supper. The fraud being afterwards detected, and charged upon him, he replied with the utmost coolness, "that wine was dear, and it was all the same thing." One of their ministers confessed candidly, that the Catholic religion was the true one, but he had four strong objections to it. Pray what are they? he was asked. A wife and three children to support, was his reply.'

We believe our readers are by this time pretty well apprized of what father Grassi considers canonical. His doctrine of reform is simple, if it has no other recommendation. If his word may be taken, our course is plain before us, and but one thing is wanting to draw us from the depths of barbarism and heresy to the safe ground of orthodoxy and refinement. We cannot but respect the zeal of father Grassi, and have no doubt he is perfectly sincere in his professions. We are really afraid, however, that Martin and Jack are not yet prepared to take it for truth, even upon the assurance of Peter, 'that bread contains the quintessence of beef, mutton, veal, venison, partridge, plum pudding, and custard.' The work closes with an ac-

count of the various Catholic establishments, and a general view of the progress and present state of that religion in this country. The following description of their principal seminaries and religious houses is not without interest.

'The fathers of the society of Jesus, besides their missions, have in Georgetown, near Washington, in a charming situation, a College for the education of youth, which was authorised by an act of the first of March, 1815, to confer academical degrees, as is done by other colleges and universities in this country. It is owing to a want of students that this order has not kept up the school they opened at New York, under the title of the Literary Institution, where they still own the building destined to that use. The priests of St Sulpice have a respectable college at Baltimore, on which the Legislature of Maryland has bestowed the privileges of an university. They have also a house of education at Emitzburg. The English Dominicans have a convent in Kentucky, with a school and church under the title of St Rosa di Lima, and in 1816 had four students in theology, besides a few probationers. Several gentlemen have lately arrived from Italy in the western states, from the mission of St Vincenzo di Paolo, and are only waiting the arrival of the bishop of New Orleans to commence an establishment. There are, besides these, several other religious communities in America, the most ancient of which is the nunnery of mendicant Carmelites, of the reform of St Teresa. Three nuns of this order had the courage to leave their English convent at Antwerp, and cross the great Atlantic to establish a nunnery here; in a few years their numbers increased to twenty-six. Their nunnery, which is entirely of wood, is situated near Port Tobacco in Maryland. Archbishop Neal, full of zeal for the education of youth, has established in Georgetown a society of nuns of the visitation, who superintend the religious education of little girls. In a short time this society increased to the degree, that last summer it consisted of thirty-six nuns. Another establishment for the same object has been founded by the abbé Dubois in Emitzburg. Some of these sisters have gone from Emitzburg to Philadelphia, where they have the care of a foundling hospital, whose little inmates they lead on holy festivals in good order sometimes to one church, and sometimes to another, to the great delight and edification of the public, and with some advantage to the charity, which is supported by the alms of Catholics and several benevolent protestants. The truly zealous abbé Nerinx has founded a nunnery in Kentucky, which is called the "Sisterhood of Mary at the foot of the Cross." Lastly, the abbé Their, [Thayer?] who from a Calvinistic preacher became a

Catholic at Rome, and died lately in Ireland, has left a fund sufficient to establish in Boston, his native place, a convent of Ursulines for the education of young women.'

This relation will give some idea of the exertions the Catholics have been and are still making to diffuse their doctrines in this country. The return of his holiness to Rome, after his unhappy and atrocious exile, seemed a fit occasion to be signalized by a reform in the church, and an attempt to restore its tottering authority. One of the first steps towards the attainment of this object was the revival of the order of Jesuits, which had by its zeal, perseverance, and admirable discipline added greatly to the influence and grandeur of the church. The persecuted remnant of this once powerful order, which had survived their day of adversity, repaired to the holy see, and soon evinced by their ardor and industry, that they had not lost their distinguishing characteristics. The other orders and religious communities, which had been dispersed by the French, were reassembled, and the affairs of the church assumed a tone of spirit and animation to which they had been long unaccustomed. Nor was this excitement confined to the restoration of the establishment in Italy, or even in Europe. The effects of it have extended themselves to our own country, where the missionaries from Rome have been active and vigilant. Their efforts, as we have already seen, and the experience of every day convinces us, have not been without success. How far they may continue to be successful, we are unable to foresee, nor do we think it of much moment to inquire. Although we do not expect from their labors the golden harvest which father Grassi seems to promise himself, we are still far from regarding them with the apprehension and anxiety, which some of our fellow citizens appear to entertain. The assertion of father Grassi is certainly in a degree true, that there has heretofore existed in this country an unwarrantable prejudice against Catholics, which (we say it with shame) is not yet eradicated. That a dread of papacy should at one period have been entertained is not surprising, but it is surely time to have done with it. The temporal supremacy of the pope, and the other bug-bears, which are regularly marshalled to fright the good protestants of England from consenting to Catholic emancipation, have no terrors for us. Are we reminded of the extravagance and

absurdity of some of their observances, and the impolicy of their institutions? In answer, we will merely ask, have they not all been outdone by the fanciful vagaries, the incredible inventions of modern protestants? It will hardly become any persuasion to object to the tenets of another, until we can say with certainty where the exuberant ingenuity of man will stop. For ourselves, we welcome Catholicism, or any other sect, so long as it shall be recommended, to use the words of our author, 'by that mild and persuasive charity, which marks the true ministers of Jesus Christ.' Good policy, as well as brotherhood, requires that the numerous emigrants who flock to us should be encouraged, rather than otherwise, in their national belief. We need not look beyond our own city for the good effects of a Catholic establishment, under the guidance of mild, enlightened, and exemplary pastors. We are not to ask ourselves whether we should prefer to make new comers Presbyterians, Lutherans, or Quakers, according to our belief, but whether we will have them Christians or not. The foreigner, who comes among us, and finds the faith in which he was educated unknown or despised, who looks around in vain for the worship he has been taught to revere;—is it to be supposed that he will readily adopt any of the sects he finds about him, all of them perhaps equally revolting to his conscience? Every one finds an answer in his own breast. He will probably become indifferent to religion, and insensible to its sanctions; he may become an infidel—he will rarely become a convert. As friends of toleration, we never look with jealousy on the growth of a weak sect. The multiplication of creeds, which, according to our author, is viewed by many with alarm, as the germ of future discord, is regarded by us in a very different point of view. Despairing of unanimity in matters of faith, we look for the preservation of religious quiet in the infinite variety of belief. The maxim of the poet, that

'All nature's difference makes all nature's peace'

may with strict analogy be applied to the present case. With these sentiments we consider every new sect as adding strength to the common barrier against religious tyranny. Weakness is always tolerant; but we shall think the death blow of religious freedom given, the moment that any one sect, be it which it may, is strong enough to dictate to the rest.

ART. XVII.—*Account of an expedition from Pittsburgh to the Rocky Mountains, performed in the years* 1819 *and* 1820, *by order of the honorable J. C. Calhoun, Secretary of War, under the command of Major Stephen H. Long; from the notes of Major Long, Mr T. Say, and other gentlemen of the exploring party. Compiled by Edwin James, botanist and geologist for the expedition.* In two volumes, with an atlas. Philadelphia, Cary and Lea, 1823.

THE appearance of this work has been for some time anxiously expected; nor do we fear that the public expectation will be disappointed. An increasing interest pervades the community with regard to the vast region traversed by this enterprising party. They were in many respects much better qualified and fitted out for their expedition, than the company of their distinguished predecessors, Lewis and Clarke; and the work before us, the record of their observations and discoveries, must be allowed not only to possess the interest inseparable from such a narrative, but to make highly important additions to our knowledge of the geography and natural history of the valley of the Mississippi and the Missouri. Of that important portion of the work before us, which relates to geology, mineralogy, botany, and zoology, we shall seek an opportunity of speaking separately on another occasion. We propose, at present, to lay before our readers an historical account of this expedition, some general sketches of the country traversed, and of the tribes of native inhabitants visited by the party under Major Long. We cannot but feel that we are hardly doing justice to a work of this character, by the meagre abstract we shall be obliged to make; and we shall esteem ourselves happy, if our readers, dissatisfied with the imperfect reflection of this expedition from our pages, shall feel a desire to inform themselves more thoroughly from the work itself.

This expedition started from Pittsburgh, in the spring of 1819. It was projected by the Secretary at War, for the purpose of exploring the Mississippi, Missouri, and their navigable tributaries, as far as the Rocky Mountains. The chief command of the expedition was given to Major Long. Dr Baldwin was attached to it as a botanist, Mr Say as a zoologist, Mr Jessup as a geologist, Mr Peale as an assistant naturalist, and Mr Seymour as a draftsman. The gentlemen

named, with other officers and members of the party, appear to have cooperated with each other, toward promoting the common object, with singular harmony and zeal. The labors of Dr Baldwin, however, were unhappily brought to a close by consumption in the progress of the expedition; and the extracts from his botanical journal are sufficient proof of the loss, which the party suffered by this misfortune.

The expedition was embarked on board the *Western Engineer*, a steam boat, destined to be the first, which should proceed a considerable distance up the Missouri, and which accomplished the trip to the Council Bluff, the station of the military post of the United States in that quarter.

On the third of May, the expedition departed from Pittsburgh, and arrived the next day at Wheeling, where the great national road from Cumberland meets the road from Zanesville, Columbus, and Cincinnati. One hundred and forty miles of this road from Cumberland to Wheeling cost the United States one million eight hundred thousand dollars, being an average of less than thirteen thousand dollars a mile. The Newburyport turnpike, built in a part of the country where we should have supposed work could be done as economically as in any portion of it, cost at the rate of at least thirteen thousand dollars a mile. In this estimation, however, is included the compensation made to the owners of the lands traversed by the turnpike, which we presume to have been much greater between Boston and Newburyport, than between Cumberland and Wheeling. The bridges and other works of masonry on the western portions of this great national road, are built of a compact argillaceous sandstone, of a light grey or yellowish white color, less durable than the stone used in the middle and eastern parts of the road, which is the blue metalliferous limestone, one of the most beautiful and imperishable materials for building, which our country affords.

On the eighth, the party passed, at the mouth of the Kenhawa, the little village of Mount Pleasant, situated on the spot, where in 1774 a battle was fought between the Indians on one side, and the Virginian troops on the other, in which *Logan*, the Mingo chief, avenged himself for the murder of his family. The eloquent speech, which he afterwards delivered, has owed perhaps as much to its reporter, as lord Chatham's did to the pen of Johnson.—Having arrived at Cincinnati, on the

ninth, the party was detained there till the eighteenth, by the declining health of Dr Baldwin. On the night of the eighteenth they passed in the river the boats containing the sixth regiment of the United States army, destined, like themselves, to the Missouri, and they arrived on the morning of the nineteenth at Louisville. Having passed the rapids in safety at Louisville, they proceeded down the river at the rate of ten miles an hour, with a pressure of steam equal to one hundred pounds on the square inch. A little below the rapids is an island thus described:

'A small island in the Ohio, about twenty-three miles below the rapids, is called Flint island, from the great numbers of fragments of flints, broken arrow points, and various instruments of stone, heretofore used by the Indians, which are found there on turning up the soil. This island has probably been the favorite residence of some tribe, particularly expert in the manufacture of those rude implements, with which the wants of the aboriginal Americans were supplied. The stone employed in these manufactures appears to have been, in most instances, that compact flint, which occurs in nodular masses, in the secondary limestones. In one instance, we met with a triangular prism, of a very hard and compact aggregate of feldspar and hornblende, unlike any rock we have seen in the valley of the Mississippi. This prism was about five inches long, with faces of about an inch in width, and was perforated, from end to end, forming a complete tube, with an orifice about half an inch in diameter, and smoothly polished, both within and without. We were never able to discover to what use this implement could have been applied; nor do we recollect to have met with accounts of any thing analogous to it, except, perhaps, those "tubes of a very hard stone," mentioned by the Jesuit Venegas, as used by the natives of California, in their treatment of the sick. That it may have passed, by means of the intercourse of various tribes of Indians, from the primitive mountains of California to the rapids of the Ohio, is not perhaps improbable. Indirect methods of communication may have conveyed the productions of one part of the continent to another, very remote from it. The savages of the Missouri receive an intoxicating bean from their neighbours on the south and west; these, again, must probably procure it from other tribes inhabiting, or occasionally visiting, the tropical regions.' pp. 30, 31.

On the twenty-ninth of May our travellers passed the mouths of the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, the two largest tributaries to the Ohio, and on the thirtieth arrived at a point

above the mouth of the Cash river, where a town has been laid out, called *America*. It is on the north bank of the Ohio, about eleven miles above the Mississippi, and for reasons, which our authors have given in detail, it seems likely that this spot, or some one near it, will become the *depôt* of a very extensive trade. They even go so far as to say, that 'in view of the great extent of inland navigation centering at this place, and the incalculable amount of products to be realized at no distant period, from the cultivation of the rich valleys and fertile plains of the West, a great proportion of which must find a market here, no doubt can be entertained, that *it will eventually become a place of as great wealth and importance, as almost any in the United States.*'

On the thirtieth, our travellers reached the mouth of the Ohio, having descended that beautiful river, from its head at Pittsburgh to its junction with the Mississippi, a distance of thirteen hundred and thirty-three miles, through a country surpassed in fertility by no part of the United States. Their course was henceforward to be more slowly made against the powerful current of the Mississippi and the Missouri. They passed several steam-boats ascending with stores for the troops of the United States; and affording the spectacle of the last and most powerful improvements in machinery thus pushed forward into the wilderness, scarcely as yet embraced within the compass of our geography. On the third of June, they passed the insular rock in the middle of the Mississippi, called the Grand Tower. It is about one hundred and fifty feet high, and two hundred and fifty in diameter. Between this rock and the right bank of the river, is a channel of about one hundred and fifty yards wide, with a deep and rapid current. Our authors are of opinion that a bridge might here be constructed, for which this rock might serve as a pier.

Having given a character of the fertility of the soil in the 'great American bottom,' above the mouth of the Kaskaskia river on the eastern side of the Mississippi, and having also observed, that the lands on the opposite bank, though less fertile than the American bottom, are yet highly valuable, and have long been objects of *scandalous speculation*, our authors subjoin the following anecdote, in justification of this remark:

'Among a variety of stratagems practised in this part of the country to obtain titles to lands, was one which will be best ex-

plained by the following anecdote, related to us by a respectable citizen of St Genevieve. Preparatory to taking possession of Louisiana in 1805, the legislature passed a law, authorizing a claim to one section of land, in favor of any person, who should have actually made *improvements* in any part of the same, previous to the year 1804. Commissioners were appointed to settle all claims of this description, more commonly known by the name of Improvement Rights. A person, somewhere in the county of Cape Girardeau, being desirous of establishing a claim of this kind to a tract of land, adopted the following method:—The time having expired for the establishment of a right, agreeably to the spirit of the law, he took with him two witnesses to the favorite spot, on which he wished to establish his claim, and in their presence marked two trees, standing on opposite sides of a spring, one with the figures 1803, the other 1804, and placed a stalk of growing corn in the spring. He then brought the witnesses before the commissioners, who, upon their declaration that they had seen corn growing at the place specified, in the *spring* between 1803 and 1804, admitted the claim of the applicant, and gave him a title to the land.' vol. i. p. 51.

On the ninth, the party arrived at St Louis, and some very interesting notices are given of prints of human feet in the limestone in the neighborhood, and of the Indian tumuli, which exist there in considerable numbers. Our limits do not permit us to enlarge our quotations in this part of the abstract we are attempting of their voyage. One very important fact, however, deserves to be recorded. By occasion of the account of the excavations made in one of these tumuli, our authors mention, that Dr Drake, the highly respected naturalist of Cincinnati, had exhibited to them, in his cabinet, two large marine shells, that had been dug out of ancient Indian tumuli in Ohio, one of which appears to be a *cassis cornutus*. All the authorities, except Linnæus, regard the *cassis cornutus* as an Asiatic shell; and Bruguiere, say our authors, has maintained that Linnæus was mistaken, in referring it to America. The circumstance, that a shell of Asiatic origin has been found in an Indian tumulus in Ohio, would seem to establish an intercourse at least between the Indians of North America and those of Asia. Our authors justly adduce this discovery as a confirmation of the theory of the Asiatic origin of our native tribes; a theory, which, since the researches of M. de Humboldt, has been very extensively adopted.

Having alluded to the probability of a connexion between our native population and that of the Asiatic isles, we beg leave to digress a moment, with respect to the latter. The newly estabiiseed 'Society of Geography' at Paris, which, under the most favorable auspices, and combining the efforts of some of the most respectable naturalists, travellers, men of science, and philosophers in France, has been instituted for the promotion of the study of geography, has assigned as a prize question, for which the dissertations are to be delivered to the society in February 1824, the following subject, viz. 'to investigate the origin of the different nations scattered among the islands of the Pacific ocean to the southeast of the continent of Asia, examining the points of resemblance or dissimilarity between them severally and other nations, in respect to configuration, physical constitution, manners, customs, civil and religious institutions, traditions, and monuments; with a comparison of the elements of their languages, in relation to the analogy of words, and grammatical forms; and taking into consideration the means of communication, as affected by geographical position, prevailing winds, currents, and the state of navigation.' We could wish that the credit of producing the successful essay on this subject might belong to an American. The subject is evidently identified with American antiquities; as no one now doubts that these islands are a link in the chain of humanity, which connects the natives of America with those of Asia. All the printed documents on the subject are as accessible on this side of the water as on the other. Monuments and specimens of the arts of the South Sea islanders abound more in this country, than in any other, and we presume we might challenge all the cabinets in Europe to produce as many of them, as are to be found in the single museum at Salem. The school at Cornwall in Connecticut furnishes the means, we believe, of more exact investigation of some of the dialects of those islands, than it can be in the power of any European scholar to institute; and we cannot but wish that the possession of these facilities might awaken the industry and enterprize of our geographers. The prize to be awarded to the successful essay is twelve hundred francs.

But we return to Major Long's expedition. On the twenty-first of June they passed, in this truly magnificent navigation from river to river, into the Missouri; and after various ad-

ventures, which, with the observations of our authors upon them, we are forced to omit, arrived on the thirteenth of July at the town of Franklin.

'This town, at present increasing more rapidly than any other on the Missouri, had been commenced but two years and an half before the time of our journey. It then contained about one hundred and twenty log houses of one story, several framed dwellings of two stories, and two of brick, thirteen shops for the sale of merchandise, four taverns, two smiths' shops, two large team mills, two billiard rooms, a court house, a log prison of two stories, a post office, and a printing press issuing a weekly paper. At this time bricks were sold at ten dollars per thousand, corn at twenty-five cents per bushel, wheat one dollar, bacon at twelve and an half cents per pound; uncleared lands from two to ten or fifteen dollars per acre. The price of labour was seventy-five cents per day.

'In 1816, thirty families only of whites were settled on the left side of the Missouri, above Cote Sans Dessein. In three years, their numbers had increased to more than eight hundred families.'—vol. i. pp. 88, 89.

Here the expedition met with a loss in the death of Dr Baldwin. The decease of an enterprising naturalist, while engaged in the pursuit of his studies, demands, if any thing, the feeble tribute it may be in the power of a literary journal to pay to his memory. Without any other acquaintance with his character than we derive from the work before us, the following notice of this gentleman is so handsome, and apparently so just, that we feel a pleasure in quoting it.

'Dr Baldwin's health had so much declined that, on our arrival at Franklin, he was induced to relinquish the intention of ascending farther with the party. He was removed on shore to the house of Dr Lowry, intending to remain there until he should recover so much strength as might enable him to return to his family. But the hopes of his friends, even for his partial recovery, were not to be realized. He lingered a few weeks after our departure, and expired on the thirty-first of August. His diary, in which the latest date is the eighth of August, only a few days previous to his death, shows with what earnestness, even in the last stages of weakness and disease, his mind was devoted to the pursuit, in which he had so nobly spent the most important part of his life. He has left behind him a name which will long be honored;—his early death will be regretted not only by those who knew his value as a friend, but by all the lovers of that fas-

cinating science, to which his life was dedicated, and which his labours have so much contributed to advance and embellish. We regret that it is not in our power to add to this inadequate testimony of respect, such notices of the life and writings of Dr Baldwin, as might be satisfactory to our readers. His manuscripts were numerous, but his works were left unfinished. The remarks on the Rotbollia, published in Silliman's Journal, are his only productions, as far as we are informed, hitherto before the public * His Herbarium, it is well known, has contributed to enrich the works of Pursh and Nuttall. He was the friend and correspondent of the venerable Muhlenburgh, and contributed materials for the copious catalogue of North American plants, published by that excellent botanist. In South America he met with Bonpland, the illustrious companion of Humboldt, and a friendly correspondence was established between them, which continued until his death. He had travelled extensively, not only in South America, but in Georgia, Florida, and other parts of North America. His notes and collections are extensive and valuable. During the short period of his connexion with the exploring party, the infirmities, resulting from a long established and incurable pulmonary disease, then rapidly approaching its fatal termination, could not overcome the activity of his mind, or divert his attention entirely from his favorite pursuit. Though unable to walk on shore, he caused plants to be collected and brought on board the boat; and not disheartened by the many vexations attending this method of examination, he persevered, and in the course of the voyage from Pittsburg to Franklin, detected and described many new plants, and added many valuable observations relating to such as were before known.'—vol. i. pp. 93, 94.

On the nineteenth of July, a temporary division was made in the party. Messrs Say, Jessup, Seymour, and Dougherty, (an interpreter in the service of Major O'Fallon, Indian agent at the Council Bluffs, who had joined the party below,) accompanied by Major Biddle, left Franklin, intending to traverse the country by land to Fort Osage, and there to await the ar-

'* In a letter addressed to Mr Frazer, an extract from which was published in the tenth volume of the London Journal of Literature and the Arts, Dr Baldwin mentions having discovered, near Monte Video, in South America, the *Solanum Tuberosum* in its native locality. Mr Lambert, however, considered this plant as the *Solanum Commersoni* of Dunal, and though it produces tuberous roots, and in other respects makes a near approach to S. tuberosum, he was not satisfied of their identity, and remarks that it is yet to be proved, that this is the stock from which the common potatoe has been derived. It appears, however, that the original locality of the solanum tuberosum has been ascertained by Ruiz and Pavon, after having escaped the observation of Humboldt and Bonpland.'

rival of the steam boat. The party now consisted of Major Long, Major O'Fallon, Mr Peale, and lieutenants Graham and Smith, and in three days arrived at Charaton, a small village of which the settlement began in 1817. The steam boat, Western Engineer, in which the party was embarked, was the first that had ever assended the Missouri, above this point; and we can readily conceive the interest taken in beholding the onward progress of this herald of civilization.—We rejoice to find in the report of the gentlemen of this expedition abundant confirmation of the fact, that coal exists in extensive beds, in various tracts of this thinly wooded country.

On the first of August, the steam boat arrived at Fort Osage, and found the party of Mr Say, which had left them at Franklin, there encamped. They had arrived at the rendezvous on the twenty-fourth of July, a week before their companions in the boat. Here another division of the party was projected, which terminated unfortunately for the portion detached. For the sake of a more thorough examination of the tract between Fort Osage and the Konzas river, and also of the region between the Konzas and the Platte, a party was detached from the steam boat, with instructions to cross the river Konzas, at the Konza village, thence to traverse the country by the nearest route to the Platte, and to descend that river to the Missouri. The party consisted of Mr Say, to whom the command was given, Messrs. Jessup, Peele, Seymour, and Swift, Mr J. Dougherty, and five soldiers. Previous to the departure of the steam boat from Fort Osage, Major O'Fallon, the Indian agent, despatched a messenger across the country to the Konzas nation of Indians, residing on the Konzas river, summoning their chiefs to a council to be held at Isle au [?] Vache, on the arrival of the Western Engineer. The steam boat moved up the river from Fort Osage, and arrived at the island on the fourteenth of the month. The council with the Indians had been appointed for the eighteenth, but Major O'Fallon's messenger having reached the Konzas village at a time when the Indians were hunting, they were unable to attend before the twenty-fourth. We subjoin the following account of the council.

'On the twenty-fourth, the chiefs and principal men of the Konzas, to the number of one hundred and fifty, assembled under an arbour prepared for their reception. The Indian agent addressed them in a speech adapted to the occasion, setting forth

the causes of complaint, which they had given by their repeated insults and depredations upon the whites, giving them notice of the approach of a military force, of sufficient strength to chastise their insolence, and advising them to seize the present opportunity of averting the vengeance they deserved, by proper concessions, and by their future good behaviour, to conciliate those, whose friendship they would have so much occasion to desire.

'The replies of the chiefs were simple and short, expressive of their conviction of the justice of the complaints made against them, and of their acquiescence in the terms of reconciliation proposed by the agent. There were present at this council, one hundred and sixty-one Konzas, including chiefs and warriors, and thirteen Osages. The most distinguished men were Na-he-da-ba, or *Long Neck*, one of the principal chiefs; Ka-he-ga-wa-ta-ning-ga, *Little Chief*, second in rank; Shon-ga-ne-ga, who had been one of the principal chiefs, but had resigned his anthority in favor of Ka-he-ga-wa-ta-ning-ga; Wa-ha-che-ra, *Big Knife*, a partizan or leader of war parties; Wom-pa-wa-ra, *He who scares all men*, more commonly known to the whites as Plume Blanche, or White Plume, a man rising rapidly in importance, and apparently destined to become the leader of the nation. In addition to the Indians, the officers of the garrison, and a few gentlemen were present at the council. The ceremonies were commenced by a discharge of ordnance from the steam boat; the flags were hoisted in their appropriate places, a council flag being placed near the chair occupied by the agent. The Indians appeared gratified at the displays made on the occasion, but their attention was more particularly aroused by the exhibition of a few rockets and shells, fired for their entertainment. At our departure, which, on account of the Indians, was delayed until the twenty-fifth of August, many of them were present, and manifested some surprize at witnessing the operations of the steam boat.'—vol. i. pp. 111, 112.

At the isle au Vache, Major Long's party was strengthened by a detachment of a boat and fifteen men from the United States troops there, and on the twenty-fifth of August moved up the river. On the first of September, while the boat was sailing by the mouth of Wolf river, it was hailed from the shore by Dougherty, one of Mr Say's party, detached, as we have stated above, to explore the region between the Konzas and the Platte. Mr Say's party had arrived safely at the Konzas village, of which the chiefs and warriors were, as we have seen, absent at a council with Major O'Fallon; and during his visit among this people, Mr Say had opportunity of

making much curious observation on their character and peculiarities, for which we must refer to the work before us. Having finished his visit to the Konzas, he proceeded onward with his companions, and had the misfortune to fall in with a war party of the Republican Pawnees, by whom they were robbed and insulted; and being deprived of their horses, rendered incapable of prosecuting their projected tour. They had no alternative but to return to the village of the Konzas, whence they had just departed.

'Mr Say's party were kindly received at the village they had left on the preceding day. In the evening they had retired to rest in the lodge set apart for their accommodation, when they were alarmed by a party of savages, rushing in armed with bows, arrows and lances, shouting and yelling in a most frightful manner. The gentlemen of the party had immediate recourse to their arms, but observing that some squaws, who were in the lodge, appeared unmoved, they began to suspect that no molestation to them was intended. The Indians collected around the fire in the centre of the lodge, yelling incessantly; at length their howlings assumed something of a measured tone, and they began to accompany their voices with a sort of drum and rattles. After singing for some time, one who appeared to be their leader, struck the post over the fire with his lance, and they all began to dance, keeping very exact time with the music. Each warrior had, besides his arms, and rattles made of strings of deer's hoofs, some part of the intestines of an animal inflated, and inclosing a few small stones, which produced a sound like pebbles in a gourd shell. After dancing round the fire for some time, without appearing to notice the strangers, they departed, raising the same wolfish howl, with which they had entered; but their music and their yelling continued to be heard about the village during the night.

'This ceremony, called the *dog dance*, was performed by the Konzas for the entertainment of their guests. Mr Seymour took an opportunity to sketch the attitudes and dresses of the principal figures.'—vol. i. p. 135.

Mr Say and his party now crossed to Isle au Vache, where the council already mentioned had been held; but had the mortification to find that the Western Engineer had already ascended the river. Messrs Say and Jessup, unable from illness to travel further on foot, determined to remain for the present at Isle au Vache; while the rest of the party under the direction of Mr Dougherty, who was thoroughly acquaint-

ed with the country, undertook to cross it, in the direction of Wolf river, where this latter person, in the manner we have mentioned, arrived in season to hail the Western Engineer, as she was passing, on the first of September. On the following day the whole party, with the exception of Messrs Say and Jessup, moved up the river; on the fifteenth of September arrived at the mouth of the Platte, and on the seventeenth encamped near the spot destined to be the winter quarters of the expedition, just above the trading establishment of the Missouri fur company, known as Fort Lisa, from Mr Manuel Lisa, one of the most active persons engaged in the Missouri fur trade.

The position selected for the establishment of winter quarters for the exploring party, was on the west bank of the Missouri, about half a mile above Fort Lisa, five miles below Council Bluff, and three miles above Boyer's river. At this place, the party came to anchor on the nineteenth of September, and in a few days had made great progress in cutting timber, quarrying stone, and in other preparations for the construction of quarters. The first object of Major O'Fallon was to obtain redress of the Pawnees for their outrage on Mr Say. Messengers were sent across the country to stop the traders, who had already departed with merchandise for that tribe, and shortly after, Mr Dougherty, with two Frenchmen acquainted with the language of the Pawnees, was sent to them to demand restitution. He had previously been despatched with a deputation of Konzas to the village of the Otoes, with whom the Konzas had been at war, with proposals of peace on the part of the latter. On the fourth of October, a council was held by Major O'Fallon with about one hundred Otoes and a deputation of the Ioways. The day before the council, a dance was performed by the Indians, which is thus described:

'The principal chiefs advanced before their people, and upon invitation seated themselves. After a short interval of silence, Shonga-tonga, the *Big-horse*, a large, portly Indian of a commanding presence, arose, and said,—"My father, your children have come to dance before your tent agreeably to our custom of honoring brave or distinguished persons."

'After a suitable reply by Major O'Fallon, the amusement of dancing was commenced by the striking up of their rude instrumental and vocal music; the former consisting of a gong, made of a large keg, over one of the ends of which a skin was stretch-

ed, which was struck by a small stick; and another instrument, consisting of a stick of firm wood, notched like a saw, over the teeth of which a smaller stick was rubbed forcibly backward and forward; with these, rude as they were, very good time was preserved with the vocal performers, who sat around them, and by all the natives, as they sat, in the inflection of their bodies, or the movements of their limbs. After the lapse of a little time, three individuals leaped up and danced around for a few minutes, then, at a concerted signal from the master of ceremonies, the music ceased, and they retired to their seats, uttering a loud noise, which, by patting the mouth rapidly with the hand, was broken into a succession of similar sounds, somewhat like the hurried barking of a dog. Several sets of dancers succeeded, each terminating as the first. In the intervals of the dances, a warrior would step forward and strike a flag-staff they had erected with a stick, whip, or other weapon, and recount his martial deeds. This ceremony is called *striking the post*, and whatever is then said may be relied upon as rigid truth, being delivered in the presence of many a jealous warrior and witness, who could easily detect and would immediately disgrace the *striker* for exaggeration or falsehood. This is called the *beggars' dance*, during which some presents are always expected by the performers, as tobacco, whiskey, or trinkets. But on this occasion, as none of those articles were immediately offered, the amusement was not, at first, distinguished by much activity. The master of the ceremonies continually called aloud to them to exert themselves; but still they were somewhat dull and backward. *Ietan* now stepped forward and lashed a post with his whip, declaring that he would thus punish those who did not dance. This threat, from one whom they had vested with authority for this occasion, had a manifest effect upon his auditors, who were presently highly wrought up by the sight of two or three little mounds of tobacco twist, which were now laid before them, and appeared to infuse new life.

'After lashing the post and making his threat, Ietan went on to narrate his martial exploits. He had stolen horses seven or eight times from the Konzas; he had first struck the bodies of three of that nation slain in battle. He had stolen horses from the Ietan nation, and had struck one of their dead. He had stolen horses from the Pawnees, and struck the body of one Pawnee Loup. He had stolen horses several times from the Omawhaws, and once from the Puncas. He had struck the bodies of two Sioux. On a war party, in company with the Pawnees, he had attacked the Spaniards, and penetrated into one of their camps; the Spaniards, excepting a man and boy, fled, himself being at a distance before his party, he was shot at and missed by the man, whom he immediately shot down and struck. "This,

my father," said he, " is the only martial act of my life, that I am ashamed of." After several rounds of dancing, and of striking at the post by the warriors, Mi-a-ke-ta, or the *Little Soldier*, a war-worn veteran, took his turn to strike the post. He leaped actively about, and strained his voice to its utmost pitch, whilst he portrayed some of the scenes of blood, in which he had acted. He had struck dead bodies of individuals of all the red nations around, Osages, Konzas, Pawnee Loups, Pawnee Republicans, Grand Pawnees, Puncas, Omawhaws, and Sioux, Padoucas, La Plais or Bald Heads, Ietans, Sauks, Foxes, and Ioways; he had struck eight of one nation, seven of another, &c. He was proceeding with his account when Ietan ran up to him, put his hand upon his mouth, and respectfully led him to his seat. This act was no trifling compliment paid to the well-known brave. It indicated that he had still so many glorious acts to speak of, that he would occupy so much time as to prevent others from speaking, and put to shame the other warriors by the contrast of his actions with theirs.' vol. i. pp. 153—156.

On the day succeeding this friendly council, the Pawnees, who had been summoned to give account of the outrage mentioned, and of various other acts of violence, appeared at the encampment. They advanced leisurely onward in a narrow pathway, in *Indian file*, led by a grand chief. Near this pathway, the American band of music had been stationed; and when Long-hair, the chief, arrived opposite to it, the band struck up suddenly and loudly a martial air. 'We wished to observe the effect,' add our authors, 'which instruments, that he had never seen nor heard before, would produce on this distinguished man, and therefore eyed him closely, and were not disappointed to observe, that he did not deign to look upon them, or to manifest, by any emotion whatever, that he was sensible of their presence. The Indians arranged themselves on the benches prepared for them, and the cessation of the music was succeeded by stillness, which was suddenly interrupted by loud explosions of our howitzers, *that startled many of us, but did not appear to attract the notice of the Pawnees.*' We have never seen so complete an illustration of the control possessed by these savages over their curiosity, and the command they are able to exercise over their nerves. The council terminated, after much of the property taken from Mr Say's party had been restored, and promises given, that the offenders should be punished with a whipping.—Having thus established his party at the Council Bluff, Major Long, with Mr Jessup,

on the eleventh of October, took leave of their friends at the encampment, and descended the Missouri in a canoe, on their way back to Washington and Philadelphia.

The following chapter contains an interesting journal of occurrences during the winter, succeeded by a series of chapters, compiled from the journal of Mr Say, in which an account is given of the Omawhaws or Mahas, as they are otherwise called. These chapters form a valuable addition to our stock of knowledge with regard to the character and manners of the native tribes of our continent, and cannot be perused without interest. Our limits enable us to make but a few detached extracts from this portion of the volume. The following contains the receipt for a dish, which we think would have filled Mrs Glass or Dr Kitchener with dismay.

'A singular description of food is made use of by some tribes of the Snake Indians, consisting chiefly and sometimes wholly of a species of ant, (Formica, Lin.) which is very abundant in the region in which they roam. The squaws go in the cool of the morning to the hillocks of these active insects, knowing that then they are assembled together in the greatest numbers. Uncovering the little mounds to a certain depth, the squaws scoop them up in their hands, and put them into a bag prepared for the purpose. When a sufficient number are obtained, they repair to the water, and cleanse the mass from all the dirt and small pieces of wood collected with them. The ants are then placed upon a flat stone, and, by the pressure of a rolling-pin, are crushed together into a dense mass, and rolled out like pastry. Of this substance a soup is prepared, which is relished by the Indians, but is not at all to the taste of white men. Whether or not this species of ant is analogous to the *Vachacos*, which Humboldt speaks of, as furnishing food to the Indians of the Rio Negro and the Guiana, we have no opportunity of ascertaining.' vol. i. p. 214.

The following passage will afford some idea of the means made use of, by some of the savage chiefs, to acquire or maintain an ascendency over their miserable subjects.

'The power of some of the former rulers of the Omawhaws is said to have been almost absolute. That of the celebrated Blackbird *Wash-ing-guh-sah-ba*, seems to have been actually so, and was retained undiminished until his death, which occurred in the year 1800, of the small-pox, which then almost desolated his nation. Agreeably to his orders, he was interred in a sitting posture, on his favorite horse, upon the summit of a high bluff of the bank of the Missouri, "that he might continue to see the

white people ascending the river to trade with his nation." A mound was raised over his remains, on which food was regularly placed for many years afterwards; but this rite has been discontinued, and the staff, that, on its summit, supported a white flag, has no longer existence.

'This chief appears to have possessed extraordinary mental abilities, but he resorted to the most nefarious means to establish firmly the supremacy of his power. He gained the reputation of the greatest of medicine men, and his medicine, which was no other than arsenic itself, that had been furnished him for the purpose, by the villany of the traders, was secretly administered to his enemies or rivals. Those persons who offended him, or counteracted his views, were thus removed agreeably to his predictions, and all opposition silenced, apparently by the operation of his potent spells.

'He delighted in the display of his power, and on one occasion, during a national hunt, accompanied by a white man, they arrived on the bank of a fine flowing stream, and although all were parched with thirst, no one but the white man was permitted to taste of the water. As the chief thought proper to give no reason for this severe punishment, it seemed to be the result of caprice.

'One inferior but distinguished chief, called *Little-Bow*, at length opposed his power. This man was a warrior of high renown, and so popular in the nation, that it was remarked of him, that he enjoyed the confidence and best wishes of the people, whilst his rival reigned in terror. Such an opponent could not be brooked, and the Black-bird endeavored to destroy him.

'On one occasion, the Little Bow returned to his lodge, after the absence of a few days on an excursion. His wife placed before him his accustomed food; but the wariness of the Indian character, led him to observe some peculiarity in her behavior, which assured him that all was not right. He questioned her concerning the food she had set before him, and the appearance of her countenance, and her replies, so much increased his suspicions, that he compelled her to eat the contents of the bowl. She then confessed, that the Black-bird had induced her to mingle with the food a portion of his terrible medicine, in order to destroy him. She fell a victim to the machination of the Black-bird, who was thus disappointed of his object.

'With a band of nearly two hundred followers, the Little-Bow finally seceded from the nation, and established a separate village on the Missouri, where they remained until the death of the tyrant.

'On one occasion, the Black-bird seems to have been touched by remorse, or perhaps by penitence, in his career of enormity.

One of his squaws having been guilty of some trifling offence, he drew his knife in a paroxysm of rage, and stabbed her to the heart. After viewing her dead body a few moments, he seated himself near it, and covering his face with his robe, he remained immoveable for three days, without taking any nourishment. His people vainly petitioned that he would "have pity on them," and unveil his face; he was deaf to all their remonstrances, and the opinion prevailed, that he intended to die through starvation. A little child was at length brought in by its parent, who gently raised the leg of the chief, and placed the neck of the child beneath his foot. The murderer then arose, harangued his people, and betook himself to his ordinary occupations.

'Towards the latter part of his life, he became very corpulent, the consequence of indolence and repletion. He was transported by carriers, on a bison robe, to the various feasts to which he was daily invited, and should the messenger find him asleep, they dared not to awaken him by a noise or by shaking, but by respectfully tickling his nose with a straw.' vol. i. pp. 223—228.

A very affecting story of a young squaw, married to an American trader, and afterwards deserted by him, is told in the following chapter. Major Long, in his judicious report to the Secretary at War, at the close of the second volume, has made the remark, that most of the sentiment and reflection ascribed to the savages in the speeches and sayings reported of them, must be set down to the interpreters and reporters. If there is no exaggeration of the same kind in the narration, to which we have just alluded, it proves an unexpected refinement of feeling on the part of the savage female in question; a refinement which contrasts strongly with the general tenor of the descriptions of their life, manners, and character, contained in other portions of the work.

Additional proof of the stoicism, with which the savages support bodily pains, is found in the account of the expiatory tortures of the Minnetarees.

'Annually, in the month of July, the Minnetarees celebrate their great medicine dance, or dance of penitence, which may well be compared with the Currack-pooja or the expiatory tortures of the Hindoos, so often celebrated at Calcutta. On this occasion a considerable quantity of food is prepared, which is well cooked, and served up in their best manner. The devotees then dance and sing to their music at intervals, for three or four days together in full view of the victuals, without attempting to taste of them. But they do not, even at this time, forego their

accustomed hospitality. And if a stranger enters, he is invited to eat, though no one partakes with him. On the third or fourth day, the severer expiatory tortures commence, to which the preceding ceremonies were but preludes. An individual presents himself before one of the officiating magi, crying and lamenting, and requests him to cut a fillet of skin from his arm, which he extends for that purpose. The devout operator thrusts a sharp instrument through the skin near the wrist, then introduces the knife, and cuts out a piece of the required length, sometimes extending the excision entirely to the shoulder. Another will request bands of skin to be cut from his arm. A third will have his breast flayed, so as to represent a full moon or crescent. A fourth submits to the removal of concentric arcs of skin, from his breast. A fifth prays the operator to remove small pieces of skin from various indicated parts of his body; for this purpose an iron bodkin is thrust through the skin, and the piece is cut off, by passing the knife under the instrument.

'Various are the forms of suffering which they inflict upon themselves. An individual requests the operator, to pierce a hole through the skin of each of his shoulders, and after passing a long cord through each of these holes, he repairs to a golgotha at some distance from the village, and selects one of the bison skulls collected there. To the chosen cranium he affixes the ends of his cords, and drags it in this painful manner to the lodge, around which he must go with his burden, before he can be released from it. No one is permitted to assist him, neither dares he to put his own hands to the cords, to alleviate his sufferings. If it should so happen that the horns of the cranium get hooked under a root or other obstacle, he must extricate it in the best manner he can, by pulling different ways, but he must not touch the rope or the head, with his hands, or in any respect attempt to relieve the painful strain upon his wounds, until his complete task is performed.

'Some of the penitents have arrows thrust through various muscular parts of their bodies, as through the skin and superficial muscles of the arm, leg, breast, and back.

'A devotee caused two stout arrows to be passed through the muscles of his breast, one on each side near the mammæ. To these arrows, cords were attached, the opposite ends of which were affixed to the upper part of a post, which had been firmly implanted in the earth for the purpose. He then threw himself backward, into an oblique position, his back within about two feet of the soil, so as to depend with the greater portion of his weight by the cords. In this situation of excruciating agony, he continued to chant and to keep time to the music of the gong, until from long abstinence and suffering he fainted. The by-

standers then cried out, "Courage, courage," with much shouting and noise; after a short interval of insensibility he revived, and proceeded with his self-inflicted tortures as before, until nature being completely exhausted, he again relapsed into insensibility, upon which he was loosed from the cords, and carried off amidst the acclamations of the whole assembly.

'Another Minnetaree, in compliance with a vow he had made, caused a hole to be perforated through the muscles of each shoulder; through these holes, cords were passed, which were, at the opposite ends, attached by way of a bridle to a horse, that had been penned up three or four days without food or water. In this manner, he led the horse to the margin of the river. The horse, of course, endeavored to drink, but it was the province of the Indian to prevent him, and that only by straining at the cords with the muscles of the shoulder, without resorting to the assistance of his hands. And notwithstanding all the exertions of the horse to drink, his master succeeded in preventing him, and returned with him to his lodge, having accomplished his painful task.'—vol. i. pp. 276—278.

In the sixteenth chapter an account is given of an expedition of Major O'Fallon, and other gentlemen, to the villages of the Pawnees, or Panis, as the name is sometimes written. On this tour they saw the celebrated young chief, renowned for his courage and humanity, displayed in abolishing the practice of human sacrifices, and who appears in the gallery of the House of Representatives in Mr Morse's picture; having been one of the party of Indians, who visited Washington last winter. Perceiving at the head of the chapter that it contained a notice of *human sacrifices* among the Pawnees, we had thought it possible that some analogy might be traced in this horrid feature of manners between the ancient Aztecs and these northern tribes. Some resemblance in reality appears in the following account.

'The Pawnee Loups heretofore exhibited the singular anomaly, amongst the American natives, of a people addicted to the inhuman, superstitious rite, of making propitiatory offerings of human victims to Venus, the *Great Star*. The origin of this sanguinary sacrifice is unknown; probably it existed previously to their intercourse with the white traders. This solemn ceremony was performed annually, and immediately preceded their horticultural operations, for the success of which it appears to have been instituted. A breach of this duty, the performance of which they believed to be required by the Great Star, it was supposed would

be succeeded by the total failure of their crops of maize, beans, and pumpkins, and the consequent total privation of their vegetable food.

'To obviate a national calamity so formidable, any person was at liberty to offer up a prisoner of either sex, that by his prowess in war he had become possessed of.

'The devoted individual was clothed in the gayest and most costly attire; profusely supplied with the choicest food, and constantly attended by the magi, who anticipated all his wants, cautiously concealed from him the real object of their sedulous attentions, and endeavored to preserve his mind in a state of cheerfulness, with the view of promoting obesity, and thereby rendering the sacrifice more acceptable to their Ceres.

'When the victim was thus sufficiently fattened for their purpose, a suitable day was appointed for the performance of the rite, that the whole nation might attend.

'The victim was bound to a cross, in presence of the assembled multitude, when a solemn dance was performed, and after some other ceremonies, the warrior, whose prisoner he had been, cleaved his head with the tomahawk, and his speedy death was insured by numerous archers, who penetrated his body with their arrows.

'The present mild and humane chief of the nation, Latelesha, or Knife-chief, had long regarded this sacrifice as an unnecesary and cruel exhibition of power, exercised upon unfortunate and defenceless individuals, whom they were bound to protect, and he vainly endeavored to abolish it by philanthrophic admonitions.

'An Ietan woman who was brought captive into the village, was doomed to the Great Star by the warrior, whose property she had become by the fate of war. She underwent the usual preparations, and, on the appointed day, was led to the cross, amidst a great concourse of people, as eager, perhaps, as their civilized fellow men, to witness the horrors of an execution. The victim was bound to the cross with thongs of skin, and the usual ceremonies being performed, her dread of a more terrible death was about to be terminated by the tomahawk and the arrow. At this critical juncture, Petalesharoo, son of the Knife-chief, stepped forward into the area, and in a hurried but firm manner declared that it was his father's wish to abolish this sacrifice; that for himself, he had presented himself before them, for the purpose of laying down his life upon the spot, or of releasing the victim. He then cut the cords which bound her to the cross, carried her swiftly through the crowd to a horse, which he presented to her, and having mounted another himself, he conveyed her beyond the reach of immediate pursuit; when,

after having supplied her with food, and admonishing her to make the best of her way to her own nation, which was at the distance of at least four hundred miles, he was constrained to return to his village. The emancipated Ietan had, however, the good fortune, on her journey of the subsequent day, to meet with a war party of her own people, by whom she was conveyed to her family in safety.

'This daring deed would, almost to a certainty, have terminated in an unsuccessful attempt, under the arm of any other warrior, and Petalesharoo was, no doubt, indebted for this successful and noble achievement to the distinguished renown, which his feats of chivalry had already gained for him, and which commanded the high respect of all his rival warriors.'—vol. i. pp. 357—359.

The appendix to this chapter contains a catalogue of birds, which must prove highly interesting to the naturalist; and an extremely curious account of the language of signs, in extensive use among the different tribes of savages. The number and diversity of their dialects and the imperfection probably of all of them as mediums of communication, have led to a surprizing skill, in the use of this language of signs. The extremely arbitrary character of many of these signs makes us, however, somewhat sceptical, as to the extent to which they are used. Thus the third sign in the list is '*Darkness*, which is represented by the hands extended horizontally forward and back upward, passing one over the other, two or three times, touching.' If this be any thing different from the pantomimic representation of *groping*, it is evidently a complicated, arbitrary sign, indicative of more concert than we can readily attribute to the different savage nations with each other. The justice of these scruples is confirmed by the fact, stated by our authors, that the language of signs given by them differs in many symbols from the reports of other travellers. We mean not, however, to question a considerable use of these signs: but if, as our authors state, the members of different tribes, who by various chances have been incorporated with each other, remain for a long time unable to communicate by language,—the vehicle of thought which is acquired with greatest facility,—it cannot be presumed that any very detailed communication could take place between disconnected savage nations by means of signs highly arbitrary and conventional.

While the events related in the ninth chapter were trans-

piring at the encampment, Major Long had accomplished his return to Washington, and on the twenty-eighth of May 1820, had again ascended to the encampment, having performed the journey from St Louis to the Council Bluff by land. Preparations were now made for pursuing the ulterior objects of the expedition. For a reason, which we shall presently mention, the farther progress of the party up the Missouri was countermanded by the Secretary at War, and an excursion by land to the source of the river Platte, and thence by the way of the Arkansa and Red rivers, to the Mississippi was ordered. The party organized for this route consisted of the following persons.

'S. H. Long, Major U. S. Topographical Engineers, commanding the expedition; J. R. Bell, Captain Light Artillery, to act as Journalist; W. H. Swift, assistant Topographer, commanding guard; Thomas Say, Zoologist, &c.; E. James, Botanist, Geologist, and Surgeon; T. R. Peale, assistant Naturalist; Samuel Seymour, Landscape Painter; Stephen Julien, Interpreter, French and Indian; H. Dougherty, Hunter; D. Adams, Spanish Interpreter; Z. Wilson, Baggage Master; Oakley and Duncan, *Engagees;* Corporal Parish, and six privates of the U. S. Army.

'To these we expected an addition, on our arrival at the Pawnee villages, of two Frenchmen, to serve as guides and interpreters, one of them having already been engaged.

'Twenty-eight horses and mules had been provided, one for each individual of the party, and eight for carrying packs. Of these, six were the property of the United States, being furnished by the commanding officer at Camp Missouri; the remaining sixteen were supplied by Major Long, and others of the party. Our saddles, and other articles of equipage, were of the rudest kind, being, with a few exceptions, such as we had purchased from the Indians, or constructed ourselves.'—vol. i. p. 425.

The circumstances of the case obliged the party to start with an inadequate outfit, for the difficult and dangerous excursion proposed, and it was not without expressions of derision on the part of the Indians who witnessed their small numbers, that on the sixth of June they took up their march. An attempt was made during the halt of the party among the Pawnees, to make them acquainted with the vaccine inoculation, but doubts are expressed by our authors, whether its nature and efficacy were comprehended by the Indians. The formidable ravages of the small pox, among a people so ill

provided with medical aid, would make this antidote a peculiar blessing. It is well known that the natives in South America had anticipated the observation of Dr Jenner, and were acquainted with the fact, that those who milked the cows were affected with a mild disease, by which they were protected from small pox.

In traversing the region between the Missouri and the Rocky Mountains, our travellers were in a great degree dependent on the bison, or buffalo, as he is usually called, for their support. The immense herds of this powerful animal, which throng the western plains, to which the progress of civilization has banished them from their former range over the greater part of the continent, form one of the most remarkable peculiarities of the region. The following animated account of an imposing scene will be acceptable to our readers.

'We rode on through the same uninteresting and dreary country as before, but were constantly amused at observing the motions of the countless thousands of bisons, by which we were all the time surrounded. The wind happening to blow fresh from the south, the scent of our party was borne directly across the Platte, and we could distinctly note every step of its progress through a distance of eight or ten miles, by the consternation and terror it excited among the buffalo. The moment the tainted gale infected their atmosphere, they ran with as much violence as if pursued by a party of mounted hunters, and instead of running from the danger, turned their heads towards the wind. Eager to escape from the terrifying scent, they pushed forward in an oblique direction towards our party, and plunging into the river they swam and waded, and ran with the utmost violence, in several instances breaking through our line of march, which was immediately along the left bank of the Platte. One of the party perceiving from the direction taken by the bull, that preceded the extended column of his companions, that he intended to emerge from the low river bottom, at a particular point, where the precipitous bank was worn by much travelling into a deep notch, urged his horse rapidly forward to gain this station, that he might have a near view of these interesting animals; he had no sooner arrived at this point, than the formidable leader, bounding up the steep, gained the summit of the bank, with his fore feet, and in this position abruptly halted from his full career, and glared fiercely at the horse, which now occupied his path. The horse, trembling violently from fear of this sudden apparition, would have wheeled and exerted his utmost speed, had he not been restrained by the greatest strength of his rider; he re-

coiled however a few feet, and sunk down upon his hams. The bull halted but a moment, then being urged forward by the irresistible impulse of the moving column behind, rushed onward by the half sitting horse. The multitude came swiftly on, crowding up the narrow defile. The party had now arrived, and extending along a considerable distance, the bisons ran in a confused manner in various directions to gain the distant bluffs; numbers were compelled to pass through our line of march, between the horses. This scene added to the plunging and roaring in the river of those that were yet crossing, produced a grand effect, which was still heightened, by the fire opened upon them by our hunters. As they ascended the bank, innumerable opportunities offered of selecting and killing the fattest, and it was with difficulty we restrained our hunters from slaughtering many more than we needed.'—vol. i. pp. 480, 481.

On the thirtieth of June, the party obtained a distant view of the Rocky Mountains. The plains about them exhibited the phenomenon of the *Mirage*, in an uncommonly vivid manner. 'A herd of bisons, at the distance of a mile, seemed to be standing in a pool of water; and what appeared to us the reflected image was as distinctly seen as the animal itself.' On the sixth of July, the party encamped at the base of the Rocky Mountains, having reached the barrier, which bounds the plain of almost a thousand miles, over which they had travelled.

On the morning of the thirteenth, Dr James, by whom the work before us was drawn up for the press, took command of a small detachment destined to explore and ascend the 'Highest Peak,' as it is called in our maps; an elevation, which, though not the highest, in the opinion of our authors, lies, nevertheless, within the region of perpetual snow. It is very suitably named by Major Long, 'James' Peak.' The visit to it was accomplished with considerable difficulty; the thermometer sinking to 42° on the summit, while, in the encampment, it had stood at 96° the same day at noon, and did not fall to 80° till late in the evening. Having achieved this object, the party moved onward over the desert, to the banks of the Arkansa. Having encamped on this river, Captain Bell, with Dr James and two men, made an excursion up the river to the mountains, to explore its sources. Having effected their purpose, and returned to the encampment, the whole party, on the morning of the nineteenth, turned their backs on

the mountains, and began to descend the Arkansa. 'It was not without a feeling of regret,' say our authors, 'that we found our long contemplated visit to these grand and interesting objects to be now at an end. More than a thousand miles of dreary and monotonous plain lay between us and the enjoyments and comforts of civilized countries. This we were to traverse in the heat of summer, but the scarcity of game about the mountains rendered an immediate departure necessary.'

On the twenty-first of July, a division of the party into two sections was ordered, of which the one under Major Long was destined to cross the Arkansa, and travel southward in search of the sources of the Red river; the other, under Captain Bell, to proceed down the Arkansa, by the most direct route, to Fort Smith. On the twenty-fourth, the two divisions started on their respective destinations. The length, to which our article has already extended, prevents our following the motions of either. Misled by the information of the Kaskaia Indians, and in some degree by the incorrectness of the maps, the party of Major Long mistook the Canadian river for the Red river, of which they were in search, nor did they discover their error, till their arrival at the confluence of the former and the Arkansa, when it was too late to retrace their steps. On the thirteenth of September, they arrived at Fort Smith, the place of rendezvous, which Captain Bell's party—by the direct route of the Arkansa—had reached before them. A different misfortune had befallen the latter party. In the course of their route, three of the soldiers of the party had deserted in the night, after plundering the company of whatever they could carry off, and taking with them, among articles more easily replaced, some whose loss was irreparable.

'Our entire wardrobe, with the sole exception of the rude clothing on our persons, and our entire private stock of Indian presents, were included in the saddle-bags. But their most important contents were all the manuscripts of Mr Say and Lieutenant Swift, completed during the extensive journey from Engineer cantonment to this place. Those of the former consisted of five books, viz. one book of observations on the manners and habits of the mountain Indians, and their history, so far as it could be obtained from the interpreters; one book of notes on the manners and habits of animals, and descriptions of species; one book containing a journal; two books containing vocabularies of the

languages of the mountain Indians; and those of the latter consisted of a topographical journal of the same portion of our expedition. All these being utterly useless to the wretches who now possessed them, were probably thrown away upon the ocean of prairie, and consequently the labor of months was consigned to oblivion by these uneducated vandals.'

Shortly after this untoward accident, the party arrived at the place of rendezvous; where, being again within the pale of civilization, our imperfect analysis of their interesting narrative may close. To the detailed relation of the expedition of which we have attempted the foregoing abstract, succeeds a 'general description of the country traversed,' extracted from Major Long's report to the Secretary at War. This is a very judicious document, and will materially aid the reader in generalizing the information derived from the main work. The volume is closed by an appendix, consisting of astronomical and meteorological records, and vocabularies of various Indian languages. A considerable accession is made by the latter the stock of materials, in a study daily rising in interest. The Atlas contains two maps, comprising the country drained by the Mississippi, and some well executed engravings of scenes from Indian life and manners, and sketches from nature.—We do not think it necessary to enter into a minute criticism of the style, though it is occasionally less simple than we could wish. There is sometimes an affectation of scientific language, and it is not often that our authors are willing to make use of a less formidable word than *infract*, for *breaking* or *violating* a treaty. With this exception, the literary execution is highly respectable. We have already expressed a desire, on some other occasion, to enter into an examination of the scientific portion of the volumes. No expedition, which our government has sent into the West, appears to have been so well appointed, in respect to the investigation of nature.

There is but one sentence in the volumes, which we have read with shame and sorrow. It is that which gives an account of the causes for stinting the objects and abridging the extent of the expedition. 'It will be perceived,' say our authors, 'that the travels and researches of the expedition have been far less extensive, than those contemplated in the orders of the Secretary of War. The state of the national finances, during the year 1821, having called for retrenchments in all expend-

itures of a public nature, the means for the farther prosecution of the objects of the expedition were accordingly withheld.' The state of our national finances! Some great calamity, perhaps, has befallen us. We have had the armies of all Europe quartered upon us, like France; we have had an overwhelming taxation, like England; we have been swept with the besom of civil and foreign war, like Spain; we have been incorporated into foreign empires, like Holland; cut up into confederations, like Germany; our substantial population has been sacrificed, perhaps, as in all the old countries, to the great abuses of government or the perilous convulsions of the times. Is it this, which has brought on the 'state of our finances?' Detestable parsimony! The only country but one in the world, that has not been reduced to an avowed or virtual bankruptcy; the country, which has grown and is growing in wealth and prosperity beyond any other and beyond all other nations, too poor to pay a few gentlemen and soldiers for exploring its mighty rivers, and taking possession of the empires, which Providence has called it to govern! One half of the wages of the members of Congress for the hours they have sagely devoted, from time to time, to the nauseous projects and petitions of Colonel Symmes and his moon-stricken disciples, would have enabled this party of gallant officers intelligent and scientific travellers, to enlarge the known boundaries of all the kingdoms of nature. Poor, indeed, we are in spirit, if not in finance, if we will not afford to pay the expense of making an inventory of the glorious inheritance we are called to possess. England, staggering and sinking under her burdens, can fit out her noble expeditions to the Niger and to the Pole. France has her intrepid naturalists in the farthest regions of Ethiopia. Botanists and mineralogists take their departure from Vienna, to go and traverse Brazil. Prussia sends her men of learning to copy manuscripts and study antiquities at Verona and at Rome. Russia, with her Krusensterns, and Kotzebues, and Lisianskis, is actually elbowing us out of the mouths of the Columbia. And even Mohammed Ali Pasha, the Turkish viceroy, the bey of Egypt, has his envoys at Marseilles, at Leghorn, and at Frankfort, to send him home the latest improvements. While these very prosperous, very flourishing countries, of whose aggregate national debt, the principal of ours would not pay six months' interest,

can do all this, we cannot find a small party of discovery in powder and ball enough to hunt withal, or blankets and stroud-ing enough to trade with the Indians. If, indeed, this is the sense of the people, and of their representatives, let them be honest and *act* the poverty they allege and feel. Honest poverty is no shame in the single man or the state. If we are poor, let us put off these proud airs; truckle to the British, court the Russians, beg pardon of the Spaniards, and shake hands with the pirates. Let the president at Washington move into comfortable lodgings in the seven buildings, and his white palace be leased out as a hotel. Put Congress back into the brick tenement, from which it lately escaped, and convert the capitol into a cotton factory, that its hall may at length resound with no unprofitable hum. Get the British East India company to charter our extravagant frigates and seventy-fours; and see, in the last resort, if the emperor of Russia cannot be prevailed on to farm the valley of the Missouri at the halves. This would be manly, consistent, radical work; and when we had come down to this, we might have the face to talk of the low state of our national finances. But do not let us teach the people unnecessarily to grovel. Do not let us take the country at contract, to be administered by those, who will stoop to administer it most meanly. It is not grateful to Providence to be so covetous. Whoever believes that the sins of nations may sometimes be visited upon them, may well fear that this miserly policy, on the part of a people so highly favored, may draw down upon us a touch of real national poverty; an overwhelming national debt, an all devouring taxation, a dispensation of *assignats*, and a public bankruptcy. Who knows that a just retribution may not conjure up to plague us some Mississippi company; some South Sea scheme; some judicial *old tenor* at an unheard of discount; some *new emission*, a thousand for one; may not let loose a base coin upon our community, shake public credit, poison faith between man and man, turn certificates of stock into rags, and render it good husbandry—as it was twelve years ago in the Dutch cities—to pull down brick houses, for the sake of saving the tax? When any or all of these events have taken place, we may talk of our national poverty. Till then, it would be more reasonable, and quite as decent, to return thanks for the public prosperity.

Art. XVIII.—*The trve travels, adventvres, and observations of captaine Iohn Smith, in Europe, Asia, Africke, and America: beginning about the yeere* 1593, *and continued to this present* 1629.

The Generall Historie of Virginia, New-England, and the Summer Iles, with the names of the adventurers, planters, and governours from their first beginning, an. 1584. *to this present* 1626. *with the proceedings of those severall colonies and the accidents that befell them in all their iourneyes and discoveries. Also the maps and descriptions of all those countryes, their commodities, people, government, customes, and religion yet knowne. Divided into sixe bookes. By captaine Iohn Smith, sometimes governour in those countryes and admirall of New England. From the London edition of* 1629. 2 vols. 8vo, pp. 526. Richmond, 1819.

In the fourth volume of the original series of this journal, a notice was given of the second portion of the work, now united as above. The edition now before us is an exact reprint, with the exception of the marginal index, of the folio editions of 1627–29. The life of Captain Smith he states in the dedication to have been prepared at the request of sir Robert Cotton, who had found by the perusal of his Virginia history, that Smith had 'likewise undergone divers other as hard hazards in the *other* parts of the world.' Another motive for writing the memoirs of his life we should have little expected, that 'envie had taxed him to have *writ too much* and *done too little*.' It is probable, this alludes to the disappointment, which was felt by the Virginia company at home, at the small returns derived at first from the colony, and the consequent unpopularity of Smith. All the commendatory poems, too, which, to the number of twenty-one, are prefixed to the life and the history, allude to the neglect and wrongs of the heroic adventurer. To satisfy the curiosity of his friends, and the malice of his enemies, therefore, this short memoir was written. One other incentive to this course is also contained in this sentence in the dedication. 'To speake only of my selfe were intolerable ingratitude; because, having had so many co-partners with me; *I cannot make a monument for my self, and leave them unburied in the fields*, whose lives begot me the title of a Soldier;'—a noble sentiment, finely expressed.

These memoirs of Captain Smith are entirely without dates. He was born at Willoughby in Lincolnshire about 1579, and was left an orphan at thirteen years old, with, as he describes it, 'competent means.' His curious disposition, however, even before his father's death, had led him to attempt to raise the necessary funds for an escapade beyond sea, from the disposal of his 'books and satchell,' whence he declares he 'little regarded' his patrimony. His guardians, at his father's death, bound him apprentice to a rich merchant of Lynn, but 'because hee would not presently send him to Sea, he never saw his master in eight yeeres after. At last he found meanes' to attach himself to a son of lord Willoughby, who was going to France, to join his brother, placed there for his education. He received from his guardians, as an outfit on this occasion, an advance of ten shillings, from the rents 'of his own estate.' The young noblemen, however, found his 'services needless;' and perhaps their foreign tutors discovered them to be worse, so that within a month or six weeks, they sent him back to London, providing him for his expenses, a little more liberally it is to be hoped, than his friends at home. To return to the worthy Mr Thomas Sendall, however, was 'the least thought of his determination, being now freely at libertie, in Paris.'* Accordingly he remained here, till the supply of the lords Willoughby was exhausted, when he appears to have entered the French service. Peace being concluded in France, he transferred himself, in the true spirit of the European cavalier of those days, to the service of the States General. After three or four years spent in the Low Countries, he departed for Scotland, having been furnished at Paris, by one master David Hume, with letters for his Scottish friends, in lieu of 'some use made of Smith's purse' by that gentleman. 'After much kinde usage amongst those honest Scots,' unattended, however, with the advance of the proper pecuniary facilities for success at Court, he returned to his native place, 'where within a short time being glutted with too much company, wherein he took small delight, he retired himselfe into a little wooddie pasture, a good way from any towne, invironed with many hundred Acres of other woods: Here by a faire brook he built a Pavillion of

* The inclination of young men of Smith's age and character, to remain at Paris, is hardly to be wondered at, when the philosophic Julian describes it as 'dear Paris,' ἡ φίλη Λυτήτια.

boughes, where only in his cloaths he lay. His studie was Machiavills Art of warre, and Marcus Aurelius; his exercise a good horse, with a lance and Ring; his food was *thought to be* more of venison than any thing else.' How long our young hero remained in this chivalric seclusion, reading Machiavelli and eating venison, he does not inform us. A certain Italian gentleman had sufficient attraction by his 'Languages and good discourse, and exercise of riding,' to draw him from the studies of the forest to the gay sports of the capital. As we observed above, he does not give the particular eras of his various changes of situation with much exactness, and we are unable to say how long he rode at Tattersall. We are only told, that 'long these pleasures could not content him, but hee returned againe to the Low-Countreyes.'

How long Captain Smith remained in the Low Countries does not appear. He became, however, sooner or later, desirous to 'see more of the world,' and to 'trie his fortune against the Turkes,' and expresses his regret at having practised his valor upon his christian brethren when there was so full employment for its exercise against the infidel. His first outset was rather unfortunate; four French gallants, who had promised him letters of credence to the duke Mercury, in the emperor Rodolph's service, having robbed him of all his money and baggage but a single Carolus. After wandering through France, in great want, even to suffering, occasionally varied by a little kindness from the martial courtesy of the age, whose 'pleasant pleasures' he yet thought ill suited his poor estate; and after having the satisfaction of wounding one of his false friends, he embarked at Marseilles for Italy. The ship, from stress of weather, was forced back to Toulon, and after another attempt to get to sea, was frustrated, our adventurer, who seems to have been undergoing a strict discipline for the future Virginia colonist, was thrown overboard to procure fair weather. Smith, in this juncture, had the good fortune to reach a little desert island opposite Nice. From this situation he was removed by a ship trading to Alexandria, with 'which he was well contented to trie the rest of his fortune.' On their return from Egypt, they met, off Corfu, a Venetian argosy, richly laden, which they took after a desperate fight of two hours. This success quite restored Smith's fortune for the time, and he disembarked with five hundred sequins, and a '*little box*

God sent him worth neere as much more,' and after visiting Italy, entered the Austrian service and repaired to Vienna.

'The noble Englishman,' as he is styled in the patent of a coat of arms granted him by Sigismund, duke of Transylvania, performed good service at Alba Regalis and Canitza. The following account of his well known single combats is certainly modest, his victory in each instance being attributed to accident or providence. A proposal was made by the Turks,

'That *to delight the Ladies*, who did long to see some court-like pastime, the Lord Turbashaw did defie any Captaine, that had the command of a Company, who durst combate with him for his head: The matter being discussed, it was accepted, but so many questions grew for the undertaking, it was decided by lots, which fell upon Captaine Smith, *before spoken of.*

'Truce being made for that time, the Rampiers all beset with faire Dames, and men in Armes, the Christians in Battalio; Turbashaw with a noise of Howboyes entred the field well mounted and armed; on his shoulders were fixed a paire of great wings, compacted of Eagles feathers within a ridge of silver, richly garnished with gold and precious stones, a Ianizary before him, bearing his Lance, on each side another leading his horse; where long he stayed not, ere Smith with a noise of Trumpets, only a page bearing his Lance, passing by him with a courteous salute, tooke his ground with such goode successe, that at the sound of the charge, he passed the Turke thorow [through] the sight of his Beaver, face, head and all, that he fell dead to the ground, where alighting and unbracing his Helmet, cut off his head, and the Turkes tooke his body; and so returned without any hurt at all.

'The death of this Captaine so swelled in the heart of one Grualgo, his vowed friend, as rather inraged with madnesse than choller, he directed a particular challenge to the Conquerour, to regaine his friends head, or lose his owne, with his horse and Armour for advantage, which according to his desire was the next day undertaken: as before upon the sound of the Trumpets, their Lances flew in peeces upon a cleare passage, but the Turke was neere unhorsed. Their Pistolls was the next, which marked Smith upon the placard; but the next shot the Turke was so wounded in the left arme, that being not able to rule his horse, and defend himselfe, he was throwne to the ground, and so bruised with the fall, that he lost his head, as his friend before him; with his horse and Armour; but his body and his rich apparell was sent backe to the Towne.

'Every day the *Turkes* made some sallies, but few skirmishes would they endure to any purpose. Our workes and approaches

being not yet advanced to that height and effect which was of necessitie to be performed; to delude time, Smith with so many incontradictible perswading reasons, obtained leave that the Ladies might know he was not so much enamoured of their servants heads, but if any Turke of their ranke would come to the place of combate to redeeme them, should have his also upon the like conditions, if he could winne it.' vol. i. pp. 16, 17.

What satisfaction the fair infidels felt at the successive return to the city of 'their servants' without their heads, may be easily imagined. Sigismund received Smith with great honor after his duels, and gave him 'three Turkes heads in a Shield for his Armes, by Patent under his hand and Seale, with an oath ever to weare them in his Colours, his Picture in Gould and three hundred Ducats, yeerely for a pension.' He was also discharged from his wish to return to his 'own sweet country.'

About four years of Smith's life being passed in this manner, he was at length wounded and taken prisoner. He was sold as a slave and carried to Constantinople, as a present to a young lady, of whose appellations we reject all but Charatza. This lady had been informed by her husband, who had purchased the English knight in the market at Axiopolis, that Smith was a Bohemian lord, conquered by his hand. Feeling a desire to practise her Italian with the handsome captive, in the course of conversation, she was set right upon this point, and like the fair Venetian soon felt a sympathy in the sufferings and losses which Smith related to her. This sympathy was manifested in a manner rather more inconvenient to Smith, than the subsequent attachment of our fair Virginia princess. Charatza fearing her captive might escape or be sold, sent him to her brother, *Bashaw* of a Tartar province, with a recommendation, judiciously informing him the slave was only to remain there 'till time made her *Master* of her selfe.' This procured the Englishman very severe treatment, which he at length resented, 'by beating out the Pasha's brains with his threshing bat,' for, adds he coolly in the same sentence, 'they have no flailes.' On the swift horse of his late tyrant, he was fortunate enough to reach a Russian garrison, whose governor, after proper precautions, relieved his wants. Due gratitude is here also given to the 'good lady Callamata' for her kindness, and our hero, fully recovered from his oriental sufferings,

arrived at length among his old comrades in Transylvania. Here Sigismund gave him again thanks for his services, and the more solid gratification of fifteen hundred ducats in gold. 'With this he spent some time to visit the fair cities' of Europe, and found himself 'glutted with content and near drowned with joy.' After a short voyage to Africa, with the episode of a sea fight, Smith returned by sea to England, and thus closes the memoir of his life, prior to his Virginia voyage, embracing certainly a great variety of adventures for a youth of twenty-four years.

In the subsequent periods of his life, he becomes more interesting to us from his intimate connexion with the settlement of Virginia. The peculiarly romantic interest in the accounts of voyages of discovery, is of course more powerful in those, in which our own national history is involved. But apart from this association, the first incidents met with in landing on an uninhabited coast, are interesting in themselves, and from the situation of the adventurers become more so in their descriptions. The very circumstance of the first sight of a new country, to those who have been seeking its shores, through the hardships of a tedious voyage, and the suspense of an uncertain destination, must be a thousand times more delightful than the land air and pure water of St Helena to the weary ships from the Cape. Every thing is fresh, and healthy, and glowing, in the new shore and skies. The adventurers are surprised by the effects of a different climate, unaffected by the assimilating presence of art. The new character of the scenery and its vegetation must be a constant source of surprise and interest. Lofty trees of unusual species, covered with the thick growth of the unchecked parasitic plants, and new shrubs and flowers possessing the luxuriance derived from an unexhausted soil, are met by the colonists. The new varieties of animated nature are not less interesting and remarkable in the first discovery of a fertile country, and though in the wildest fertility of the fertile south, we doubt whether any but Chateaubriand would meet bears intoxicated with grapes, or sail under 'arches and bridges of wild vines and lianas,' yet less poetical travellers are enraptured with the novel forms of animated and vegetable nature which they behold. As the adventurers advance up the bays and rivers of the new territory, which seem vast and strange when without embankments, bridges or ship-

ping, still other varieties in the scenery present themselves. Every point in their progress is marked by some discovery. If ignorant, they find vegetable cochineal, and freight their canoes with glittering sand for gold dust;* if skilful, they meet with rare minerals and valuable medicinal plants; but above all, the original inhabitants of the soil in climates which can support a savage population, with their capricious hospitality and jealousy, afford abundant interest and adventure. But the obstacles, delays, and sufferings, in all new colonies, fully balance the extravagant anticipations of success usually entertained. In the instance of the settlement of Virginia, which one of sir Walter Scott's worthies describes 'as the land where gold grows,' these difficulties seem to have been peculiarly multiplied and harassing. They are detailed in 'the Generall Historie' with great minuteness. This portion of the work consists of a number of separate tracts by different authors, public documents, and letters from the proprietors, and finally various useful information to colonists both to Virginia and New England. Captain Smith's personal difficulties began, even before his first arrival, and it appears he was put into arrest, from the time of the ships' leaving the Canary islands. His prudence and eloquence, however, produced a proper effect on the company, and the president was sentenced to pay two hundred pounds fine for this duress. Many attempts to desert the enterprize and return were successively frustrated by Smith, and he was forced occasionally to have recourse to the guns of the fort to keep the pinnace, which he had fitted for discoveries in the bay, from sailing for England. Having penetrated about twenty miles inland, from his boat and company, he was at length surrounded and taken, and saved only by the well known courage and generosity of Pocahontas. This, the 'Emperor's dearest daughter,' was well worthy of an imperial title, if it adds to imperial grace and virtue. After saving him from a violent death, she protected him from famine by a constant supply of provisions; 'ever once in four or five days, Pocahontas with her attendants brought him so much provision that saved many of their lives, that else for all this had starved with hunger.' Her love for

* The contempt with which Capt. Smith mentions the credulity of his companions, in collecting many boatloads of micaceous soil, supposing it gold, with great delay and waste of means, is only one proof of his being a century in advance of most of the other adventurers.

Smith, and the plenty of the Emperor's household, assisted his 'sakre, falcon, and musket shot,' in the detention of his mutinous comrades. She is well known to have been constantly employed in good offices, between her father and the English, procuring the release of her countrymen, and acting as a hostage in the hands of the colonists. It seems the company in England had sent orders *to crown Powhatan*, at an expense which was thought disproportioned to the means of the colony. Captain Smith accordingly, with three or four companions, repaired to the king's wigwam, and while he was sent for, being thirty miles absent, 'Pocahontas and her women entertained Captain Smith,' in the following manner, which we quote as an example of a fête given by a Virginia princess of the blood royal, bearing a pretty fair comparison in point of social, intellectual delight, with certain more refined assemblies in later days.

'In a fayre plaine field they made a fire, before which, he sitting vpon a mat, suddainly amongst the woods was heard such a hydeous noise and shreeking, that the English betooke themselues to their armes, and seized on two or three old men by them, supposing Powhatan with all his power was come to surprise them. But presently Pocahontas came, willing him to kill her, if any hurt were intended, and the beholders, which were men, women and children, satisfied the Captaine there was no such matter. Then presently they were presented with this anticke; thirtie young women came naked out of the woods, their bodies all painted, some on one colour, some of another, but all differing; their leader had a fayre payre of Bucks hornes on her head and an Otters skinne at her girdle, and another at her arme, a quiver of arrowes at her back, a bow and arrowes in her hand; [*Qualis in Eurotæ ripis*] the next had in her hand a sword, another a club, another a pot-sticke; all horned alike: the rest every one with their severall devises. These fiends with most hellish shouts and cryes, rushing from among the trees, cast themselues in a ring about the fire, singing and dauncing with most excellent ill varietie, oft falling into their infernall passions, and solemnly againe to sing and daunce; having spent neare an houre in this Mascarado, as they entered, in like manner they departed.'—vol. i. pp. 194, 195.

We sympathize with the surprise of Captain Smith, at the determination of the English proprietors to crown Powhatan. This potentate rejected the proposal made to him to come to

Jamestown, for the performance of this ceremony, and insisted, with some propriety, on its taking place in 'his own land.' The proper care does not appear to have been taken, to describe the ceremony with the necessary distinctness to Powhatan, and he appears to have had no conception of the moral and mysterious effect attached to putting on a gold hoop and crimson bonnet. The salute, too, appears to have produced a similar alarm to that which took place at the late coronation of the king of England, from an accidental direction of a pistol in line with his majesty's person.

'The next day was appointed for his Coronation; then the presents were brought him, his Bason and Ewer, Bed and furniture set vp, his *scarlet Cloke and apparell with much adoe put on him*, being perswaded by Namontack, they would not hurt him: but a *foule trouble* there was to make him *kneele to receiue his Crowne*, he neither knowing the maiesty nor meaning of a Crowne, nor bending of the knee, endured so many perswasions, examples, and instructions, as tyred them all: at last by leaning hard on his shoulders, he a little stooped, and three having the crowne in their hands, put it on his head, when by the warning of a Pistoll, the boats were prepared with such a volley of shot, that the King start vp, in a horrible feare, till he saw all was well. Then remembering himself to congratulate their kindnesse, he gaue his *old shooes and his mantell* to Captaine Newport,' &c.—vol. i. p. 196.

Soon after this event, it was discovered that an effect, rather unfavorable than otherwise, had been produced upon Powhatan by this ceremony and the presents accompanying it. The trade for provisions became embarrassed in consequence of the high prices asked for corn by the savages, and it was at last resolved by Captain Smith, 'whom no *perswasions* could *perswade* to starve,' to prevent the extremity of distress anticipated, 'to surprize Powhatan, and all his provision.' This prince had professed his willingness to freight the ship with corn, in exchange for certain commodities, and the assistance of some workmen in building him a house. Smith, accordingly, while preparing his expedition, having learnt that a plan was in agitation among the savages, to cut off his party, sent forward two '*Dutch*-men' and two English. These agents, particularly one of the former class, had been greatly relied on, for intelligence and fidelity, but being captivated by the plentiful table spread by the Indian prince, 'finding his plentie

and knowing our want,' betrayed the confidence of the English, and joined in Powhatan's design. The vigilance of Smith and the terror of his arms, however, defeated their purpose. The issue of this martial visit, therefore, was the supply of their present necessities by negotiation instead of violence. In the speeches between Smith and Powhatan on this occasion, it is impossible to deny, that the savage far exceeds the English knight, in point of intellectual vigor and dexterity. He wished to persuade him to *trade without arms*, and in the beginning of the negotiations addressed Smith as follows :

'Captaine Smith, you may vnderstand that I having seene the death of all my people thrice, and not any one liuing of those three generations but my selfe ; I know *the difference of Peace and Warre* better than any in my country. But now I am old and ere long must die, my brethren, namely Opitchapam, Opechancanough, and Kekataugh, my two sisters, and their two daughters, are distinctly each others successors. I wish their experience no lesse than mine, and your loue to them no lesse than mine to you. But this bruit from Nandsamund, that you are come to destroy my Country, so much affrighteth all my people as they dare not visit you. What will it availe you to take that by force you may quickly haue by loue, or to destroy them that provide you food. What can you get by warre, when we can hide our provisions and fly to the woods? whereby you must famish by wronging vs your friends. And why are you thus iealous of our loues, seeing vs vnarmed, and both doe, and are willing still to feede you, with that you cannot get but by our labours? Thinke you I am so simple, not to know it is better to eate good meate, lye well, and sleepe quietly with my women and children, laugh and be merry with you, haue copper, hatchets, or what I want being your friend : than be forced to flie from all, to lie cold in the woods, feede vpon Acornes, rootes, and such trash, and be so hunted by you, that I can neither rest, eate, nor sleepe; but my tyred men must watch, and *if a twig but breake, every one cryeth, there commeth Captaine Smith :* then must I fly I know not whether. .....Let this therefore assure you of our loues, and every year our friendly trade shall furnish you with Corne; and now also if you would come in friendly manner to see vs, and not thus with your guns and swords as to invade your foes.' vol. i. pp. 208, 209.

We question whether the council room at the Tuilleries or Aranjuez, on those fortunate days when the board 'is presided' by the august puppets themselves, witnesses more good sense and good policy, than is uttered by the Virginia monarch.

The replies of Smith bear marks of his indignation at the supposed treachery of Powhatan, and a scene soon ensued quite worthy of Naples and Genoa in the nineteenth century. A skirmish having ended in the defeat of the savages, Powhatan sent 'a great bracelet and chaine of pearle by an ancient oratour' to Smith, to renew the negotiations thus *entamés;* a manner of recommencing a treaty with a powerful party, not wholly unusual in later days. One other attempt was made to surprise the vigilant adventurer, which was defeated partly by her assistance, who has been emphatically styled 'the guardian angel of the English.'

'Notwithstanding the eternall all-seeing God did preuent him, and by a strange meanes. For Pocahontas his dearest iewell and daughter, in that darke night came through the irksome woods, and told our Captaine great cheare should be sent vs by and by: but Powhatan and all the power he could make, would after come kill vs all, if they that brought it could not kill vs with our owne weapons when we were at supper. Therefore if we would liue, shee wished vs presently to be gone. Such things as she delighted in, he would haue giuen her: but with the teares running downe her cheekes, she said she durst not be seene to haue any: for if Powhatan should know it, she were but dead, and so shee ranne away by her selfe as she came.' vol. i. p. 212.

Many successive attempts by violence and treachery, both on Smith personally and on the whole corps of adventurers, are detailed with minuteness. In addition to the qualities of an intrepid heart and cool head, our hero seems to have possessed the very convenient attributes of great personal strength and activity. In a personal encounter with 'a most strong stout salvage,' these accomplishments seem to have stood him in great stead. The Indian warrior having grappled Smith in a way to prevent his drawing his falchion, bore him by main force into the river to drown him. Rather a ludicrous effect is produced by the association of the dignified titles, under which the combatants on this occasion are described. 'Long struggled they in the water, till *the President* got such a hold on *the King's throat*, he had neare strangled him; but having drawne his faucheon to cut off his head, seeing how pitifully he begged his life, he led him prisoner to Iames Towne and put him in chaynes.' It would perhaps be as well for society, if disputes between potentates were arranged in this way more frequently.—We conceive it would be much more to the in-

terests of humanity, for instance, if, instead of bringing half the slaves of Russia and Asia together, to slaughter each other on the Danube, Alexander and the Grand Seignior should arrange their differences in this manner of the President and King. If, on this occasion, the Commander of the Faithful were strangled, it would, of course, be perfectly in Ottoman etiquette, while a similar death could not be considered ignominious by Alexander, as he is belied, or he inflicted it on his father with the folds of his own sash.

Soon after the arrival of the great expedition under lord Delaware and others, Smith returned to England. His absence, which was the occasion of great loss and confusion to the English—topics which belong rather to their history, than his biography—must also have been sensibly felt by his lovely and imperial friend. That he had found leisure in the tumults and distresses of the new colony, to cultivate her friendship, may be imagined from the slight circumstance, that among the phrases illustrative of the native language, in the original, is 'bid Pocahontas bring hither two little Baskets and I will give her white beads to make her a chain,'—these phrases being of course, among those constantly in use. Whether the charms of Charatza or Callamata were too strong in his remembrance to admit a return to the love of the princess or not, the English captain never alludes to her in any other terms than gratitude, for her protection. After his departure, however, Pocahontas never went to James Town. She was at length persuaded to go on board an English ship in the river, and was detained there for near two years. Here 'Master John Rolfe, an honest Gentleman and of good behaviour,' fell in love with Pocahontas and she with him. A proposal for their marriage was accordingly made to Powhatan, which appears to have been very agreeable to him, and in consequence a treaty of peace was concluded and *kept*. Her husband carried her to England in 1616, and Smith immediately gave queen Ann a detailed account of all the services rendered by the princess to the colony, attributing the possession of the Virginia territory entirely to her assistance. Smith himself was about to sail for New England at this time, but had one interview with his friend and protectress. It seems Pocahontas *had been convinced of Smith's death;* and we know few relations more affecting, than the following, in its cold, plain sincerity.

'After a modest salutation, without any word, she turned about, and obscured her face as not seeming well contented. But not long after, she began to talk, and remembered mee well what courtesies she had done: saying, You did promise Powhatan what was yours should be his, and he the like to you; *you called him father, being in his land a stranger, and by the same reason, so must I do you;* which, though I would haue excused, [as] I durst not allow of that title, because she was a King's daughter, with a well set countenance she said, Were you not afraid to come into my fathers Countrie, and caused feare in him and all his people, but me, and feare you here I should call you father; I tell you then I will, and you shall call me childe, and so I will be for ever and ever your Countrieman. *They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth.*'—vol. ii. p. 32.

The princess was treated with kindness in England, was presented at court, and 'at the masks and otherwise to her great satisfaction and content.' She also, we are told, became 'very formal and civil after the English manner.' She died at Gravesend, having embarked for the outward passage.

Some account is given in the remainder of the second volume of the proposal made by Captain Smith to repress the savages, after the great massacre. This was rejected by the proprietors on the ground of the expense attending the project. The company somewhat inclined, however, to accept the offer on condition of having half the pillage, but when informed by Smith, that none was to be obtained—'I would not give twenty pound for all the pillage is to be got among the Salvages in twenty years,'—the plan of extirpating them was abandoned. The company appear to have endeavored to act with great and politic humanity, in the outset, towards the natives, and strict orders were issued to Smith and others to use no violent measures towards them, and he appears to have met with censure, on several occasions, for his forcible conduct. It may be doubted, though from the case of Pennsylvania it is not certain, whether this policy was practicable. Powhatan appears to have considered the settlements as the act of aggression, and from the idea he had formed of the power and resources of the English, to have anticipated, that it would have at least required all his own to expel them. The pacific policy is hardly to the taste of men in the situation of our colonists, and some sentences like this, from the compilation, show what course would have been to some more eligible :—'And

you haue twenty examples of the Spaniards how they got the West Indies, and forced the trecherous and rebellious Infidels to doe all manner of drudgery worke and slauery for them, themselues liuing like Souldiers vpon the fruits of their labours.'

A short account is given of his voyage to New England, and survey of its coast, and with these the account of his life ends. The materials for his biography, after this period, are extremely scanty. He died in London about 1625 or '27. The book concludes with a memoir on the New England fisheries, the importance of which Smith eloquently sets forth. 'Therefore honourable and worthy Countrymen, let not the meannesse of the word fish distaste you, for it will afford as good gold as the Mines of Guiana or Potassie with lesse hazard and charge and more certainty and facility.'

We have pursued Smith's personal adventures to the exclusion of the very interesting anecdotes of the settlement of Virginia, New England, and the Bermudas, with which they are interwoven. This book in its present form is extremely valuable, and does credit to the enterprise of the Franklin Press. The long title page, which we have copied at the head of this article, will afford a view of the contents of these documents, fully supported by the tracts themselves. This being the first reprint of Smith's memoirs, we have been led to make them the foundation of this article, though perhaps on the whole less novel, than the 'passages' in the general history of the adventurers.

Art. XIX.—*Das Goldene Vliess, Dramatisches Gedicht in drey Abtheilungen, von Franz Grillparzer.* Wien, 1822, 8vo.—*The Golden Fleece. A dramatic poem in three parts. By Francis Grillparzer.*

It has been fashionable for several years in England to hold up its old drama as the boast and despair of its literature; to show how the efforts of its earliest and best writers were put forth in this department, and to complain, that those efforts have never since been rivalled. The dramatic art has come, in fact, to be considered as almost a lost art; and the reasons are discussed very seriously why no English authors of the present day can write tragedies as well as they were written

two centuries and a half ago. Perhaps this admiration of the ancient times is rather excessive, and men of taste have become worshippers too easily at those original fountains of the national poetry. At least we are inclined to think so, except when we remember Shakspeare, and he stands in every respect alone. When there appears another genius like his in any part of the great field of literary invention, it will be soon enough to take shame for the comparative meagreness and poverty of modern pieces for the theatre. It is indeed a remarkable circumstance in the history of polite letters in Great Britain, that the stage was once the chief centre of attraction for the poetical talents of the finest writers, and became afterwards a province, either given up to inferior minds or attempted by the most powerful without success. A great exertion seems to be making now to retrieve this dishonor, and to carry the effect of dramatic description to its former difficult eminence. It remains to be seen whether this exertion will be prospered; and whether we are not yet to have plays that shall be splendid offsets to the extravagances of Thomson and Young, that shall comfort us for Cato, which is good only in the closet, and for Irene, which is too heavy even for that, and even make us forget such beautiful failures as Marino Faliero and Sardanapalus. The highest rank attained of late years in this kind of composition must be assigned to Miss Baillie, who has done much towards effacing the old reproach; but her tragedies, though full of spirit and possessing a strong scenical interest, would not be found very manageable at the theatre, and certainly an aptness to public exhibition is an important consideration in the plan of every dramatic work.

We find a very different state of things, on turning to the Germans. Their whole literature is new, and their drama, which forms an honorable part of it, began with Lessing in the middle of the last century. He was followed by Schiller and Goethe, whose merits are amongst us but little understood. Schiller is known to mere English readers only by his prose; and they for the most part judge of him by poor translations of those works of his youth, The Robbers, Fiesco, and Intrigue and Love;—while such pieces as his Mary Stuart and The Maid of Orleans remain shut up in their own glowing verses. Goethe, whose genius is the pride of Germany, has been introduced to but few of our readers, except in the coarse

sketches and dull bustle of Goetz of Berlichingen, and in some fragments of Faust, translated in the most inadequate manner by Madame de Stael :—inadequate, indeed, it had of necessity to be ; for how could the close, nervous lines of the German bard be represented by the diffuse weakness of French periods in prose? But something a little more faithful we had a right to expect.—The names of Werner, Kotzebue, Gerstenberg, and Klinger come next on the list, and though of celebrity among their countrymen, would probably obtain little praise among us, even though they were presented in the most accurate and graceful translations. The language which they employed was that of conversation and not of poetry ; and this unfortunate respect was the only one in which they could be called natural. With them and their imitators must be chronicled the reign of false taste and a turgid style, and Kotzebue stands as a comforting exception among them to the prevailing love of the revolting and horrible.—Other writers, however, have arisen of a different stamp, faithful to the dignity of the drama, to its approved rules and noblest models. Among the poets of this redeeming character, Collin of Vienna takes high place, whose taste is continually doing homage to the chaste and holy forms of classical antiquity, while he joins to that reverence the fervor of his own free imagination. There seems every reason to believe, that the Germans are destined to produce most finished specimens of dramatic poetry. Their attention is much given to this branch of the art, and competitors for distinction in it abound. They are idolaters of Shakspeare, and at the same time deep students of the Greeks. They have gained as eminent a name in Europe for their invention and fancy, as for the depth of their literary and scientific researches; and their rich, powerful language has a flexibility with it, that fits it for the most delicate purposes, and makes it equal to the most difficult achievements. With all these advantages, and all this promise, there may reasonably be expected no common degrees of excellence.

From the work before us, we cannot hesitate to place Mr Grillparzer in that honorable company of authors, which we last mentioned. It is written in irregular verse with great freedom and spirit—full of action, though the leading incidents, which form its materials are so few—and full of the deepest interest, though these incidents are so familiar to us. The

story is of the wildest and most revolting kind; yet it is so managed, as never to disgust us, and scarcely to seem improbable. The characters are so true to nature, that every thing else seems natural. Each is consistent throughout, though continually disclosing something new, and thus we are presented with faithful and striking pictures of the developments and changes of human feelings. The Medea particularly is conceived and sketched in the happiest manner, and we remember no heroine, who better deserves or would more closely tax the powers of the Siddonses and O'Neils. It is like coming from a hall, where some solemn pageant has been exhibited, into the open air and the community of the wide world's fortunes and passions, to rise from the stately declamation of Corneille's Medée, and then give ourselves up to the emotions of the scene in hearing Grillparzer's 'wild maid of Colchis.' The public will have to decide whether Madame de Stael was not too hasty in pronouncing that Greek subjects are exhausted. She does not allow that any one but Le Mercier has been able 'to reap new glory from an ancient theme,'—though the manner in which she speaks of Goethe's Iphigenia in Tauris may not easily be reconciled with such an exclusive decision. At any rate we are not willing to believe, after the experiment now on our table, that there will not be other poets to divide success with Le Mercier.

We mean to give our readers a description, at some length, of this book, not fearing that it will be found tedious. It is called a dramatic poem; but we must not be misled by this title to imagine, that it is like those which Mr Milman is fond of composing, with very finished descriptions and very beautiful lyrics, and a great deal of gorgeous poetry, but without any skilful plan, and dramatic in scarcely any thing but being conducted in the form of dialogue. It consists of two regular tragedies, one in four and the other in five acts, which are preceded by an introduction in one act, itself a tragedy. This introduction is called The Guest. It places us in Colchis, and sets before us at once the princess Medea in the character of a proud and wayward, but beautiful huntress, who, surrounded by her maidens, is preparing to offer up in sacrifice a deer, which she has just killed. By the sea-shore stands the altar, and on it a colossal figure with a golden fleece thrown over its shoulders, representing the paternal god of the king. The

manners of Medea show themselves to be sufficiently rude and imperious; her conversation with her father Æetes is none of the most dutiful; and she banishes for ever from her presence Peritta, one of her maidens, for having preferred home and a lover to the forest and the chase. In vain the poor girl endeavors to explain, that it was not of her own will; she is interrupted by the following rebuke:

'O hear now!
She would not and she did! Go, thou speak'st folly.
How could this happen, hadst thou wished it not?
What I do that I will, and what I will—
—Well, be it, many a time *that* do I not.
Go to thy shepherd's stupid cottage, go;
There sit with smoke and vapors foul about thee,
And raise thy pot-herbs on a span of ground.
My garden is the immeasurable earth,
The heavens' blue pillars are Medea's house.
There will I stand, the free air of the mountains
Opposing with a breast as free as they,
And look down on thy meanness and despise thee.
Ho! to the wood! ye maidens, to the wood!'

There is now an alarm, that armed strangers are just landing on the coast, having great treasures with them. Æetes, afraid of their weapons, and wishing to possess himself of their wealth, apprizes his refractory daughter of their coming, and prevails on her by coaxing and threats to prepare a sleeping potion for them, according to the magical arts, which she had learned from her mother. Warlike music is now heard, and a messenger approaches:

'*Messenger.*
The chief, my lord, of the coming strangers—
Æetes.
What will he have? My diadem? My life?
I still have heart, I still have strength,
The blood rolls still within my veins,
To barter death for death.
Messenger.
He asks but for an audience.
Æetes.
Asks?
Messenger.
In friendship but to converse with thee,
And form a covenant of peace.

Æetes.

Asks? And has the might in his hands!
Finds us unready, he in armor,
And asks?—the fool!'

The king tells the messenger they may come within his walls, but without sword, shield, or spear; and bids him, after bearing this message, gather friends speedily from all sides well armed, and have them concealed in waiting. Phryxus now appears at the head of his Greeks, carrying on his lance like a banner a golden fleece. He stops in astonishment at the sight of the statue, and then kneeling down before it returns acknowledgments, as to a protecting divinity. He informs Æetes, that he is a Greek of divine descent, and his kinsman. He relates that he has been driven from his home by the injustice of a stepmother; and that while he slept one night in the temple of Delphi, he saw in a vision a form like the statue before him, which took off from its shoulders the golden fleece that hung over them, and, offering it to him, said with a smile, 'take victory and vengeance.' He awoke, and the image was before him, glittering in the morning sun. 'Colchis' was engraven on its base. He snatched the fleece from the image. It gave him safe conduct through the midst of his enemies; he fastened it to his mast, and the storms and waves had no power over him. And now he had come to ask for a resting place in the land, and if refused, was ready to vindicate it for himself, relying on the aid of the gods and on the pledge which he carried of victory and vengeance. The king receives him uncourteously, but bids him and his companions to a banquet within. They enter the palace, and Medea in following is shocked to learn the murderous intentions of her father, which she endeavors in vain to alter. Phryxus soon rushes out, suspecting treachery from the looks of the Colchians and the stupor that was beginning to fall on his friends. A tumult and the clang of weapons within confirms the worst of his fears, and he himself, in spite of the efforts of the princess, is slain by Æetes. His last words are:

'That which he loves the dearest prove his ruin!
And may that fleece, which now his hand is grasping,
Look down upon the slaughter of his children!
He has the stranger slain, who came his guest,
And robbed him of the wealth he trusted to him—
Revenge! Revenge!'

A wild strain of grief and horror now breaks from Medea, which we cannot undertake to translate in its original measures. Over thee, over all! wo! wo! she exclaims as she rushes out, and while Æetes stretches out his hands after her the curtain falls.

The second part is called The Argonauts. The scene opens by night in a wild rocky part of the Colchian coast, with a ruinous tower in the back ground, from the upper window of which a feeble light is glimmering. Æetes and Absyrtus, his son, make their way through the bushes. Absyrtus discloses, by degrees, a bold but tender and dutiful character, and the father shows himself the prey of a sullen and fearful remorse. They knock and call at the tower for Medea, who, after uttering within her prophetic 'wo!' at length reluctantly descends. She has on the dark red garments and black veil of her incantations, and all her words are mysterious and appalling.

'*Æetes.*

Hast thou asked of the signs, the stars?

Medea.

A hundred times have I looked up
To the glittering signs
Of the firmament of night,
And all those hundred times
My gaze was sunk to earth,
Struck with dread and all untaught.
The heaven seemed to me a wide-unfolded book,
And death was written there a thousand times,
And vengeance there in diamond letters
Upon its sable ground.
O do not ask the stars in their high spheres,
Ask not the signs of nature in its silence,
Ask not within his shrines the voice of God.
Watch in the stream the wandering planets' orbs
That from its dark depths look awry* at thee,
The signs that guilt has written on thyself,
The voice of God that's uttered in thy bosom:
They will give thee oracles
Surer far than my poor art,
From that which is and was, to that which soon shall be.'

Æetes now explains the object of his seeking her. The Argonauts have come to avenge the death of Phryxus, and

* Jeremy Taylor speaks of the 'unwholesome breath of a star looking *awry* upon the sinner.'

recover the golden fleece. He demands, he implores her help, and she is prevailed on at last to attempt something on his behalf. The king and prince go into the tower, and after this soliloquy Medea follows :

'Wretched father! wretched man!
They start up now before my eyes
The fearful forms of gloomy prophecy,
But all veiled and turning away,—
I cannot discern their features,
Show yourselves WHOLLY, or disappear,
And leave me to rest,—a dreamy rest.
Wretched father! wretched man!
But yet can the will do much—and I *will*,
Will show him safety, will make him free,
Or—come the worst—will perish with him!
Secret art, which my mother taught me,
Which forcest thy stem to the air of life,
And thy roots mysteriously
Sinkest down to the gulfs of the lower world,
Be present now! for Medea *will!*
To work then!
[*To some maidens who appear at the entrance of the tower.*]
And you, my aids in this service,
Prepare now the trenches, prepare now the altar!
Medea will to the spirits cry,
To the gloomy spirits of dreadful night,
For help, for counsel, for courage, for might.'

The Argonauts, it seems, had grown disheartened at the desolateness of the coast, the failure of provisions, and the want of some guide in this strange country. Jason had left them, in the company of only one friend, determined to bring them relief at every hazard; and he now appears with Milo before the tower. The light from its window attracts him, and by climbing through an aperture in its walls, which he is able to reach after plunging into the sea, he surprises the beautiful enchantress in the midst of her incantations. Medea has time to be filled with a strange admiration of the heroic stranger, and he to return in some degree the sentiment, before Absyrtus enters with some armed men. Jason is here made to owe something of his safety to her good offices, and cuts his way through the assailants. He is evidently an imperious, impetuous warrior; and it is for these very dispositions, for his haughtiness as well as his courage, that Medea

has begun to love him. The effects of this new passion on her pround mind are described in the second act. At first she becomes absent and subdued. She expresses no anger, when informed of the escape of her favorite steed, through the negligence of one of her attendants; and when Peritta meets her eye she shows particular kindness to her, and softens even into tears at the mention of the happy days they had once seen together, and the wretchedness that had followed. She tries to believe it was no man, but a divinity, whom she had met at the tower; and when it is proved to be Jason, and her father reproaches her for feeling any favor towards the chief of his enemies, pride, shame, and resentment, are seen to be conflicting with her love, and she exhorts Æetes to lose no time in preparing destruction for the strangers. The charmed cups are again made ready, and brought to the Argonauts, while they are in fierce parley with the king, demanding restitution, and rejecting all his dangerous proffers of hospitality. Jason is willing, at the sight of Medea, to drink of the cup she offers; but her resolution fails, and she forbids him to drink his death from her hands. At this new deliverance he becomes more impassioned of her, and attempts to carry her away with him; a battle ensues, and the Greeks are beaten back to their camp. At her next interview with her father, she does not wait for his reproaches, but bids him exterminate at once with the sword the *whole* crew of the strangers; she acknowledges that it had not been in her power to prevent at first her passion for Jason, but declares herself determined to banish it now. The third act discovers her an involuntary prisoner in the camp of the Argonauts, where we have a highly finished scene. To all the protestations of her lover she maintains an obstinate silence, till he impatiently turns away from her as unworthy of his affection; and presently gives her into the arms of Æetes who arrives to demand her. But as he is taking his leave of her, half in tenderness and half in anger, her spirit gives way; she avows her affection, and endeavors to produce a reconciliation between him and the king. The attempt fails of course. She receives the curse of her father, who casts her off forever, denouncing shame and misery on her in a foreign land, and desertion by the very man for whom she is willing to leave country and home. She shrinks from his imprecation with a misgiving mind, but is

now Jason's. The fourth act brings us to a deep cavern where the golden fleece is guarded: and here the tempers of Jason and Medea are finely displayed. He will not listen to her entreaties nor heed her threats, but persists with an unfeeling sternness in his resolution to carry off the fleece at every hazard; and at length, wholly through her assistance, the fatal treasure is secured. The scene is now the sea-side, and the Greeks are preparing to embark. An affecting interview here takes place between the noble-hearted Absyrtus and his sister, who seems already half to repent her rash choice, but it is too late. The young prince, after having been wounded by Jason, throws himself into the sea, rather than be kept as a hostage among his enemies, and the despair of the father and the departure of the Argonauts conclude the piece.

The third part is called Medea, and contains that portion of the story which is treated in the tragedies of Euripides, the pseudo-Seneca, and Corneille. In this play are strongly depicted the aversion and persecution which Jason experienced on returning home the husband of a Colchian sorceress;—the weaning of his affection from her on account of these misfortunes, though he felt his honor and honest pride concerned in carrying her with him as he wandered from city to city;—and the withering effect which his coldness and her own sorrows had on her high spirit. They have taken refuge at Corinth, where they are received, though with something of mistrust, by the king Creon, between whose daughter and Jason there had grown up, in very early youth, a mutual attachment. This attachment revives, as they repeat together the tales of other times, and call past scenes and words to the minds of each other; and Medea, who had determined to accommodate herself to her hard fortunes and give her husband all the love she could command, soon finds that Creusa has his whole heart. She had known him before to be selfish and vain-glorious; she was now to find him treacherous and cruel. A herald from the Amphyctionic council appears at the court of Creon, and demands the banishment of both the strangers. Creon, who has become fond of Jason, and regards him as clear from all the charges against him, offers him his daughter and kingdom on condition that Medea is forever banished from him and disowned. The condition is complied with. Medea is commanded to depart before night fall, and her two chil-

dren are not only detained, but learn to fly from her. Her mind is now wrought to madness; and at this moment there is brought to the king of Corinth, who had been demanding the famous fleece, a chest figured over with strange characters. It had just been dug up by some workmen in preparing the foundation for an altar to the shade of Pelias, and had plainly been recently laid in the earth. She saw it with the wildest emotion; for it contained with the fleece and some precious vessels those magical charms which had once given her so much power, and which, on reaching Corinth, she had solemnly buried, as she meant, forever. Her plan of vengeance is at once taken, and the catastrophe is too well known to be repeated. The tragedy concludes, like Corneille's, with a scene between Jason, again a fugitive, and Medea; but this is the only resemblance. Medea has no chariot, drawn by dragons, to escape with, and Jason's expressions of anguish are, we think, much more tragical than the easy resort of an 'il se tue.'

After this analysis of the plot, we will conclude this article, by giving some specimens from the last play of the author's manner.

Medea, [*burying the chest.*]

First, then, the wand of the goddess and the veil;
Rest here, for never will I use you more!
The time of night and magic is gone by,
And what befalls, be it or good or evil,
Befalls me in the open beam of day.
Now for this casket; secret flames it hides,
Quick to consume whoever rashly opes it.
These others filled all with precipitate death,
Away from out the precincts of the living!
Yet many an herb and stone of darkest power,—
To the earth from which ye sprang, I give you up.
So, rest ye there in quiet and for ever!
The last is wanting still, and that the weightiest.—
Let me once more behold thee, fatal present!
Thou witness of my house's overthrow,
Wet with a father's and a brother's blood,
Thou signal of Medea's shame and guilt!
Thus do I snap thy staff, and thrust thee down
To night's black bosom, whence thou cam'st to kill.

Medea to Creusa. [*The scene is in the palace of Creon.*]

I look upon thee and I look again,
And scarce can satisfy me with the sight.

Thou soft and virtuous, fair in form and soul,
The heart, like thy white drapery, pure and spotless!
Send but a ray of thine own heavenly nature
Into this sore and grief-distracted breast.
What sorrow, hate, and wrong have written on it
Efface in patience with thy holy hand,
And set, instead, thy own clear traces there.
The strength, which from my youth had been my pride,
Has in the conflict all been feeble shown;
O help me make my weakness strong again.
Low at thy feet shall be my refuge place,
And I'll complain of what they've done to me,
And learn of thee what I should bear and do.
Like one of thine own maidens will I serve thee,
Will teach my hands to labor at the loom,
And all that work, which is with us despised,
And left as servile task to menial fingers,
But here is thought employment fit for queens;—
Forgetting that my sire was Colchis' king,
Forgetting that my ancestors were gods,
Forgetting all that's past and all that threatens—
—No! that can never be.

Medea, Jason, and Creusa.

Medea, [*with a lyre.*]
Jason, I know a song.

Jason to Creusa.

And then the tower!
Know'st thou the tower, that stands by the sea-side,
Where thou stood'st with thy father, and did'st weep,
As I embarked for the long, perilous voyage?
I had no eye then for those tears of thine,
Since only for exploits my heart was thirsting.
A gust blew off thy veil and wafted it
Into the sea; I plunged into the waves,
And caught and treasured it in memory of thee.

Creusa.

Hast thou it still?

Jason.

But think how many years
Have passed since then, and borne thy keep-sake with them.
The winds have taken it.

Medea.

I know a song.

Jason.

Thou calledst to me then: Farewell, my brother!

Creusa.

And now I call to thee; my brother, welcome!

Medea.

Jason, I know a song.

Creusa.

She knows a song,
Which thou didst sing once; listen, she shall sing it.

Jason.

O yes! where was I then? This cleaves to me
And mocks me from the visions of my youth,
And many a time I dare to dream and talk
Of things which are not and can never be.
For as the youth lives in futurity,
The man must live in converse with the past;
Who is there learns to live the present wisely?
Then was I an adventurous, honored hero,
And had a fond wife, and success, and wealth,
And some secure place for my children's slumbers.
[*To Medea*] What wilt thou then?

Creusa.

To sing a song to thee,
Which thou in former days hast sung with us.

Jason.

And *thou* sing that?

Medea.

As well as I may.

Jason.

Indeed!
Wilt thou with a poor song of other years
Restore to me those years with all their promise?
Nay, leave that! we will hold to one another,
While it is ordered so, and as we can,
But nothing more of songs, and such soft things!

Creusa.

Yet let her sing it! She has tasked herself
Till she has learnt it, and now——

Jason.

Well, well, sing.

Creusa.

The second string, rememberest not?

Medea, [*sorrowfully.*]

Forgotten!

Jason.

Seest thou? I told thee it would nought avail;
Her hand is practised to a different measure.
She sang the dragon to his charmed sleep,
And that was other sound than thy pure strains.

Creusa. [*prompting.*]

O ye gods!
High throned gods!

Medea.

O ye gods!
High throned, and terrible, and righteous gods!
[*The lyre falls from her, and she covers her face with her hands.*]

Medea and Jason, after her banishment.

Medea.

And must I forth? Well, then, so follow me!
Be mutual as the guilt the penalty.
Dost know the ancient vow? Alone shall neither die;
One house, one flesh, and one destruction!
In the very face of death, we swore this oath,
And now fulfil it, come!

Jason.

Wilt thou provoke me?
Away from me, thou bane of all my days,
Who hast despoiled me of my life and fortune!
Away into the wilderness, thy cradle,
To the fierce race which bore thee in its likeness.
But first give back to me what thou hast taken;
Give Jason back to me, thou wicked woman!

Medea.

Would'st thou have Jason back? Here—Here receive him!
But who will give Medea to herself?
Have I sought thee in thy far distant home?
Have I enticed thee from thy father's care?
Have I on thee e'er forced my love—aye forced it?
Have I torn thee from thine own land away,
And given thee up to strangers' scoffs and scorn?
Thou call'st me wicked woman?—O, I am so,
But how have I been guilty, and for whom?
Let these pursue me with their poisoned hate,
And banish, slay,—they do it but in justice;
For I am an abhorred and dreaded being,
Even to myself a terror and a gulph;
Let the whole world denounce me,—only thou not!

Medea, sitting by her sleeping children. [*In Act IV.*]

What would I give, could I but sleep like you!
The night comes on, the stars are shining forth,
Looking to earth with their soft, quiet light;
The same to-night that yesternight they beamed,
As if all else was now as then it was:
Yet measureless fields of air are spread between,
As if to part twixt glory and corruption!

So changeless, like those orbs, all nature is,
So full of change is man with all his fortunes.

Scene the last.

[*A wild, solitary country, enclosed with trees and rocks. A cottage in view.*]

Peasant.

How fair the morning rises! Gracious gods!
After the tempests of this dismal night
Your sun lifts up himself with a new beauty.
[*Goes into the cottage.*]

[*Jason comes feebly in, leaning on his sword.*]

I can no farther. Wo!—My head's on fire,
My blood boils through its veins, my parched tongue stiffens.
Is no one there? Must I thus die alone!
Here is the hut, which used to give me shelter,
When once, a wealthy man, a wealthy father,
I hither came, full of new wakened hopes. [*Knocks.*]
Only one draught! only a place to die in!

Peasant, [*coming out.*]

Who knocks? Poor man, who art thou? Faint to death!

Jason.

Only one cup of water! I am Jason,
The hero of the fleece! a chief, a king,
The Argonautic leader, Jason I!

Peasant.

And art thou Jason? Then away with thee!
Pollute my house not with thy hateful tread.
Hast thou not slain the daughter of my king?
Then ask not help before his subjects' doors.
[*Returns into the hut.*]

Jason.

He goes, and leaves me in the open way,
In the dust, for travellers to tread upon.
Death, I invoke thee, bear me to my children. [*Sinks down.*]

Medea.

[*Advancing from behind a rock, and standing before him, with the fleece like a mantle thrown over her shoulders.*]

Jason!

Jason, [*half raising himself.*]

Who calls? Ha! see I right? Thou there!
Monster! Must I still have thee in my sight?—
My sword! my sword!—O wo is me! my limbs
Refuse their office now, spent, spent, and useless.

Medea.

Forbear, thou harm'st me not! I am an offering
To bleed before another hand than thine.

Jason.

Where has thou laid my children?

Medea.

They are mine!

Jason.

Where hast thou laid them?

Medea.

They are in a place
Where it is better with them, than with us.

Jason.

Dead are they, dead!

Medea.

Thou think'st the worst thing death.
I know one that is worse far,—to be wretched.
Hadst thou not valued life at greater price,
Than it deserves, it were not thus with us.
Ours is the suffering, which our boys are saved from.

Jason.

Thou speak'st thus, standing calmly?

Medea.

Calmly! Calmly!
Were not my bosom still shut up to thee,
As it has always been, thou would'st see anguish,
Which rolling boundless, like a fiery sea,
Engulphs the single fragments of my sorrow,
That welter, lost in the horrible infinite.
I mourn not that the children are no more,
I mourn that they were ever—that we are.

Jason.

O wo! wo!

Medea.

Nay, bear what is laid upon thee,
For well thou know'st thyself has brought it down.
As now thou liest on the bare earth before me,
So once lay I before thee, when in Colchis,
And prayed thee to forbear, and thou forbor'st not!
Blindly and madly thou would'st grasp the hazard,
Though I still cried to thee; thou graspest death.
Then take what thou so proudly didst demand—
Death.—As for me, I now am parting from thee
For ever and for ever. 'Tis the last time—
Through all eternity it is the last—
That I shall ever speak to thee, my husband.
Farewell!—After all the joys of earlier days,
In all the sorrows which now darken round us,
In front of all the grief that's yet to come,

I bid thee now farewell, my husband.
A life all full of trouble breaks upon thee,
But whatsoe'er betide, hold out,
And be in suffering greater than in action.
Would'st thou give way to anguish, think on me,
And comfort take from my far heavier sorrow,
Who've wrought the work you only left unfinished.
I go away, the insupportable smart
Bearing forth with me through the lone, wide world.
A poniard's stroke were mercy—but not so!
Medea shall not by Medea perish.
My early years of life have made me worthy
A better judge, than lost Medea is.
I go to Delphos. At the fatal altar,
Whence Phryxus bore the golden fleece away,
Will I restore to the dark god his own,
Spared sacred even by the bloody flame,
That folded round the form of Corinth's princess.
There will I show me to the priests, and ask them
Whether my head shall fall in sacrifice,
Or they will drive me to the furthest deserts,
In longer life to find but longer torture.
Know'st thou the sign, for which thou hast so struggled,
Which was thy glory, and which seemed thy good?
What is the good of earth? A shadow!
What is the fame of earth? A dream!
Thou poor man! who hast fondly dreamt of shadows!
The dream is broken, but the night endures.
Now I depart—Farewell, my husband!
We who for misery found each other
In misery separate. Farewell!

Jason.

Alone! deserted! O my children!

Medea.

Bear it!

Jason.

All lost!

Medea.

Be patient!

Jason.

O for death!

Medea.

Repent!
I go—and ne'er again your eye beholds me!

[*As she turns to depart, the curtain falls.*]

ART. XX.—*The Life of Francis Bacon, Lord Chancellor of England. By Mr Mallet.* A new edition. London, 1822.

THE name of lord Bacon, with the single exception of that of sir Isaac Newton, is the first in the modern philosophical world. Mr Hume, indeed, whose habitual moderation seems in this instance to have gone to the extreme of coldness, has suggested the idea, that the English, out of national feeling, have exaggerated the merits of their illustrious philosopher. He compares him with Galileo, and seems inclined to place him below both that philosopher and Kepler. 'Italy,' says he, 'not united in any single government, and perhaps satiated with that literary glory, which it has possessed, both in ancient and modern times, has too much neglected the renown, which it has acquired by giving birth to so great a man as Galileo. That national spirit, which prevails among the English, and which forms their great happiness, is the cause why they bestow on all their eminent writers, and on Bacon among the rest, such praises and acclamations, as may often appear partial and excessive.' The general truth of this observation is indubitable. We feel unwilling to acquiesce in its application to Bacon. And as that great man, in his will, has appealed to posterity in these pathetic terms: 'for my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages:' we take the greater interest, after this interval of time—and in a quarter of our country, which was firs settled by civilized men, a few months before the fall of Bacon—in examining into the justice of the stigma left on his name.

In the first place, we cannot but remark, that the intimation, which Hume has given, that lord Bacon's reputation has been produced by the extravagant commendations lavished on him by his countrymen, is manifestly unjust. The learned of foreign nations certainly *took the lead* in his praise, and it would require but a superficial search of the philosophical literature of the continent of Europe, since the age of Bacon, to produce as numerous and as animated testimonies to his merits, as are to be found in the British writers. At the present day, as is well known, the *Baconian* philosophy has become synonymous with the *true* philosophy, and there is certainly no perceptible difference in the manner, in which it is commended by foreign and British writers. That the remark we just made is correct, beginning from the age in

which lord Bacon himself lived, down to the present time, will appear from one or two citations, which we give as we find them, in the Biographia Britannica, under the article of Bacon. Puffendorf says of him: 'The late most wise chancellor of England was the chief writer of our age, and who carried, as it were, the standard, that we might press forward and make greater discoveries in philosophic matters, than any with which the schools had rung; so that if in our time, any great improvements have been made in philosophy, there has been not a little owing to that great man.'—Voltaire, in his letters to the English nation, calls him the father of experimental philosophy, and expresses his surprise at finding the doctrine of attraction, usually regarded as the foundation of the Newtonian philosophy, expressly taught in the writings of Bacon. Considering that Mr Hume has ascribed a portion of his high reputation to the partial and excessive praises of his countrymen, it is curious to observe the author of the learned life of Bacon, in the Biographia Britannica, reproaching the English with neglect of their great philosopher's merits, and with leaving to foreigners to study and applaud his philosophy.

But it is not into a controversy with regard to the philosophical character of Bacon, that we propose to enter. The coolest of his admirers are ready enough to commend him in that respect; and the general confession of his countrymen and of foreigners, of his own age and of posterity, assigns him a rank high enough to satisfy any ambition. It is because he stands by all acknowledgment so high as a philosopher; because he was and is the scientific boast of his country and age, and of all who speak the English tongue; because to his literary studies and attainments—of themselves enough to fill a common life—he added an eminence in the most difficult profession attained by few, a rank in the legal world, a reputation as a statesman, an orator, a lawyer, a judge, that compares honorably with that of any of those who aspire to this reputation alone; because with these splendid intellectual endowments and public qualities, he united the most happy and polished manners, and all the graces of private life; and because, finally, he had the rare skill of being able by his pen to set forth all his wonderful talents and mighty acquisitions: it is because he is allowed, almost without a dissenting voice, to have been and to have done all this, that we would fain go

further, and ask whether too ready a belief has not sanctioned the blot on his moral fame? Have not men, willing to credit so much to the glory of lord Bacon, been too willing to attribute to him weaknesses and crimes, which one would gladly think incompatible with all the noble qualities he possessed? In short, having saluted him as 'the wisest, brightest,'—have not men been too ready to take the epigram of the poet on trust, and call him the 'meanest of mankind'? The ordinary principles of human nature would suggest an answer in the affirmative. We are often shocked with astonishing mixtures of the good and bad, the great and mean in character; but the best and the worst, the greatest and the meanest, if they met in Bacon, never perhaps met in any other individual.

We do not wish, at the same time, to play the panegyrist of his character. At this distance of time and of place, to wish to do this would be an amiable, but a puerile weakness. We do not wish, because lord Bacon's moral character has been under a cloud, to go to the other extreme, and maintain that he was as conspicuous for stern, unbending Roman integrity, as for eloquence and science. The heroism of virtue, like the heroism of the cabinet and the heroism of the field, is partly a matter of temperament. No quality excites so high admiration, as none perhaps is on the whole so rare. But we do not hold it necessary to the character of a good man, that he be able to approve himself a Regulus or a Cato; and especially under arbitrary governments and in semi-barbarous ages, when the axe and scaffold are the ordinary paraphernalia of state, it is quite too much to say, that no one is entitled to be called a good man, if he do not stand ready to seal his integrity by laying his head upon the block. Many great men *are* obliged to seal their integrity by this sacrifice; having been cast into so narrow, so arduous, so desperately defined a path of duty, that their whole moral being is pledged upon it, and they must forfeit their name or die. This was the case with Sydney. His bright name could not have shone a moment, had he faltered in the trial. But had Socrates, at the advice of his disciples, broken his prison and escaped, who would have condemned him? The philosophical but homely poet of the present day says,

> 'That all men would be cowards, if they dare,
> Some men have had the courage to declare.'

And it was precisely this courage, which lord Bacon exercised, and to which he sacrificed, or at least put in jeopardy, his moral standing, rather than disobey his master, by defending himself. When then we deny to lord Bacon this heroism or chivalry of virtue, we have perhaps done all that is required by truth. To proceed, however, as far as possible on conceded ground, we may agree with Hume, that 'he wanted that strength of mind, which might check his intemperate desire of preferment that could add nothing to his dignity, and might restrain his profuse inclination to expense that could be requisite neither for his honor nor entertainment.' Admitting this to be fairly stated, and we shall take occasion, in the course of the present article, to show, that it would bear qualification, we need not point out to our readers, that if carefully weighed, it is less reproachful than it seems. To want that strength of mind, which could check the intemperate desire of preferment, is, we presume, in briefer terms, 'to be very ambitious.' We readily grant this to be an infirmity of character, but instead of making a person 'the meanest of mankind,' it has been declared 'to be the last infirmity of *noble minds*.' There is no proof, that Bacon carried his ambition higher, than to the first dignities of the profession, to which, from his youth, nay from his cradle, he had been destined. Queen Elizabeth, in his infancy, used to pat his head, and call him 'her little lord keeper;' and we confess it seems to us no very inordinate ambition for a man, who at every stage of his course had evinced powers equal to this early promise, to aspire to the place, which he so long filled and adorned. That he aspired to any other, we behold no indication; that in attaining to this and some of the previous stages of his preferment, he was obliged to resort to solicitations, which we now read with pain, is true; but signally entitled to be considered in his own words as one of the *vitia temporis*, not *vitia hominis*. It is the most unquestionable curse of all governments, not strictly popular, that so much power and patronage are in the hands of the individual prince; who, if he be as weak as James, may bring all the great minds in his dominions to the footstool of himself and his favorites. We have but to read the history of any monarchy, absolute or limited, to behold the greatest men obliged to bow to the caprices of weak or perverse sovereigns. We shall see the Walsinghams and Cecils, outraged by Eliza-

beth, under the influence of her unworthy passion for Leicester and Essex. We shall see Marlborough, after breaking the power of Louis XIV, obliged to put up with insults from Mrs Masham; and Walpole taking the lie from George I, with the remark, 'that my memory must fail me, when his majesty says to the contrary;'—a reply which Mr Coxe is pleased to call manly and spirited.* Lord Bacon was forced to that alternative, which so many other great men have been called to—the choice between being deprived of the honors and rewards, to which his talents were entitled, and for which Providence formed and marked him out, and submitting to the degrading conditions attached to their attainment, adulation of their royal dispensers. There is but one happy land where no degree of this necessity exists. It lieth near to Plato's republic, and its name is Utopia. In all other regions, with which history and observation make us acquainted, the lords sovereign or lords popular require a sop from all, who would pass through their gate into the elysium of office; and so far is merit from being the only qualification, that even in our own country, and in reference to an office within the people's gift, the infamous maxim is proclaimed and acted on, 'that the characters of all candidates for place are fair game to be hunted down.'

That lord Bacon, however, really was guilty of the intemperate desire of place ascribed to him, may certainly admit a doubt. Though his patrimonial fortune was slender, and he was obliged to seek his subsistence by the profession of the law, and the sting of necessity was thereby added to his ambition, yet he sacrificed his great opportunities of rising under queen Elizabeth, either to his principles of duty or gratitude. That his letters to Burleigh, who was his uncle, should contain requests for employment, may well be true of such an uncle and such a nephew, without fixing a reproach of grasping ambition on the latter; and it was his honest defence of the popular side in parliament, and his attachment to the unhappy Essex, that cost him his hopes from the queen.

This brings us to the first charge against the character of lord Bacon—his ingratitude to Essex. We shall relate it in the words of Mr Mallet. Essex, to whose use and service Bacon had for many years, to use his own words, 'dedicated his travels and studies,' had solicited a place for Bacon, and

* Life of sir Robert Walpole, i. 188.

having been refused, through the interest of the Cecils, had presented Bacon an estate, which the latter afterwards sold for eighteen hundred pounds.

'A bounty so noble,' says Mallet, 'accompanied too, as we know it was, with all those agreeable distinctions that, to a mind delicately sensible, are more obliging than the bounty itself, must kindle, in the breast of a good man, the most ardent sentiments of gratitude, and create an inviolable attachment to such a benefactor. What, then, are we to think of Bacon, when we find him, after this nobleman's unhappy fate, publishing to all England a *declaration* of the *treasons of Robert, Earl of Essex?* This behaviour drew upon him a heavy and general hatred at that time, which was not extinguished even by his death, but continues still, in the writings of more than one historian, a reproach on his memory.'

It is not necessary to repeat this well known and interesting portion of English history, and fortunately for the reputation of Bacon, he has left a formal apology for the part which he took in the trial of Essex. The circumstances are briefly these. The court and kingdom were divided between two powerful parties, that of the Cecils on the one side, and that of Essex, the personal favorite of the queen and the popular idol of the people, on the other. Bacon was of the Essex party, and personally the confidential friend of this unhappy nobleman; and this circumstance cost him his advancement at court, though lord Burleigh, as we have observed, was by marriage his uncle. The gift of eighteen hundred pounds, which Mr Mallet calls 'a bounty so noble,' was the only specific obligation which Bacon owed to Essex;* and as for the favor of his intimacy and friendship, however these things may be estimated at court, it may be thought perhaps, that Bacon conferred as great a favor on Essex, as Essex did on Bacon. We know how these things are usually stated. The powerful, noble, wealthy patron, whom age, birth, and office, give a control over all within his reach, is thought to do all the favor, and confer all the honor. The young, industrious, ingenuous candidate, devoting his precious hours, his talents, his heart, to the hard service of a master, is under all the obligation. But in this there is no justice. For every act of friendship that passed between Essex and Bacon, we protest we think the ob-

* Perhaps not more than Bacon's rightful share of the £300,000 lavished at different times on Essex by the queen.—Hume v. 494.

ligation on the nobleman's side. To talk of the great favor done by a nobleman, whose birth, fortune, and person, are his only endowments, to a mind like Bacon's, is to talk the language of a court almanack, or a book of peerage; and is in truth poor adulation of wealth and place. It appeared on Essex's trial, that Bacon had been his faithful friend; and, as we have already remarked, he sacrificed his prospects with the queen and the Cecils partly to this friendship. Nor is there any ground to charge him with deserting Essex, till Essex had deserted himself, and engaged in those mad schemes which brought him to the block. Even after his return from Ireland, Bacon labored both with the queen and with Essex, to retrieve the desperate affairs of the latter, and it was only when Essex formed his last preposterous project of seizing the queen, for which he was found guilty of high treason by every one of the lords, that Bacon gave over the attempt to serve him. The trial, which is contained in the first volume of the state trials, was managed by sir Edward Coke, the attorney general, and by Bacon, as one of the queen's council. Called thus officially to assist in the prosecution of the unhappy earl, he discharged his duty in a manner honorable to his feelings. 'It ought not to be forgot,' says Mallet, 'that sir Edward Coke treated this unfortunate nobleman with a strain of petulant dulness and scurrility, that makes us contemn his talent as a pleader, while we abhor the purpose to which he made it subservient. Bacon was moderate and decent.' The truth is, that Bacon was more than moderate and decent; he scarcely made his appearance in the trial. The report of it, in the state trials, appears to be very exact, and the speeches evidently given as they were spoken. From this report it appears, that Bacon opened his mouth but once, till appealed to by the earl of Essex, nor did he make any thing that could be called a speech in the course of the trial. In fact he took virtually the course which he is usually condemned for not taking; that is, he forbore to bear an active part in the prosecution. Indeed, the charge made against Bacon by his enemies, at the time, was, not that he assisted at the trial, or was guilty of severity to the earl in the mode of conducting it, but he was slanderously accused of having solicited the queen to be employed on that service. That this was the charge at the time, appears sufficiently from his reply.

'For that I performed at the bar in my public service, your lordship knoweth by the rules of duty, that I was to do it honestly and without prevarication; but for any putting myself into it, I protest before God, I never moved either the queen or any person living, concerning my being used in the service, either of evidence or examination, but it was merely laid upon me, with the rest of my fellows.'

We have urged this, in some measure, in consequence of a remark by Mallet, that, as sir H. Yelverton, at the risk of offending the king and Buckingham, refused to conduct the prosecution against Somerset, who had procured him the office of solicitor; so Bacon ought to have refused to conduct the prosecution against Essex. The truth is, that he did not conduct it; it was managed by the attorney general, sir E. Coke; and Bacon, moreover, owed the earl of Essex no such favor, as Yelverton had received from Somerset.

The account which Hume has given of this transaction is not distinguished by his usual perspicuity, and he appears to have confounded, in some degree, the circumstances of Essex's examination before the council, on his return from Ireland, with the trial of Essex and Southampton for treason, after the uproar in London. He observes, that Bacon appeared against Essex before the council, *in obedience to the queen's commands;* but he afterward says, that he *volunteered* his services against Essex, on the trial for high treason, not being of the crown lawyers. Besides that Bacon most solemnly denies this fact, and protests that the duty of taking a part in the trial was laid on him with his fellows; it is not easy to perceive what difference Hume meant to set up, in his official duty, at the examination and at the trial, by which Bacon was constrained to appear at the one, and not at the other. It appears also, that Hume confounds the *report* of the proceedings of the council, which Bacon, by command of the queen, drew up, but which was suppressed, and, as Bacon says, never seen by five persons, with the *declaration* of the treasons of the earl of Essex, a formal statement made by Bacon, also at the queen's command, of the crimes of Essex, and the proceedings against him. This important document, on which the charge of ingratitude against his patron has by some writers been mainly founded, is not mentioned by Hume. But as Hume has justly stated of the *report* of the doings of the council, so in the *declaration* after the trial, Bacon, instead of aggravating the crimes of his friend,

and urging his fate, as he is charged with doing, employed all his masterly skill and eloquence to put the best face on his actions. With regard to the first, we quote the words of Hume:

'Bacon, who wanted firmness of character more than humanity, gave to the whole transaction the most favorable turn for Essex; and in particular painted out, in elaborate expression, the dutiful submission which that nobleman discovered in the defence which he made for his conduct. When he read the paper to her, she smiled at that passage, and observed to Bacon, that old love she saw could not easily be forgotten. He replied, that *he hoped she meant that of herself.*'

This account Hume has transcribed from Bacon's apology, as contained in the Cabala, nor do we know why Hume should refer to that unauthentic collection, rather than to the same document, in the works of lord Bacon. Be this as it may, the same remark may be made of the formal *declaration* of the treasons of the earl of Essex. Bacon himself thus mentions it:

'It is very true also, about that time, her majesty taking a liking of my pen upon that, which I had formerly done concerning the proceedings before the council, and likewise upon some former declarations, which in former times, by her appointment, I put in writing, commanded me to pen that book, which was published for the better satisfaction of the world; which I did, but so as never secretary had more particular and express directions and instructions in every point how to guide my hand in it. Not only so, but after that I had made a first draught thereof, and propounded it to certain principal counsellors, by her majesty's appointment, it was perused, weighed, censured, altered, and made almost a new writing, according to their lordship's better consideration, wherein their lordships and myself both were as religious and curious of truth as desirous of satisfaction; and myself indeed gave only words and form of style, in pursuing their directions, and after it had passed their allowance, it was again exactly perused by the queen herself, and some alterations made again by her appointment. Nay, and after it was set to print, the queen, who, as your lordship knoweth, as she was excellent in great matters, so she was exquisite in small, and noted that I could not forget my ancient respect to my lord of Essex, in terming him ever *my lord of Essex*, *my lord of Essex*, almost in every page of the book, which she thought not fit, but would have it made *Essex*, or *the late earl of Essex;* whereupon of force it was printed *de novo*, and the first copies suppressed by her peremptory command.'*

* Bacon's Works, iv. 441.

If this affair then is candidly weighed, it will not, we apprehend, appear that Bacon was guilty of ungrateful behavior to the earl of Essex. It is plain that the obligations of Bacon to Essex are overrated, that Bacon served him as long as it was possible to do it, without being implicated in his mad schemes; that he actually injured himself with the Cecils and the queen, by his fidelity to Essex; that so far from taking an active part in his downfall, he did nothing but discharge his official duty as a crown lawyer, and that without severity or harshness; on the contrary, that he softened and extenuated the crimes of his friend and patron.

One more remark only we make on this subject. Mallet, with various other authors, affects to speak of this supposed treacherous behavior of Bacon, as bringing him into *universal* odium; and they would represent his apology, which we have already quoted, as extorted from him by the voice of the indignant world, condemning his breach of faith. For all this there is no foundation in fact; neither is it in itself probable. The court was at first divided into two parties, of which that of Essex was one. No one can suppose that the conduct of Essex, which brought him to the block, added to the number or zeal of his friends; or that his party, at the moment that he, its leader, was cut off, had any claims to be identified with the nation. The most that can be claimed for it is, that it was still a powerful party. And this party it was that clamored against Bacon, as it was very natural they should do; not that his conduct was in itself reprehensible, but because it was a matter of course, that a man of his prominence, once a friend and counsellor of Essex, should, by appearing against him on his trial, give umbrage to his violent friends. In all party controversies, one side or the other, and accident often decides which, gets possession of the confidence of posterity; and it has happened, in this case, that the Essex party, unable to defend their chief, have managed to cast an odium on Bacon, for having, as they say, deserted him. This does not go beyond the fair limit of party clamor; but not to perceive that this *is* party clamor, to call it the general voice, to suppose, upon the whole, that Elizabeth and the Cecils thought meanly of Bacon for having supported the government on this trying occasion, at their command; or that the mass of intelligent minds in England, who attach many sacred feelings of duty to

the sovereign's person—and did so doubtless much more in the days of Elizabeth than now, were disgusted that Bacon not only did not conspire with Essex, but actually appeared in his place as a crown lawyer on his trial, argues extreme simplicity.

How much injustice has been done, throughout this affair, to Bacon's character, and how uprightly and independently he carried himself in the difficult path, which all in high place were obliged to tread, is plain from his conduct in the house of commons against the demand of the triple subsidy. Notwithstanding his situation at court as a crown lawyer, and the implied obligation of not opposing the measures of the ministry in the house, he defended the popular side, on the demand of this subsidy, and thereby incurred the displeasure of Burleigh. In short, the whole history of lord Bacon, in Elizabeth's reign, is that of a mild, moderate, conscientious man, estimated by all parties, but unwilling to sell himself to either, and, as usually happens in such cases, coldly looked on by both. Under James the advancement of Bacon was regular and rapid; and having passed through various steps of honor and office, he received the seals as lord keeper in 1617, and in 1619 the title of lord chancellor; having previously filled the offices of attorney and solicitor general. In this course of advancement, lord Bacon had acquired or preserved the favor of the king and his favorite, without sacrificing the good will of the house of commons. We give this in the words of the treatise before us:

'The parliament that met in 1614, though extremely out of humor with the ministers in general, distinguished Bacon by an uncommon mark of favor and confidence. An objection having been started in the house of commons, that a seat there was incompatible with the office of attorney general (which Bacon at that time held) which required his frequent attendance in the upper house; the commons, from their particular regard to sir Francis Bacon, and for that time only, overruled the objection, and he was accordingly allowed to take his place among them. If I observe further, that the king raised him to the dignity of a privy counsellor, while he was still in this very office, it will be instead of many instances to show, with what an addressful prudence he steered his course betwixt the court and the nation. He was thus favored by a prince, who exacted from all his servants an implicit submission to his maxims of government: he

gave no umbrage to a parliament, whom these maxims had rendered jealous of the prince and of almost every man in his favor.'

Lord Bacon was raised to the title of chancellor in 1619; in 1620 he published his most famous philosophical work, the *Novum Organum;* in 1621 he fell from his honors and offices into disgrace and ruin. This is the memorable event in his life, on which the charges against his moral character are chiefly founded. As he had no opportunity to defend himself against the charges and was never confronted with the witnesses; as the witnesses against him were examined chiefly by the committee of parliament; as he was driven by the will of his master to plead guilty to the charges and wave his defence,—we cannot but think it a matter of justice to a great and honorable name, to look carefully into the causes which have fixed a stigma upon it. At any rate, if we mistake not, the details of this important trial will be interesting to our readers.

It is unnecessary to relate at length the state of England at this period. The king, besotted with his prerogative, and despotically ruled by Buckingham, gave up the nation to be plundered by the favorite, his family, and creatures. The most oppressive monopolies were granted by royal patent; and the grossest frauds added to the oppression of the privileges themselves. The indignation of the people was at length roused, and as the irregular and extraordinary means, by which James and Buckingham had sought to raise money without the aid of parliament, began to fail, it was found necessary in 1621 to call them together. They met accordingly, and having with great promptitude voted two entire subsidies, for the purpose of supporting the rights of the king's son-in-law in the palatinate, they went into a strict inquiry into those arbitrary impositions, that for seven years had been practised upon the people, till they had become insupportable. The wrath of the commons first fell upon *Mompesson* and *Michel*, who had rendered themselves odious and infamous by their frauds as patentees of the monopoly of gold lace. The proceedings of the house of commons in this case were highly popular; and though the investigations disclosed that sir Edward Villiers, the half brother of the favorite, was associated with the patentees, it was beyond the power of Buckingham to arrest the proceedings. The disposition, which the commons showed to search into abuses, invited all the discontented to

prefer their complaints, and lord Bacon intimates, in his letter to the lords, that particular industry was exerted to bring up the complaints against himself. These complaints were at length urged too loudly to be disregarded; and a committee was raised on the twelfth of March to inquire into abuses in the courts of justice. On the fifteenth of March 1620, this committee reported by sir Robert Phillips, that abuses in the courts of justice had been presented to them. His report in part is as follows:

'I am commanded from the said committee to render an account of some abuses in the courts of justice, which have been presented to us. In that which I shall deliver are three parts. 1st. The person against whom it is alleged. 2d. The matter alleged. 3d. The opinion of the committee.

'1st. The person against whom it is alleged is no less than the lord chancellor, a man so endued with all parts, both of nature and art, as that I will say no more of him; being not able to say enough.

'2d. The matter alleged is corruption.

'3d. The persons by whom this is presented us are two, Aubrey and Egerton.'

These two cases of Aubrey and Egerton were the only ones at first presented. That of Aubrey was as follows. Aubrey had a suit in chancery against sir William Bronker. Thinking that his cause went on slowly, he was advised to compliment the lord chancellor with one hundred pounds. Being poor, Aubrey raised the money with difficulty, and gave it to sir George Hastings, his counsel, to deliver to the lord chancellor. Sir George was a member of parliament, at the time the investigation took place, and gave his testimony by request before the committee. He testified that he delivered the lord chancellor the one hundred pounds which Aubrey had given him, but adds, that 'he did it not in Aubrey's name, but in his own.' Aubrey's cause advanced none the better for this gratuity. He wrote many letters to the chancellor, but got no answer, and the cause went against him. Such briefly was the leading case. In his short answer to the charges, lord Bacon replies to this (which, from standing at the head of the articles, was finally engrossed as the sixteenth) merely as follows: 'I do confess and declare, that the money was given and received; but the manner of it I leave

to the witnesses.' We suppose here that lord Bacon alluded to the testimony of sir George Hastings, that he had given him the money as from himself; and we argue from the withdrawing of this article from the place it filled, at the head of the list, that it was thought of less moment on investigation, than it had at first appeared.

The second case, that of Egerton, was more complicated. It consisted of two articles. The first was, that, in the cause between sir Rowland Egerton and Edward Egerton, 'the lord chancellor received three hundred pounds, on the part of sir R. Egerton, before he had decreed the cause.' To this charge, in the only brief defence he was permitted to make, lord Bacon replies:

'I do confess and declare, that, upon a reference from his majesty of all suits and controversies between sir Rowland Egerton and Edward Egerton, both parties submitted themselves to my award, by recognisances reciprocal in ten thousand marks each. Thereupon, after divers hearings, I made my award, with the advice and consent of my lord Hobart. The award was perfected and published to the parties, which was in February. Then, some days after, the three hundred pounds mentioned in the charge were delivered to me. Afterwards Mr Edward Egerton flew off from the award. Then, in midsummer term following, a suit was begun in chancery by sir Rowland to have the award confirmed. *And upon that suit was the decree made mentioned in the article.*'

From this statement, two things appear relative to the three hundred pounds: first, that it was not given *pendente lite*, the *lis* being in fact closed, when the award was made; and secondly, that Edward Egerton, incensed at losing his cause, stirred up the complaint against the chancellor, for having been bribed by his kinsman and opponent.

The second article of this charge is, 'that in the same cause he received from Edward Egerton four hundred pounds.'—This, we presume, is the case, which has led to the common remark, that lord Bacon took bribes from both parties, Edward Egerton being the other party in this suit. To the charge, as we have just stated it, lord Bacon replied as follows:

'I confess and declare, that soon after my first coming to the seal, being a time when I was presented by many, the four hundred pounds mentioned in the said charge was delivered unto me in a purse, and as I now call to mind, from Mr Edward Egerton;

but as far as I can remember, it was expressed by them that brought it to be for favors past, and not in respect of favors to come.'

Our limits do not permit us to go through all the specifications finally made out, twenty-eight in number, and of which these two, originally the first made, afford a fair specimen. We will quote one or two only, which will lead our readers probably to the opinion, that a good deal of disingenuousness was used against lord Bacon by personal enemies, apparently by discontented and malicious servants, in raking up, (to use an expressive vulgarism,) under the name of bribes, what in common fairness could not be so considered. Thus the third article in the charge is for receiving 'in the case of Hodie and Hodie a dozen of buttons, (after the cause ended) of the value of fifty pounds.' To this lord Bacon replies:

'I confess and declare, that as it is laid in the charge about a fortnight after the cause was ended, *it being a suit for a great inheritance*, there were gold buttons about the value of fifty pounds, as is mentioned in the charge presented unto me, as I remember, by sir Thomas Perrott and the party himself.'

In like manner,—'In the cause between Kenneday and Vanlore, he received a rich cabinet from Kenneday, appraised at eight hundred pounds. To this charge lord Bacon replies:

'I confess and declare, that such a cabinet was brought to my house, *though nothing near half the value*, and that I said to him that brought it, that I came to view it and not to receive it, and gave commandment that it should be carried back, and was offended when I heard it was not. And about a year and a half after, as I remember, sir John Kenneday, having all that time refused to take it away, as I am told by my servants, I was petitioned by one Pinkney, that it might be delivered to him, for that he stood engaged for the money, that sir John Kenneday paid for it; and thereupon sir John Kenneday wrote a letter to my servant Sherborne, with his own hand, desiring I would not do him that disgrace, as to return that gift back, much less to put it into a wrong hand. And so it remains yet ready to be returned to whom your lordships shall appoint.'

But we return to the progress of the trial.—As we stated above, the committee appointed by the Commons to inquire into abuses in the courts of justice, on the 15th of March 1620, reported the lord chancellor to be charged with corruption, alleging the two cases of Aubrey and Egerton. The subject

was recommitted, without comment, to the same committee, with directions to resume their sitting the afternoon of the same day. Two days after, they reported again, stating, 'that the principal thing wherein they had desired to be satisfied was, whether at the time of giving those gifts to the lord chancellor there were any suit depending before him.' This they affirm to have been the case in Aubrey's affair; and in Egerton's they detail somewhat more at length the circumstances mentioned above. They also produce testimony, from which it appears, that in Aubrey's case the lord chancellor had been exceedingly urged to give a favorable decision, with the menace, if he did not, of making known, that he had received a bribe, to which it was testified, that lord Bacon replied, 'he should deny it upon his honor.' No detail of evidence, nor cross-examination is extant, by which the limitation of this denial can be ascertained. As the main fact was susceptible of proof, that he had received the three hundred pounds, it is probable the lord chancellor meant to deny that he had received it as a bribe; it having been brought him with other presents, shortly after his accession to the seals, and avowedly in acknowledgment for past favors. The committee close their second report as follows, the chairman saying:

'That which I move is, that we present this business singly to the Lords, and deliver it without exasperation; 1°. Because there is but one precedent for it,* in the like case for a chancellor in a case of corruption. 2°. Because the party accused is a peer of the kingdom, sitting in the higher house, whom we cannot meddle with. 3°. Because we have no power to give an oath.'

A short debate ensued, in which sentiments favorable and hostile to lord Bacon were uttered, and in which his old enemy, sir Edward Coke, spoke against him, but without bitterness; and it was ordered, that the complaint of Aubrey and Egerton should 'be drawn up by sir R. Phillips, sir Edward Coke, and two other members, and the same be presented to the Lords, without prejudice or opinion, at a conference; and that a message be sent to the Lords for that purpose, on Monday next;' this being Saturday. Accordingly on Monday, March 19, a message was sent to the Lords, proposing a conference, which proposal was acceded to. The king at the same time sent a message to the house intimating, that he

'* This seems to be the case of cardinal Wolsey. See 3 Co. Inst. 148.—4 Co. Inst. 89.'

intended to adjourn them for a recess. This measure is supposed to have been devised by the king and Buckingham, by way of affording an opportunity and time to avert the disasters, which were threatening the lord chancellor. The recess did not, however, then take place. With respect to lord Bacon, the king's message was couched in cautious terms:

'The king also took notice of the complaints against the lord chancellor, for which he was sorry, for it hath always been his care to have placed the best; but no man can prevent such accidents; but his comfort was that the house was careful to preserve his honor. And his majesty thought not fit to have the affair hang long in suspense; therefore would not have any thing to hinder it. But for the furtherance thereof, he proposed a commission of six of the higher house and twelve of the lower house, to examine it upon oath. This proposition, if the house liked, he would send the like to the Lords, and this he thought might be done during this cessation, and though he hoped the chancellor was free, yet if he should be found guilty, he doubted not but you would do him justice.'

On the reading of this message, sir Edward Coke cautioned the house 'to take heed the commission do not hinder the manner of our parliamentary proceedings.' The house thanked the king for his gracious message, and with respect to the commission, desired him to propose it to the other house, with whom they were already connected in the affair. In the afternoon, the conference with the Lords was held, which on the following day was reported by the lord treasurer. Before proceeding to relate the steps adopted in the House of Lords, we would observe, that on Tuesday the twentieth, new complaints were made in the House of Commons, both directly to that body, and through the medium of their committee.—The House of Lords also requested the Commons to reduce their complaints to writing, which they refused to do. The Lords farther desired the attendance and evidence of two members of parliament, which the house permitted them to give on request, as private gentlemen. The next day, new complaints were reported, on the evidence of Keeling, (formerly in the service of the chancellor) and Churchill which led Mr Mewtys, a member, to observe:

'Touching the persons that inform, I would entreat this honorable house to consider, that Keeling is a common solicitor, (to say no more of him) Churchill a guilty register, by his own con-

fession. I know, that fear of punishment and hopes of lessening it may make them say much, yea more than is true. For my own part I must say I have been a witness of my lord's proceedings. I know he hath sown the good seed of justice, and I hope that it will prove, that the envious man hath sown those tares.'

We now go back one day to the proceedings in the House of Lords. The lord treasurer, on the twentieth, reported the result of the conference to the Lords, and closed as follows:

'They [the Commons] humbly desire, that forasmuch as this concerneth a person of so great eminency, it may not depend long before your lordships, that the examination of the proofs may be expedited, and if he be found guilty, then to be punished; *if not guilty, the accusers now to be punished.*'

This report being made to the Lords, the lord admiral (Buckingham) presented to the house the following letter from the lord chancellor:

'My very good lords,

'I humbly pray your lordships all to make a favorable and true construction of my absence. It is no feigning nor fainting, but sickness, both of my heart and of my back, though joined with that comfort of mind, which persuades me, that I am not far from heaven, whereof I feel the first fruits; and because, whether I live or die, I would be glad to preserve my honor and fame as far as I am worthy, hearing that some complaints of base bribery are coming before your lordships, my requests unto your lordships are:

'*First*, that you will maintain me in your good opinion, without prejudice, until my cause be heard.

'*Secondly*, that in regard I have sequestered my mind at this time in great part from worldly things, thinking of my accompt and answer in a higher court, your lordships would give me convenient time, according to the course of other courts, to advise with my council, and to make my answer, wherein nevertheless my council's part will be the least, for I shall not by the grace of God trick up an innocency with cavillations, but plainly and ingenuously, as your lordships know my manner is, declare what I know or remember.

'*Thirdly*, that according to the course of justice, I may be allowed to except to the witnesses brought against me, and to move questions to your lordships for their cross-examination, and likewise to produce my own witnesses for the discovery of the truth.

'And *Lastly*, that if there come any more petitions of like nature, that your lordships would be pleased not to take any preju-

dice or apprehension of any number or muster of them, especially against a judge that makes two thousand orders or decrees in a year, *not to speak of the courses that have been taken for hunting out complaints against me*, but that I may answer them according to the rules of justice severally and respectively. These requests I hope appear to your lordships no other than just; and so thinking myself happy to have so noble peers and reverend prelates to discern of my cause, and desiring no privilege of greatness for subterfuge of guiltiness, but meaning, as I said, to declare fairly and plainly with your lordships, and to put myself upon your honors and favors, I pray God to bless your councils and your persons; and rest your lordships' humblest servant,

'Fra. St Alban.'

This letter bore date, March nineteenth, the preceding day. Answer was immediately returned to it as follows:

'That the Lords received his lordship's letter, delivered to them by the lord admiral. They intend to proceed in his cause now before their lordships, according to the right rules of justice; and they shall be glad if his lordship shall clear his honor therein; to which end they pray his lordship to prepare for his just defence.'

The next day, a message was received by the Lords from the Commons, containing the additional complaints, to which we have already alluded. A committee of the Lords was appointed to continue the examination begun by the Lords in the house, and to report the charges against the lord chancellor with the proofs, which they did in twenty-eight articles. The list of these articles is given in the state trials, but as they stand without proofs, we forbear to transcribe them. Five of them we have already given, with lord Bacon's replies, from a document, which we shall presently notice.

Here the proceedings of parliament rested, for more than a month, till the twenty-fourth of April, during which time the houses had a recess, which the king and Buckingham are, perhaps erroneously, thought to have devised, for the sake of gaining time. It was in this interval that the course adopted by Bacon was fixed upon. The few documents we have do not allow us to say certainly with what advice or under what compulsion. By his letter to the Lords we find him preparing himself for the defence of his conduct and the cross-examination of witnesses. When he next appears before them, we shall see, that it is with a plenary confession. We shall first

give an account of all that is known of his proceedings in the interval.

We left the proceedings in the House of Lords at the twenty-first of March, being Wednesday. On Sunday following, the twenty-fifth, we find the following letter to the duke of Buckingham:*

'My very good lord, yesterday I know was no day; now I hope I shall hear from your lordship, who are my stay in these floods. Meanwhile, to ease my heart I have written to his majesty the enclosed; which I pray your lordship to read advisedly, and to deliver it or not to deliver it, as you think good. God ever prosper your lordship. Yours, ever, Fr. St Alban, *Canc.*'

We are induced to abridge our own observations for the sake of extracting as largely as possible from the interesting letters of lord Bacon in the agonies of this crisis. We first present our readers with a part of that to the king, enclosed in the foregoing to Buckingham.

'It may please your most excellent majesty,

'Time hath been when I have brought unto you *gemitum columbæ* from others; now I bring it from myself. I fly unto your majesty with the wings of a dove, which once within these seven days I thought would have carried me a higher flight. When I enter into myself, I find not the materials of such a tempest as hath come upon me; I have been (as your majesty knoweth best) never author of any immoderate counsel, but always desired to have things carried *suavibus modis*. I have been no avaricious oppressor of the people. I have been no haughty nor intolerable nor hateful man, in my conversation or carriage. I have inherited no hatred from my father; but am a good patriot born. Whence should this be? For these are the things that use to raise dislikes abroad.

'For the House of Commons I began my credit there, and now it must be the place of the sepulture thereof; and yet this parliament, upon the message touching religion, the old love revived, and they said I was the same man still, only honesty was turned into honor.

'For the upper house even within these days before these troubles, they seemed as to take me into their arms, finding in me ingenuity, which they took to be the true straight line of nobleness, without any crooks or angles.

'And for the briberies and gifts wherewith I am charged, when the books of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found

* Bacon's Works, iv. 713.

to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart, in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice, howsoever I may be frail, and partake of the abuses of the times.'

On the next day the king repaired to the House of Lords, and, in the words of the author before us,

'in expressions of studied popularity owned the errors of his government, exclaimed against the patents complained of, frankly gave up to justice the lesser criminals concerned in them; and all for the sake of his favorite, whom in the end he endeavored to screen by the poorest reasons imaginable. Indeed no good reasons could be alleged in defence of him, who was the greatest criminal, and without whose concurrence, the wretches in question could not have been guilty.'

Before the meeting of parliament after the recess, lord Bacon had an audience of the king, as we learn by a letter of thanks to his majesty, in which this audience is alluded to. This letter bears date April, the twentieth. But this is evidently an error. It should be perhaps the second. There is a remarkable passage in this letter to the king to this effect:

'It is not possible, nor it were not safe, for me to answer particulars, till I have my charge, which, when I shall receive, I shall, without fig-leaves or disguise, excuse what I can excuse, extenuate what I can extenuate, and ingenuously confess what I can neither clear nor extenuate.'

We may collect perhaps from this passage, that the king had cautioned the chancellor against engaging rashly in his defence; as we learn also, that up to this date, lord Bacon cherished the only purpose consistent with his honor—that of meeting his accusers, and engaging in his defence. At what time he was unfortunately induced to relinquish this design, we are not informed. That he did so, in consequence of the mingled threats and promises of the king and Buckingham, is nearly certain; threats that they would desert him, should he persist in his defence; promises that they would support him and retrieve his fortunes, if he would make confession to the Lords, and avoid the scandal and disclosures of a trial. Mr Mallet, whose style is by no means that of a panegyrist, thus states this matter. After having related the censures passed in parliament on the patents granted to Michel and Mompesson, he adds:

'But the commons did not stop here. They were for carrying their search up to the prime cause of all grievances, in order to discover by whose influence the patents had been procured, and how they had passed the seals. Complaints were brought into the house about the same time of corrupt practices even in the high court of equity. This alarmed the king for his chancellor, and still more for his minion, as private intimations had been sent to Buckingham of a severe scrutiny that was making into all his management, and of frequent meetings that were held with great secresy, by certain members of the lower house, in order to fix on him the guilt of whatever was most unjustifiable and oppressive. Buckingham's creatures, anxious and alarmed at this intelligence, persuaded him that he could secure impunity to himself and them, only by bringing his master forthwith to dissolve the parliament; and James had certainly been frightened into that rash and hazardous step, but for the sober remonstrances of Williams, dean of Westminster. That politic courtier advised him to cancel at once, by proclamation, all monopolies and vexatious grants; to sacrifice inferior criminals to the public resentment; and to soothe the parliament with the assurance that this reformation was first proposed by his favorite, on finding how much he had been abused by designing and knavish projectors. This counsel the king resolved to follow. But it did not wholly free him from the perplexity he was under. The chancellor, whom his interest led him to preserve, was openly accused of corruption. The favorite, whom his tenderness would not resign, was secretly and therefore more dangerously attacked, as the encourager if not the author of whatever was deemed most illegal and oppressive. To save both at this juncture would be impossible; and he found he must either part with the object of his inclinations, or the oracle of his counsels. How such a prince would determine is easy to guess. His passion prevailed over his reason, and my lord St Alban was made the scape goat of Buckingham. He was even obliged to abandon his defence. As he had gained universal esteem by his learning, and as his eloquence was equal to his parts, superior and commanding, the king would not hazard his appearing before the lords to plead his own cause. In the course of such an enquiry, he might have diverted the public odium from himself, by laying open the long series of bad administration to which he had been privy; the many illegal patents he had been compelled to pass; and all this came full home to Buckingham, the great object of national vengeance. The faults too imputed to himself, he might have extenuated, so far as to procure a great mitigation of the censure which must otherwise fall upon him in its utmost rigor. All this he foresaw and felt; but the king absolutely commanded him

not to be present at his trial; promising on his royal word to screen him in the last determination; or if that could not be, to reward him afterwards with ample retribution of protection and favor. He obeyed, and was undone.'

As this is a matter of great moment in the character of the chancellor, it is important to ask on what authority it is asserted. This is, upon the whole, less indubitable than could be wished, though perhaps as clear as could be expected in a case by its nature secret and confidential. Lord Bacon himself, in some of his letters, intimates that he fell a sacrifice, though not with sufficient distinctness of itself to justify the broad statement we have quoted at length from Mallet. His solemn request to the lords to be heard in his defence, and his repeated assurances to the king, with regard to the manner of making it, are much more conclusive that some influence was exerted over him to persuade him suddenly to the opposite course. In addition to these presumptions is the positive testimony of Bushel, a person in the service of lord Bacon at the time, and who ruined himself, by engaging in the working of some mines, upon pretence of following what he called lord Bacon's philosophical theory. In a work called Mineral Prosecutions, in the appendix, in a piece called the Abridgment of Bacon's Philosphical Theory, Bushel states as follows:

'Before this could be accomplished to his own content, there arose such complaints against his lordship, and the then favorite at court, that for some days put the king to this quere, whether he should permit the favorite of his affection, or the oracle of his council, to sink in his service. Whereupon his lordship was sent for by the king, who after some discourse gave him this positive advice, to submit himself to the house of peers, and that (upon his princely word) he would then restore him again, if they (in their honors) should not be sensible of his merits. Now, though my lord saw his approaching ruin, and told his majesty there was little hope of mercy in a multitude when his enemies were to give fire, if he did not plead for himself, yet such was his obedience to him from whom he had his living, that he resolved his majesty's will should be his only law, and so took leave of him with these words: "Those that will strike at your chancellor, it is much to be feared, will strike at your crown, and wished, as he was then the first, so he might be the last of sacrifices."

Such is the account of Bushel. When we consider the

circumstances of the case, the known temper of the commons, the unaccountable change in lord Bacon's determination, with respect to his defence ; the hints in his own letters ; the relation in which Bushel stood to lord Bacon at the time, and the air of minute accuracy which marks this account descending to the words uttered by the chancellor, we are strongly inclined to believe that this account is the true one. We think, moreover, that it is probable from the passage in lord Bacon's letter to the king, misdated April 20, that it was not till after the charge had been exhibited at length to the chancellor, by the committee of the lords, in the recess of the house, that the chancellor received orders not to stand on his defence. It is probable that Buckingham waited to see what the charge should contain, before he advised conclusively to the steps to be pursued, as it would be obviously impossible to tell how dangerous the trial was likely to be to himself, till he had seen the specifications against the chancellor.

As soon as these charges were exhibited, by the committee of the lords, to the chancellor, it would appear that he received orders to resign his defence. These orders seem to us alluded to, in the following letter to the king, dated April 21, after the lord chancellor had received his charge, but before the assembly of the house.

'Your majesty can bear me witness, that at my last so comfortable access, I did not so much as move your majesty (by your absolute power of pardon or otherwise) to take my cause into your hands, and to interpose between the sentence of the house. But now, if not per *omnipotentiam* (as the divines speak) but *per potestatem suaviter disponentem*, your majesty will graciously save me from a sentence, with the good liking of the house, and that cup may pass from me, it is the utmost of my desires.'

Without particular attention to the train of circumstances, the reader will be in danger here of mistaking the prayer of the chancellor, and conceive him to be urging the king to do, what we have maintained was compulsorily forced on Bacon. It was the chancellor's wish, when he found he was not to be permitted to defend himself, to have the king interpose, and prevent the lords from coming to a sentence. It was the king's design, on the other hand, that the chancellor should make confession, be sentenced, and pardoned.

This was the course accordingly pursued. Parliament met

after the recess, on the twenty-fourth of April, and their committee reported a charge, with twenty-eight specifications, against the chancellor, the same which had been already communicated to him. As soon as the charges were read, the king's son, afterwards Charles I. arose and presented a letter from the chancellor, and its being communicated by the prince is confirmation of the opinion, that this course was pursued by command of the king. We have not been willing to omit any part of this letter, which for its beauty and pathos deserves to be read by all who would make themselves acquainted with the stores of eloquence contained in our language.

'May it please your lordships: I shall humbly crave at your lordships' hands a benign interpretation of that which I shall now write; for words that come from wasted spirits and an oppressed mind are more safe in being deposited in a noble construction, than in being circled with any reserved caution.

This being moved, and as I hope obtained in the nature of a protection for all I shall say, I shall now make into the rest of that wherewith I shall at this time trouble your lordships a very strange entrance: for in the midst of a state of as great affliction as I think a mortal man can endure, honor being above life, I shall begin with the professing of gladness in some things.

'The first is, that hereafter the greatness of a judge or magistrate shall be no sanctuary or protection of guiltiness, which, in a few words, is the beginning of a golden world.

'The next is, that after this example, it is like that judges will fly from any thing that is in the likeness of corruption, though it were at a great distance, as from a serpent; which tendeth to the purging of the courts of justice, and reducing them to their true honor and splendor. And in these two points, God is my witness, that, though it be my fortune to be the anvil whereupon these good effects are beaten and wrought, I take no small comfort.

'But to pass from the motions of my heart, whereof God is only judge, to the merits of my cause, whereof your lordships are judges under God, and his lieutenant; I do understand there hath heretofore been expected of me some justification, and therefore I have chosen one only justification, instead of all other, one of the justifications of Job: for after the clear submission and confession which I shall now make your lordships, I hope I may say, and justify, with Job, I have not hid my sin as did Adam, nor concealed my faults in my bosom. This is the only justification which I will use; it resteth therefore, that without disguise I do ingenuously confess and acknowledge, that having under-

stood the particulars of the charge, not formally from the house, but enough to inform my conscience and memory, I find matter sufficient and full both to move me to desert the defence, and to move your lordships to condemn and censure me. Neither will I trouble your lordships by singling those particulars which I think may be easiest answered. *Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?* Neither will I prompt your lordships to observe upon the proofs where they come not home, or the scruples touching the credit of the witnesses; neither will I represent to your lordships how far a defence might in divers things extenuate the offence in respect of the time or manner of the gift, or the like circumstances; but only leave those things to spring out of your own noble thoughts and observations of the evidence and examinations themselves, and charitably to wind about the particulars of the charge here and there, as God shall put you in mind, and to submit myself wholly to your pity and grace.

'And now that I have spoken to your lordships as judges, I shall say a few words to you as peers and prelates, humbly commending my cause to your noble minds and magnanimous affections.

'Your lordships are no simple judges, but parliamentary judges. You have a farther extent of arbitrary power than other judges; and if your lordships be not tied by the ordinary course of courts or precedents in points of strictness and severity, much less are you in points of mercy and mitigation. And yet if any thing, which I shall move, might be contrary to your honorable and worthy end to introduce a reformation, I should not seek it; but herein I beseech you give me leave to tell your lordships a story. Titus Manlius took his son's life for giving battle against the prohibition of his general. Not many years after, the like severity was pursued by Papirius Cursor, the dictator, against Quintus Maximus, who, being upon the point to be sentenced, by the intercession of some principal persons of the senate, was spared. Whereupon Livy makes this grave and gracious observation: *Neque minus firmata est disciplina militaris periculo Quinti Maximi, quam miserabili supplicio Titi Manlii*, the discipline of war was no less established by the questioning of Quintus Maximus, than by the punishing of Titus Manlius. And the same reason is of the reformation of justice; for the questioning men of eminent place hath the same terror, though not the same rigor, with the punishment.

'But my case stayeth not there; for my humble desire is, that his majesty would take the seal into his hands, which is a great downfall, and may serve, I hope, in itself, for an expiation of my errors.

'Therefore, if mercy and mitigation be in your powers, and do

no way cross your noble ends, why should I not hope of your lordships favors and commiseration? Your lordships will be pleased to behold you chief pattern, the king, our sovereign, of most incomparable clemency, and whose heart is inscrutable for wisdom and goodness. Your lordships will remember, that there sat not, these two hundred years before, a prince in your house, and never such a prince, whose presence deserves to be made memorable by records and acts mixt of mercy and justice. Yourselves, either nobles (and compassion ever beats in the veins of noble blood) or reverend prelates, who are the servants of him that would not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax. You all sit upon a high stage, and therefore cannot but be more sensible of the changes of the world, and of the fall of any of high place.

'Neither will your lordships forget, that there are *vitia temporis* as well as *vitia hominis*: and that the beginning of reformations hath the contrary powers of the pool of Bethesda, for that had strength to cure only him that is first cast in; and for my part I wish it may stay there and go no further.

'Lastly, I assure myself your lordships have a noble feeling of me as a member of your own body; and one thing there was, that, in this very session, had some taste of your loving affections, which I hope was not a lightning before death, but rather a spark of that grace, which now in conclusion will more appear.

'And, therefore, my humble suit unto your lordships is, that my penitent submission may be my sentence; and the loss of the seal my punishment, and that your lordships will spare my farther sentence; but recommend me to his majesty's grace and pardon for all that is passed. God's Holy Spirit be among you. Your lordships' humble servant and supplicant,

Fran. St Albans, *Canc.*'

Notwithstanding the submissive tone of this address, and the powerful patronage, under which it was presented, the lords were not satisfied. They directed a copy of the charge without the proofs to be sent to the chancellor, with this message:

'That the lord chancellor's confession is not fully set down by his lordship in the said submission, for three causes.

'1st. His lordship confesseth not any particular bribe or corruption.

'2d. *Nor sheweth how his lordship heard the charge thereof.*

'3d The confession, such as it is, is afterwards extenuated in the same submission. And therefore the lords have sent him a particular of the charge, and do expect his answer to the same with all convenient expedition.'

The lord chancellor sent back for a reply to this message, 'that he would return an answer with all convenient speed.'

It would appear from the second of the exceptions stated by the lords, that they were dissatisfied with the communication of the articles, which had been made to the lord chancellor during the recess. At any rate, on the following day, we perceive in their doings, symptoms of growing impatience, as they sent him word again, by Mr Baron Denham, and the attorney general, that 'the lords having received a doubtful answer unto the message their lordships sent him yesterday; therefore they now send to him again to know of his lordship directly and presently, whether his lordship will make his confession or stand on his defence.' To this peremptory message the lord chancellor replied by the same messengers, 'that he will make no manner of defence to the charge, but meaneth to acknowledge corruption, and to make a particular confession to every point; and after that, an humble submission; but humbly craves liberty, that where the charge is more full than he finds the truth of the fact, he may make declaration of the truth in such particulars, the charge being brief and containing not all circumstances.' The same messengers were sent back to the lord chancellor by the lords, to let him know, 'that their lordships have granted him until Monday the thirtieth of April, by ten in the morning, to send such confession and submission as his lordship intends to make.'

Accordingly, on the twenty-fifth of April, the unfortunate chancellor sent in a paper to the Lords, which is given at length in the state trials, making particular confession of each of the twenty-eight articles, but extenuating most of them, by way either of showing, that the value of the alleged bribes was overrated, or that no cause was pending, or that they had been received by his servants without his knowledge, or that they were *bonâ fide* loans on ordinary security. The length of the document forbids our transcribing it, and the five articles we have copied from it above will enable our readers to judge of its manner. Having gone through with his replies to the specifications, the chancellor thus closes the confession:

'This declaration I have made to your lordships with a sincere mind, humbly craving, that if there be any mistake your lordships would impute it to want of memory, and not to any desire of mine to obscure truth or palliate any thing; for I do now

again confess, that in the points charged upon me, though they should be taken as myself have declared them, there is a great deal of corruption and neglect, for which I am heartily sorry, and submit myself to the judgment, grace, and mercy of the court.

'For extenuation, I will use none concerning the matters themselves; only it may please your lordships out of your nobleness to cast your eyes of compassion upon my person and estate. I was never noted for an avaricious man, and the Apostle saith "covetousness is the root of all evil." I hope also that your lordships do the rather find me in a state of grace, for that in all these particulars there are few or none, that are not almost two years old; whereas those that have a habit of corruption do commonly wax worse. So that it hath pleased God to prepare me by precedent degrees of amendment to my present penitency; and for my estate it is so mean and poor, as my care is now chiefly to satisfy my debts.

'And so fearing I have troubled your lordships too long, I shall conclude with an humble suit unto you, that if your lordships proceed to sentence, your sentence may not be heavy to my ruin, but gracious, and mixed with mercy; and not only so, but that you would be noble intercessors for me to his majesty likewise for his grace and favor. Your lordships' most humble servant and supplicant, Franc. St Albans, *Canc.*'

The Lords, having heard this confession, sent a numerous deputation of peers and bishops, who shewed to the chancellor the said confession, told him, that 'the Lords do conceive it to be an ingenuous and full confession; and demanded of him, whether it be his own hand subscribed to the same, and whether he will stand to it or not.' The lord chancellor replied, '*My lords, it is my act, my hand, my heart; I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed.*'

This answer being returned to the house, the Lords sent a deputation to the king, at the head of which was the prince, requesting him to sequester the seal, with which request the king immediately complied. On the first of May, (the day following these events,) as appears by a very particular account of the whole transaction drawn up by the king's order and enrolled in chancery, 'his lordship delivered up the great seal with the greatest decency, as well as with the highest signs of gratitude to the king for the many favors conferred upon him, and of the utmost sorrow for his own abuses of those acts of his sovereign favor.'* According to the account of Bushel, he

* This document is contained in Rymer's Fœdera, xvii. 296. See Biographia Britannica, i. 405.

was sent by the chancellor to lord Windsor, to know the effect of his submission on the house. From him he learned, that the only act of grace he could expect was procured him by the interposition of the bishops, viz. that he should retain his titles of honor; upon hearing which the lord chancellor remarked, 'that he was only bound to thank his clergy.'—The seals being sequestered on the first of May, and put in commission the second, the Lords resolved, that on the day following they would proceed to give sentence. The gentleman usher and sergeant at arms were commanded to wait upon the lord chancellor, and the sergeant at arms to take his mace with him and shew it to the chancellor, and so to summon him to appear in the House of Lords to receive sentence the next morning at nine o'clock. These officers found him sick in bed, and having summoned him, he answered, 'that he was sick, that he feigned not this for any excuse, for if he had been well he would willingly have come.' The Lords determined nevertheless to proceed, and sent a message to the Commons, that they were ready to give sentence, whenever the Commons, by their speaker, should come and demand it. The Commons immediately waited on the Lords, and the speaker from the bar moved the Lords for judgment, which was rendered by the lord chief justice, as follows:

'Mr Speaker: Upon complaint of the Commons against the viscount St Albans, lord chancellor, this high court hath thereby, and by his own confession, found him guilty of the crimes and corruptions complained of by the Commons, and of sundry other crimes and corruptions of like nature.

'And therefore this high court having first summoned him to attend, and having his excuse of not attending, by reason of infirmity and sickness, which he protested was not feigned, or else he would most willingly have attended, doth nevertheless think fit to proceed to judgment, and therefore this high court doth adjudge:

'That the lord viscount St Albans, lord chancellor of England, shall undergo the fine and ransom of forty thousand pounds.

'That he shall be imprisoned in the tower during the king's pleasure.

'That he shall forever be incapable of any office, place, or employment in the state or commonwealth.

'That he shall never sit in parliament, nor come within the verge of the court.'

It has been supposed, that the Lords were moved to this tremendous severity, by the belief, that the sentence would be mitigated by the king; and that in reality the punishment would be made as completely nominal, as it was in the power of the king to render it. This actually took place; after a short confinement in the tower, he was discharged from imprisonment. In a letter to the prince, dated June first, we find him expressing his thanks to the prince for the use of sir John Vaughan's house at Parson's Green. 'I am much beholden,' says he, 'to your highnesses worthy servant sir John Vaughan, the sweet air and loving usage of whose house hath already much revived my languishing spirits. I beseech your highness thank him for me.' Three days after, we find the following letter to the king, which does great credit to the feelings of James, and shows that he was sincerely attached to lord Bacon:

'I humbly thank your majesty for my liberty, without which timely grant any other grace would have come too late. But your majesty, that did shed tears at the beginning of my trouble, will, I hope, shed the dew of your grace upon me in the end. Let me live to serve you, else life is but the shadow of death to your majesty's devoted servant.'

Soon after this, he was permitted to have access to his majesty, and being still restrained by his sentence from coming within the verge of the court, this part of it was for the present not abrogated but suspended. We find from a letter of sir Antony Ashley to Buckingham, the second letter in the Cabala, that great offence was taken by the enemies of Buckingham at the promptness with which Bacon was released from the tower. As this letter is dated May twelfth, and Bacon was sentenced the third, it would appear that he was confined but a few days. The king had so long been used to resorting for advice to Bacon, that we find him calling for his counsel as to public affairs, even in this moment of his ruin; and a memorial exists of Bacon, written a week or two after his release from the tower, at the request of the king, touching the best mode of procedure with the reforms, of which his own ruin was the solemn inauguration. The king being deterred by the clamors of the hostile party from allowing him immediate release from the still existing restraints on his liberty, lord Bacon retired in June to his seat at Gorhambury. On the thirteenth of September, the king granted him a license to remain six weeks at sir John

Vaughan's house. On the twentieth of September, the king signed a warrant for assigning to his friends the fine of forty thousand pounds by way of protecting him to that amount from his creditors, and, October twelve, signed his pardon, except in respect to the last article of his sentence. Being therefore still unable to appear within the verge of court, he was obliged, when his license expired, to return to Gorhambury. In a letter to the king, dated March 1622, we find him expressing his thanks to James for his release from the prohibition to appear within the court, which we may suppose accordingly to have been granted about this time. A letter is also extant to the king, apparently written in September of the same year, and in the most touching strain, from which we must find room for a few sentences.

'For now it is thus with me; I am a year and a half old in misery; though I must ever acknowledge not without some mixture of your majesty's grace and mercy; for I do not think it possible that any one whom you once loved, should be totally miserable. Mine own means, through mine own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better than my father left me. The poor things that I have had from your majesty are either in question, or at courtesy. My dignities remain marks of your past favor, but burdens of my present fortune. The poor remnants which I had of my former fortunes, in plate or jewels, I have spread upon poor men unto whom I owed, scarce leaving myself a convenient subsistence. So as to conclude, I must pour out my misery before your majesty, so far as to say, *si deseris tu, perimus.*—

Your majesty shall not feel that in gift, which I shall extremely feel in help, for my desires are moderate, and my courses measured to a life orderly and reserved, hoping still to do your majes ty honor. Only I most humbly beseech your majesty to give me leave to conclude with these words, which necessity speaketh: Help me, dear sovereign, lord and master, and pity me so far, as that I, that have borne a bag, be not now in my age forced in effect to bear a wallet; nor that I, who desire to live to study, may not be driven to study to live.'

In consequence of this and other letters, some pecuniary favors were bestowed upon lord Bacon, though the great amount of his debts rendered his situation anxious and unhappy. That his poverty, however, has been exaggerated, we can scarcely doubt, particularly in the following atrocious account, at the close of his case in the state trials. 'His height

of abundance was reduced to so low an ebb, as to be denied beer to quench his thirst; for having a sickly stomach, and not liking the beer at Grays-Inn, he sent now and then to sir Fulk Grevil lord Brook, who lived in the neighborhood, for a bottle of his beer; and after some grumbling, the butler had order to deny him.' As Bacon retained pensions or grants to the amount of eighteen hundred pounds a year, and had a landed estate of a third as much, it is incredible that he should have been reduced to this abject poverty. Equally dubious do we regard the opposite tale, that he retained, after his fall, all the splendor which he had assumed in the height of his honors, and provoked the prince, who had passed him, driven in his carriage with great state and attendance, to say, 'Well, do what we can, this man scorns to go out like a snuff.' No part of his life, on the whole, does him more credit than that which he passed after his fall. He devoted himself unremittedly to his philosophical and literary pursuits. The very next year he published his history of Henry VII.

'Under the discouragement,' says Mallet, 'of a public censure, broken in his health, broken in his fortunes, he enjoyed his retirement not above five years; a little portion of time; and yet he found means to crowd into it what might have been the whole business, and the glory too, of a long and fortunate life.'

One anecdote from this period does him so much credit, in a point of view in which his reputation has suffered most—strength of mind—that we cannot but quote it.

'One day his lordship was dictating to Dr Rawley some of his experiments in his Sylva. The same day, he had sent a friend to court, to receive for him a final answer, touching the effect of a grant which had been made him by king James. He had hitherto only hope of it, and hope deferred, and he was desirous to know the event of the matter, and to be freed, one way or other, from the suspense of his thoughts. His friend returning, told him plainly, that henceforth he must despair of that grant, how much soever his fortunes needed it. *Be it so*, said his lordship, and then he dismissed his friend very cheerfully, with thankful acknowledgments for his services. His friend being gone, he came straightway to Dr Rawley, and said thus to him, *Well, sir, yon business wont go on, let us go on with this in our power*, and then he dictated to him afresh for some hours, without the least hesitancy of speech or discernible interruption of thought.*

* Quoted from Abp Tennison's account of his writings, in Biographia Britan.

He received a full pardon from James about three years after his fall, and, in consequence of the death of the king, was summoned to the first parliament under Charles I. He himself, however, died soon after. He seems to have spoken in the spirit of prophecy, in telling the king that those who struck at his chancellor would take a higher aim. His impeachment may be regarded as one of the first indications of that spirit, which cost Charles his life. The same volume of the state trials contains both their cases.

The remarks which we have to make on the character of lord Bacon must be confined to a few heads, rather than carried out into a formal argument, as the interest of the subject might deserve, if our limits permitted it. In order not to be misapprehended in the conclusions we would draw, we would say, without hesitation, that lord Bacon stands convicted, though not in the most unexceptionable form, of practices inconsistent with the purity of a court of justice, and that an exemplary punishment was therefore merited by him. Having admitted this, we venture to suggest some considerations in extenuation of his offence, and by way of rectifying the extravagant ideas, which prevail of his guilt, principally, we believe, on no better foundation than that of Pope's line.—In the first place, then, we derive our knowledge of lord Bacon's guilt from *ex parte* evidence, and that in the most exceptionable form. He was himself never confronted with the witnesses, had no opportunity of cross-examining them, no opportunity of calling his own. In addition to this, we possess, for the most part, only general results of their testimony, on many of the charges without any of the testimony itself. What court would think it just or safe to condemn a prisoner under these circumstances? It may be replied, indeed, that lord Bacon was condemned by his peers, and that on his own confession. But we have made it more than probable, we have produced one express authority to prove, that this confession was compulsory; that lord Bacon was brought to it by the mingled threats of the king and his all powerful favorite; and this fact alone deprives lord Bacon's confession of any legal weight. If the confession itself be scanned, it will be found, that every article is palliated, extenuated, excused, or shown in some degree to be different from the allegation; and it is quite plain, that lord Bacon could have gone much farther in this way, but for the miserable dilemma, in which he was placed.

Secondly, his impeachment originated in private malice. Wrenham, a disappointed suitor at chancery, had some years before petitioned against lord Bacon, and sought to do him ill offices with the king. The affair was thoroughly sifted, and it was found not only, that lord Bacon had behaved with integrity and done no other and no more than his duty, but that he had been very ill-treated by Wrenham. This man's private malice could not digest the loss of his suit, and again the disappointment of his vengeance, and he was the instrument of forwarding, collecting, and pursuing the complaints against the lord chancellor, which ended in his impeachment. We hold, that in any moral inference to be drawn against the character of lord Bacon, in consequence of his trial, it is a matter of great moment, whether he was called to it in the ordinary march of vigilant, but even justice, or whether it was stirred up and forwarded by private malice.

Thirdly, the prosecution was strongly associated with the political odium, in which Buckingham was held. It is true, that lord Bacon personally had been a favorite in either house. It is equally true, however, that the Commons—not sufficiently conscious yet of their power to aim at a higher mark—fixed upon the lord chancellor with a promptness of justice, which had evidently been whetted up, for another victim. The letter of sir A. Ashley, to which we have alluded above, abundantly testifies to this feeling on the part of the Commons, and the whole plot—as we may call it—of lord Bacon's forced confession, was predicated on the necessity of turning off the vengeance of the Commons from Buckingham to the chancellor. This fact is equally important, nay far more so, than the former; for if that prove, that lord Bacon was dragged to trial by a malicious informer, this shows, that his trial was prosecuted before prejudiced judges.

Fourthly, the crime itself, of which lord Bacon was guilty, must not be estimated by a standard inapplicable to the age, in which he lived. It is well known, that the chancellors who preceded him were in the habit of taking presents from suitors; a habit of most dangerous example, and deserving to be broken up, even at as great a sacrifice as that of lord Bacon. Nevertheless, when we speak, not of the justice of his punishment, but of the moral character of his conduct, the circumstance, that preceding chancellors had taken presents, is of material

importance, in ascertaining what degree of guilt was incurred by lord Bacon in doing it. Here, too, the manners of the age are to be considered; the taking of presents was a very extensive practice. On new year's day, the sovereign was presented by all the wealthy subjects about his court. Quite as many abstract arguments could be framed on the impropriety of a king's taking gifts of his subjects, as of a lord chancellor's of his suitors. In an age when it is not practised, the crime is monstrous; when it is, it loses its criminality.

Our readers may see the extent of these practices in an extract from the 'Reign of Elizabeth,' by Miss Aikin, an authority the less suspicious here, as that lady has exercised her gifts, which are but small, with great diligence against lord Bacon.

'The ministers of a *sovereign*, who scrupled not to accept of bribes from parties engaged in law suits, *for the exertion of her own interest with the judges*, could scarcely be expected to exhibit much delicacy on this head. In fact, the venality of the court of Elizabeth was so great, that no public character appears even to have professed a disdain of the influence of gifts and bribes; and we find lord Burleigh inserting the following among rules moral and prudential, drawn up for the use of his son Robert, when young:—"Be sure to keep some great man thy friend. But trouble him not for trifles. Compliment him often. Present him with many, yet small gifts, and of little charge. And if thou have cause to bestow any great gratuity, let it be some such thing as may be daily in his sight."'

In connexion with this, Miss Aikin quotes the following letter of Hutton, archbishop of York, to the lord treasurer Burleigh:

'I am bold at this time to inform your lordship, what ill success I had in a suit for a pardon for Miles Dawson, seminary priest, whom I converted wholly the last summer from popery. Upon his coming to church, receiving the holy communion, and taking the oath of supremacy, I and the council here, about Michaelmas last, joined in petition to her majesty for her gracious pardon, and commended the matter to one of the masters of requests, and writ also to Mr Secretary to further it, if need were, which he willingly promised to do. In Michaelmas term nothing was done. And therefore in Hilary term, I being put in mind, that all was not done in that court for God's sake only, sent up twenty French crowns of mine own purse, as a remembrancer of the poor man's pardon, which was thankfully accepted of.'

This argument derives new force, when we consider, in the next place, that though lord Bacon were punished for bribery and *corruption*, he was most certainly innocent of the latter, so far as it is understood of unrighteous judgments. Out of the two thousand orders and decrees published by lord Bacon annually, Rushworth assures us, on the authority of some learned in the law, that no decree of lord Bacon was ever reversed; and one of the profession also said of him, 'that if he sold justice, he sold not injustice.' In fact, there is no crime chargeable to lord Bacon's account beyond those, which the conventions of society create. The moral duty of the judge is absolved, if he render equal justice to all; and lord Bacon is not charged with not doing so.

Finally, that we may not omit any portion of the truth, out of supposed tenderness to his fame, the true source of his extravagant taking of presents was his bad husbandry, he being without a large fortune, of expensive habits, no thrift, and given up to his servants. The twenty-eighth article against him in the charge was, 'that he hath given way to great exactions by his servants, both in respect of private seals, and otherwise for sealing injunctions;' and to this he replied with equal candor and justice, 'I confess it was a great fault of neglect in me, that I looked no better to my servants.' It is in allusion to this, that, when his servants rose up at his entrance, he said, 'sit down, my masters; your rise hath been my fall.' It is probable, that abuses were practised to a great extent in his house, and under cover of his authority, of which he knew nothing, but of which the odium was thrown upon him. And justly in a legal point of view, for it was his duty to protect his suitors from the rapacity of his servants; justly in a moral point of view, for a man certainly shall bear the blame of the wrong, that comes of his neglect; but charitably speaking, it is surely less to be weakly negligent as a master, than wilfully corrupt as a chancellor.

We cannot persuade ourselves, that the foregoing reflections are wholly without weight. We confess we have made them, from having sought ourselves in vain, in the history of lord Bacon's fall, for the grounds of that abandonment, with which he is given up as the 'meanest of mankind.' Fatal as his great weakness was, there is neither truth nor justice in the appellation; it does not even tolerably well describe the gene-

ral kind of his moral defect. Comparing his character with that of men in much stricter times, we could fix on some of the proudest names in English story, to which deeper moral exceptions might be taken. We will not violate national courtesy, so far as to name the frail and illustrious living, but Pitt and Fox, if they fell into the hands of an epigrammatist, like Pope, would either of them serve to point a moral, as dark as the 'meanest of mankind.' When we consider, moreover, that in the same poem, in which Bacon is thus hung up to proverbial scorn, so long as the English literature shall endure, lord Bolingbroke is crowned with all the honors of a poetical apotheosis, we cannot but feel indignant at this perverse distribution of posthumous renown.

Art. XXI.—*The Life of James Otis, of Massachusetts; containing, also, notices of some contemporary characters and events from the year* 1760 *to* 1775. *By William Tudor.* Boston, 1823. 8vo, pp. 508.

To record the merits of those illustrious men, whose exertions have contributed to the freedom and happiness of our country is the most imperious and interesting duty of American scholars. Few of our readers need to be told how inadequately it has hitherto been performed. As a consolation, if not an excuse, for this lamentable deficiency, we can plead no less an example, than that of our transatlantic brethren; and while scarcely one of the statesmen and heroes, who have flourished in Great Britain during the last and the present century, has found a biographer worthy of his merits, while the lives of Chatham, and Wolfe, and Mansfield are recorded, if at all, only in works too contemptible to be mentioned, while Burke and Pitt have found no better heralds of their virtues, than Bissett, and Gifford, and Tomlins, we cannot feel very deeply mortified, if, under all our literary disadvantages, we have produced no first rate specimen of biography,* with the solitary, though striking exception, of the life of Fisher Ames.

To repair our fault in this respect, to do full justice to the memory of the founders of our republic, is, in many cases, out

* We would not be understood to apply these remarks to the memoirs of Franklin by himself, which break off before the commencement of the most active and important part of his life.

of our power. The private history of several of them rests entirely on tradition. We know them in general as public benefactors, but all that distinguished them from each other is irrecoverably lost, the monument raised to their memory in the hearts of their countrymen bears no other inscription, than their names. When Johnson was writing the life of Dryden, upon applying to the only two of the poet's acquaintance then living, he could recover no other information on the subject, than two unimportant anecdotes. Not forty years have elapsed since the death of James Otis, and our author's researches for materials for the work before us have been pursued for a long period, and with exemplary diligence. The following candid statement of his incomplete success tends to shew, in a striking light, the evanescent nature of oral truth.

'The reader will be disappointed, if he expect to find in this volume more than mere fragments of the life of James Otis. After a diligent and widely extended search, but little comparatively has been recovered of his private life, or of his public services; yet before the year 1770, no American, Dr Franklin only excepted, was so much known, and so often named in the other colonies, and in England. His papers have all perished, none of his speeches were recorded, and he himself having been cut off before the revolution actually commenced, his name is connected with none of the public documents, that are familiar to the nation. It is owing to this combination of circumstances, that the most learned, the most eloquent, the most ardent, the most influential man of his time, is now so little known, that to many persons the following language of president Adams seemed exaggerated. "I have been young and now am old, and I solemnly say, I have never known a man, whose love of his country was more ardent or sincere, never one, who suffered so much, never one, whose services for any ten years of his life were so important and essential to the cause of his country, as those of Mr Otis from 1760 to 1770." Language equally strong was used by the late chief justice Dana, when speaking of him, in one of his charges to a grand jury; and similar opinions were held by all those who acted with him, and were witnesses to his talents and influence.' pp. xviii. xix.

Of the private character, therefore, of James Otis, of his habits of business and recreation, of his conversation and conduct in the domestic and social circle, this book contains but little. That little, however, is highly interesting and extremely well told, and its scantiness is the less to be regretted, as the

life of Otis was so emphatically a public one, his time, his property, his talents, his heart, were so unreservedly given to his country, that the greater part of his history is inseparably blended with that of Massachusetts. This work is consequently valuable less as the biography of a distinguished individual, than as a sketch of the times in which he flourished, and of the band of patriots, of whom he was the chief, and exhibits him, not in a solitary portrait, but like Napoleon, on his brazen column, or Wellington in his silver shield, as the prominent figure in a variety of interesting scenes, the head of an illustrious group.

The choice of his subject is alike creditable to our author's feelings and judgment. To no portion of time can the citizens of this state revert, with a deeper interest or a higher pride, than to that which elapsed between the year 1760, and the evacuation of Boston. Those years may be called, without extravagance or partiality, the most trying and glorious recorded in our annals. We do not mean to say that the services or sufferings of Massachusetts closed with that period. To do justice to the zeal and patience, which she displayed throughout the whole of the revolution, is a task of no ordinary importance and difficulty, which little has yet been done to accomplish. 'My heart beats, I trust,' said Mr Webster in the late convention of this state, 'as responsive as any one's, to a soldier's claim for honor and renown. It has ever been my opinion, however, that while celebrating the military achievements of our countrymen in the revolutionary contest, we have not always done equal justice to the merits and the sufferings of those, who sustained on their property and on their means of subsistence, the great burden of the war. Any one, who has had occasion to be acquainted with the records of the New-England towns, knows well how to estimate those merits and those sufferings. Nobler records of patriotism exist no where. No where can there be found higher proofs of a spirit that was ready to hazard all, to pledge all, to sacrifice all, in the cause of their country. Instances were not unfrequent, in which small freeholders parted with their last hoof, and the last measure of corn in their granaries, to supply provision for their troops, and hire service for the ranks. The voice of Otis and of Adams, in Fanueil Hall, found its full and true echo in the little councils of the interior towns; and

if, within the continental congress, patriotism shone more conspicuously, it did not there exist more truly, nor burn more fervently; it did not render the day more anxious, nor the night more sleepless; it sent up no more ardent prayer to God for succour; and it put forth, in no greater degree, the fulness of its effort, and the energy of its whole soul and spirit, in the common cause, than it did in the small assemblies of the towns.'

It is still, however, the chief glory of Massachusetts, that the idea of resisting even to blood against a weak, but exasperated and obstinate British ministry, was first avowed (as we hope presently to prove) by one of her sons; that he was supported by his fellow citizens in this noble purpose, with an ardor equalled only by their invincible firmness; that for fifteen years the people of this state, as one man, while suffering the severest injuries and insults, and with the most desperate prospects, asserted and maintained the unalienable rights of the colonies, with all the courage, and what is far more wonderful, with all the prudence, which swayed the counsels of their illustrious leaders. Events like those to which we refer, could scarcely be divested of their interest, in the hands of the most unskilful annalist. Before making any comments on the manner in which they are generally treated by our author, we shall speak of a point in American history, which he has been the first to illustrate, with the method and the copiousness due to its importance. This point is no other than the origin of our independence. Where the revolution began can be, we think, no longer a question, in any well informed and unbiassed mind. It was in February 1761, that the fundamental rights of the American colonies were first openly and boldly proclaimed. The circumstances which led to this momentous declaration will appear in the following brief statement, taken in substance, and often in terms, from the pages of this work.

In 1760 an order in council arrived from Great Britain, directing the officers of the customs to carry into effect the acts of the trade, and to apply to the supreme judicature of Massachusetts for writs of assistance. Application was made accordingly, in November of the same year, to the supreme court, then sitting at Salem. Chief justice Sewall expressed great doubt of the legality of the writ, and of the authority of

the court to grant it, and none of the other judges said a word in its favor; but as the application was on the part of the crown, it could not be dismissed without a hearing, which was fixed for the next term of the court, to be held in February 1761. In December, chief justice Sewall died, and the loss of this impartial, high-minded magistrate, at that critical period, adds our author, was justly esteemed a public misfortune. His place was filled by lieutenant governor Hutchinson, who thus united in his own person the offices of lieutenant governor, commander of the castle, judge of probate, and chief justice of the supreme court! The officers of the customs called upon Otis, as advocate general, to argue their cause.

'But as he believed these writs to be illegal and tyrannical, he refused. He would not prostitute his office to the support of an oppressive act; and with true delicacy and dignity, being unwilling to retain a station in which he might be expected or called upon to argue in support of such odious measures, he resigned it, though the situation was very lucrative, and if filled by an incumbent with a compliant spirit, led to the highest favors of government.

'The merchants of Salem and Boston applied to Mr. Pratt to undertake their cause, who was also solicited to engage on the other side; but he declined taking any part, being about to leave Boston for New-York, of which province he had been appointed chief justice. They also applied to Otis and Thacher, who engaged to make their defence, and probably both of them without fees, though very great ones were offered. The language of Otis was, "In such a cause I despise all fees." pp. 56, 57.

The court met in Boston accordingly, in February 1761, (the day is not stated,) and the trial took place in the council chamber, at the east end of the old town house. It was at that time and place that James Otis made his speech, on the writs of assistance. Of that speech, celebrated as it was, nothing was published at the time but a few interpolated fragments, and all else which it contained was supposed to have been forgotten. A full and satisfactory sketch of it, however, was lately made by president Adams, from notes taken at its delivery, and is now given to the public in the sixth chapter of this work. It is certainly far more than a compensation for 'the absence of contemporary records, and the subsequent neglect of this great leading transaction, that one of the hearers, after the lapse of sixty years, with all the authority which

venerable age and illustrious services can confer, should have called the attention of his countrymen to the subject; and by a rare and felicitous force of memory, carrying back their regards over the course of two generations, have exhibited with a magical effect, through the obscurity of time, an impressive and brilliant sketch of one of the first struggles that led to their national existence.'

The chapter which we have just mentioned contains, besides this extraordinary summary of Otis' remarks, several reflections of the illustrious reporter. We shall not venture to abridge, and our limits do not permit us to transcribe it. Suffice it to say, that Otis, in an argument of four or five hours, laid down the great principles of civil liberty, and especially the maxim that taxation without representation is tyranny, with a clearness and force, due to his subject and to the occasion. 'American independence,' says president Adams, 'was then and there born. The seeds of patriots and heroes, to defend the "*non sine diis animosus infans*," were then and there sown. Every man of an immense crowded audience appeared to me to go away, as I did, ready to take arms against writs of assistance. Then and there was the first scene in the first act of opposition to the arbitrary claims of Great Britain.' 'I do say,' adds president Adams in another place, 'in the most solemn manner, that Mr. Otis' oration against writs of assistance, breathed into this nation the breath of life.'

Having thus dwelt on this great and hitherto contested point, we proceed to a few remarks on our author's powers as a historian. In his accumulation and selection of incidents, he is no less judicious and happy, than in his choice of a subject. Many of them are drawn from manuscripts, and more particularly from the writings of president Adams, and are now, for the first time, given to the public. Where he has taken his materials, as every historian necessarily must, in some degree, from other works, he has seldom failed to place the facts which he has borrowed, in a more clear, lively, and entertaining point of view, than he found them. Nothing seems to be admitted, which does not rest upon the most unquestionable authority, and but little which is not highly valuable, either for its intrinsic moment, or for the light it incidentally throws on more important subjects.

The author's narrative of political events is interwoven with

many passages of a lighter and more amusing kind. To these, though they occur more frequently, than in the pages of other historians, it would be worse than stoical to object, upon any general principle. They not only serve to prevent the fatigue which might arise from perusing an unbroken narrative of momentous public transactions, but often afford, in a few words, more information respecting the private character of distinguished individuals, or the feelings, habits, and manners, of the people of this state, in the middle of the last century, than could well be learned from volumes of more stately history.

The following anecdote, for instance, is a curious illustration of the character and condition of that class of negro servants, which has furnished a model to the author of the Spy, for his most original and entertaining personage.

'If some previous remarks on doctors Cooper and Chauncy are recollected, they will render the following story more intelligible. Dr Cooper, who was a man of accomplished manners and fond of society, was able, by the aid of his fine talents, to dispense with some of the severe study that others engaged in. This, however, did not escape the envy and malice of the world, and it was said, in a kind of petulant and absurd exaggeration, that he used to walk to the south-end of a Saturday, and if he saw a man riding into town in a black coat, would stop, and ask him to preach the next day. Dr Chauncy was a close student, very absent and irritable. On these traits in the character of the two clergymen, a servant of Dr Chauncy's laid his scheme to obtain a particular object from his master. Scipio went into his master's study one morning to receive some directions, which the doctor having given, resumed his writing, but the servant still remained. The master, looking up a few minutes afterwards, and supposing he had just come in, said, "Scipio, what do you want?" "I want a new coat, massa." "Well, go to Mrs Chauncy, and tell her to give you one of my old coats;" and was again absorbed in studies. The servant remained fixed. After a while, the doctor, turning his eyes that way, saw him again, as if for the first time, and said, "What do you want, Scip?" "I want a new coat, massa." "Well, go to my wife, and ask her to give you one of my old coats," and fell to writing once more. Scipio remained in the same posture. After a few minutes, the doctor looked towards him, and repeated the former question, "Scipio, what do you want?" "I want a new coat, massa." It now flashed over the doctor's mind, that there was something of repetition in this dialogue. "Why, have I not told you before to ask Mrs Chauncy to give you a coat? get away." "Yes, massa,

but I no want a black coat." "Not want a black coat, and why not?" "Why, massa, I fraid to tell you, but I don't want a black coat." "What's the reason you don't want a black coat? tell me directly." "O! massa, I don't want a black coat, but I fraid to tell the reason you so passionate!" "You rascal! will you tell me the reason?" "O! massa, I'm sure you be angry." "If I had my cane, you villain, I'd break your bones: will you tell me what you mean?" "I fraid to tell you, massa, I know you be angry." The doctor's impatience was now highly irritated, and Scipio perceiving, by his glance at the tongs, that he might find a substitute for the cane, and that he was sufficiently excited, said, "Well, massa, you make me tell, but I know you be angry, I fraid, massa, if I wear another black coat, Dr Cooper ask me to preach for him!" This unexpected termination realised the negro's calculation; his irritated master burst into a laugh: "Go, you rascal, get my hat and cane, and tell Mrs Chauncy she may give you a coat of any color; a red one, if you choose." Away went the negro to his mistress, and the doctor to tell the story to his friend Dr Cooper.' pp. 449, 450.

Among a few passages of this book, which might be advantageously omitted, may be mentioned, in the first place, all the sayings and writings of Mr. Otis, during his mental derangement. The ruins of a great mind have been often compared to those of a fine building, but the resemblance, though sufficient for many poetical purposes, fails altogether when we consider the effects severally produced by these objects, on those who contemplate them. No sensations are more diverse, than the soothing pensiveness, which steals over the feelings in the one case, and the mixture of pity and horror, which agitates and rends them in the other. We dissent from our author's opinion, that the disclosure of the facts to which we allude, might throw new light on Mr Otis' character. There is a difference of beauty among the young, says Juvenal, but there is but one face to the aged, and we think it true to nearly an equal extent, that the loss of reason reduces all understandings to a humiliating uniformity. Besides, the singular qualities of Mr Otis' mind are too clearly seen in what remains (little as it is) of the private history of his better days, to receive any additional illustration from a few anecdotes of its operations, while in a diseased condition. For these reasons we think it better, that the effects of his disorder on his conduct, should have been described only in general terms, and that no anecdotes should have been given of the

latter part of his life, but those which relate to his lucid intervals.

We ought to observe, however, that those stories to which we now object, though in our opinion superfluous, are in no degree indelicate, and that the topic of Otis' insanity is invariably treated with the most respectful tenderness. But the only passages really unworthy of this volume, are a few of a lighter cast. Of the long string of puns, for example, annexed to the character of Dr Byles, one or two, at most, are all that can be tolerated. They are none of them superior to many which we daily hear in our social circles, and have been frequently retailed in works, in which they are far better entitled to a place.

The clearness and liveliness of our author's narrative, are by no means his highest, much less his only merits. Instead of confining himself to this branch of his duty; instead of merely chronicling events, and leaving his readers to make their deductions as they may, a practice for which our most respectable historians have been censured, not perhaps without plausible reasons, by foreign critics, he frequently awakens and directs our reflections by his own original and judicious comments. The uniform spirit of candor and good humor, in which these comments are uttered, cannot be too forcibly recommended to the imitation of our historical and political writers. The author seems every where free, if not from error, at least from passion, alike exempt from national, political, and local prejudices, jealous for the honor of his native state, but not less so, for that of our whole country. His most able and interesting remarks (if we can be considered as fair judges) are those which relate to the New-England character, a subject which, as he has more than once proved to the public, his previous researches have singularly qualified him for elucidating. With the exception of a few rather hasty and unqualified animadversions, on the intolerance of our forefathers, a point, in our opinion, not to be touched, without much caution and discrimination, we recollect nothing on this head, which is not highly creditable to his discernment and candor.

The style of this work is well suited to its subject, and finished with much greater care, than that of our author's former productions. His language, with the exception of a

few such words as 'ameliorating and coruscating,' is the purest English. He has offended in one or two instances against good taste, by the violent introduction of a labored simile, (in his comments, for example, on the manner of Otis' death,) but is generally equally free from ostentation and uncouthness, uniformly perspicuous, easy and lively, and occasionally highly eloquent. But his great excellence yet remains to be stated,—his power of drawing characters. This branch of a historian's duty has ever been considered one of the severest tests of his abilities. It is easy, and we are sorry to say it has lately been common, to describe our heroes and patriots, in unqualified superlatives and shadowy generalities, to represent all of them as alike perfect, and consequently exactly equal, and to supply the want of just and discriminating praise, by that vague panegyric, which,

> 'Like the prismatic glass
> Its gaudy colors throws on every place,
> The face of nature we no more survey,
> All glares alike, without distinction gay.'

Our author's sketches of celebrated individuals, on the contrary, are drawn with the force and naturalness, which are alone sufficient to persuade us of their correctness, and may be compared to the fine portraits, which, without having seen those whom they represent, we yet feel assured are accurate likenesses. They are at once concise and comprehensive. He points out, most fully and clearly, the distinguishing characteristics of Otis and his coadjutors, those qualities, in which their intellectual and moral identity consisted; commemorates, with high and well deserved praise, their several merits, and discloses their faults, with lenity indeed, but with independence and impartiality. It is no less to his credit, that his remarks on distinguished loyalists are those of a firm patriot, and a liberal enemy. The thirty-fourth chapter is devoted to the commemoration of Franklin, and the concluding paragraph is one of the most moderate and just summaries of the excellencies and infirmities of his unique character, which we have ever yet seen.

'He was not a man of profound learning. His discoveries and his writings were the expansive results of a vigorous mind, which were thrown off without pretension, and seemed as if designed rather for a pastime, than for fame. He was no orator, and yet his power of instructing, and carrying a point by means of some

striking apologue, was almost irresistible. He cannot rank high as a constitutional statesman, since he was in favor of the most radical and fatal error in a constitution, that of making a legislature to consist of one body. His theoretical deficiencies in religion may obtain forgiveness, through the number and extent of his beneficent efforts. His wit, his indulgent humor, and his intuitive discernment, made him the delight of society. His industry, his moderation, his love of peace, and his public spirit, established his merits as a citizen. His writings will ever preserve his name with his countrymen, while his discoveries will make its fame no less sure in the annals of philosophy. His connexion with the American revolution will place his statue in the temple of universal memory; but his most lasting claims to the gratitude of mankind were his powerful efforts against war, oppression, and inhumanity of every species. He was in truth a real philanthropist; and his views tended to promote the welfare of his race, under all governments, and in every clime.'—pp. 404, 405.

The character of Otis himself is described with the care and copiousness due to the hero of the work, and is thus recapitulated:

'In fine, he was a man of powerful genius, and ardent temper, with wit and humor that never failed: as an orator, he was bold, argumentative, impetuous, and commanding, with an eloquence that made his own excitement irresistibly contagious; as a lawyer, his knowledge and ability placed him at the head of his profession; as a scholar, he was rich in acquisition, and governed by a classic taste; as a statesman and civilian, he was sound and just in his views; as a patriot, he resisted all allurements that might weaken the cause of that country, to which he devoted his life, and for which he sacrificed it.' p. 494.

The description of Samuel Adams is written with still more spirit and elegance. After a candid disclosure of his prominent errors, his abilities and virtues are depicted in what may be considered the happiest passages in the whole work.

'He combined in a remarkable manner all the animosities and all the firmness, that could qualify a man to be the assertor of the rights of the people. Had he lived in any country, or any epoch, when abuses of power were to be resisted, he would have been one of the reformers. He would have suffered excommunication rather than have bowed to papal infallibility, or paid the tribute to St Peter; he would have gone to the stake, rather than to submit to the prelatic ordinances of Laud; he would have

mounted the scaffold, sooner than pay a shilling of illegal ship-money; he would have fled to a desert, rather than endure the profligate tyranny of a Stuart; he was proscribed, and would sooner have been condemned as a traitor, than consent to an illegal tax, if it had been only a six penny stamp, or an insignificant duty on tea; and there appeared to be no species of corruption by which this inflexibility could have been destroyed.

'With this unrelenting and austere spirit, there was nothing ferocious, or gloomy, or arrogant, in his demeanor. His aspect was mild, dignified, and gentlemanly. In his own state, or in the congress of the union, he was always the advocate of the strongest measures, and in the darkest hour he never wavered or desponded. He engaged in the cause with all the zeal of a reformer, the confidence of an enthusiast, and the cheerfulness of a voluntary martyr. It was not by brilliancy of talents, or profoundness of learning, that he rendered such essential service to the cause of the revolution, but by his resolute decision, his unceasing watchfulness, and his heroic perseverance. In addition to these qualities, his efforts were consecrated by his entire superiority to pecuniary considerations; he, like most of his colleagues, proved the nobleness of their cause by the virtue of their conduct: and Samuel Adams, after being so many years in the public service, and having filled so many eminent stations, must have been buried at the public expense, if the afflicting death of an only son had not remedied this honorable poverty.' pp. 276—278.

To conclude, we have looked upon this book, we confess, with a friendly, but certainly not with a flatterer's eye, and with the exception, perhaps, of a few minute defects, have given, in our opinion, a faithful, though incomplete view of its contents. If our expressions have done justice to our meaning, we must have declared in substance a highly favorable opinion of its general merit; a judgment, which we submit with confidence to the revision of our community of readers. Our author has nothing to fear from those who will allow him a hearing.

We have often lamented as a fact, not only humiliating to our reputation as patriots, but highly detrimental to our dearest public interests, the indiscriminate and undeserved neglect, which has been shown in this country to works relating to our own history. Such works, however deficient in point of finish, so they be but authentic and impartial—and these are the unquestioned merits of many of our annalists—are deserving of a far other destiny, than that of an iron

slumber on the shelves of their publishers. It is no light thing to arrest those important facts, which are every day falling into oblivion, which are only extant in the memory of a few individuals, and are continually borne away with them beyond the reach of human investigation. Thus to preserve such incidents is all that is now indispensably necessary ; to arrange and adorn them, may be left, not advantageously indeed, but safely, to the genius of future historians. Many, we know, will maintain, that it is asking too much of their patriotism to require them to wade through a dull chronicle of events, however important, that the only reason why American history is so little read is, that it is not more ably written, and that thus it must ever be in fact, whatever may be desirable in theory. Such remarks may be applied, we grant, with much justice to many of our historical works, but certainly not to this ; and should it fail of the reception due to its literary merits, to say nothing of any other, its fate will reflect as little credit on the good taste as on the patriotism of our countrymen.

For the benefit of those of our readers, if any, who may not have seen this volume, we have composed the following brief abstract of the life of Otis.

James Otis was born in West Barnstable, February 5, 1725, and received his early education from the reverend Jonathan Russell, the minister of the parish. Whether he gave any very early indications of his extraordinary genius is a point, on which we are altogether uninformed, a loss which will not be regretted by those, who reflect, that such indications are seldom related without exaggeration, and are in themselves exceedingly equivocal. At the age of fourteen, that is, in June 1739, Otis entered Harvard College. The two first years of his residence there were wasted in idleness, a negligence, which he more than redeemed in the remainder of the time. He took his bachelor's degree in 1743, and bore a part on that occasion, in a syllogistic disputation. After devoting eighteen months to the pursuit of general literature, and more particularly, as we are informed in a short sketch of his life, contained in the Monthly Anthology, to the reading of the most distinguished authors in Latin and Greek, and in the modern languages, he began the study of his profession under Mr Gridley, and continued in his office three years. On entering into practice, in the year 1748, he quickly rose to the high honors,

which he had so well earned by his previous assiduity, and was considered in a short time as at the head of the Massachusetts bar. This high station procured him of course an extensive, and for those times a lucrative business. He was once called to Halifax, in the middle of the winter, to defend three men accused of piracy, and for his successful exertions in this case, received a fee, said to be larger than any ever given to an inhabitant of this province. During all these laborious and responsible avocations, his fondness for general literature, and more especially for the ancient classics, never deserted him. In 1760, the very year before he made his speech on the Writs of Assistance, he published his Rudiments of Latin Prosody, a book mentioned with high respect, by many accomplished scholars of later days. He also composed during his life a similar work on the prosody of the Greek language, which remained unpublished for want of types, and finally perished with the greater part of his manuscripts. We would dwell for a moment on these circumstances, as they furnish no trivial answer to a common, and with many of our fellow-citizens a weighty objection, against the study of ancient literature. It has often been maintained, (for what novelty has not found its patrons in this time of indiscriminate innovation?) that a great proficiency in classical learning, and more especially in its technical niceties, is an acquisition to be gained only at an expense of time and thought, utterly inconsistent with that practical usefulness, to which men in this country are so generally impelled by their circumstances, as well as by their duty. How was it then, that James Otis, with an education in no way superior to that now enjoyed by many of our youth, depending for subsistence on his own exertions, closely occupied in the practice of a laborious profession, unsurpassed, if equalled, by any of his contemporaries in legal acquirements; living not in studious retirement, but, in the strongest sense of the terms, in and for society, how was it that he, under all these circumstances, was yet enabled to acquire and display an extensive and minute knowledge of classical learning, which would do honor to a scholar of any age or country.

Immediately after his speech on the Writs of Assistance, Mr Otis was chosen almost unanimously by the citizens of Boston a member of the General Court, and was continually reelected till the year 1770, when he retired with the thanks of his

constituents for his previous services, and was chosen again for the last time in 1771. During his continuance in the legislature, he was appointed upon most of the committees, which reported the resolves and answers of the House of Representatives, so celebrated, under the name of the Massachusetts State Papers, and was, in fact, the chief author of the ablest of those documents. His principal coadjutor in these labors was Samuel Adams, who qualified, corrected, and polished the rough but energetic effusions of his friend's impetuous genius, and brought them to that highly finished state, in which they were given to the public. To recount the services of Otis during his public life, would be, as we have observed, to relate the whole history of that period. In the legislature, as at the bar, he held the highest station, and was considered by the English ministry, as the great arch-fiend of the rebellious spirits of Massachusetts. It ought also to be distinctly remembered, that on the third day of June 1776, he brought forward a proposition, and was afterwards made chairman of a committee to carry it into effect, for opening a gallery for such as wished to hear the debates, and was consequently the earliest in this country to suggest the propriety of public legislative proceedings ; the first author of a measure, which, by disclosing to the people the reasonings as well as the decisions of their representatives, obliges the legislature to act with much of the deliberation of a judicial tribunal, and is universally considered one of the main supports of every free government.

During his performance of those high trusts, which the exigences of the times had thrown upon him, and for which he was so well fitted by his abilities, his learning, and his devotion to liberty, Otis displayed in most cases a command over his own spirit, which, to those who consider his peculiar temperament, will appear a glorious triumph of principle over feeling. His reigning infirmity, his master passion, was a blind impetuosity ; yet we find him continually exerting the most unwearied and successful watchfulness, in regulating the movements of his fellow-citizens, and in restraining them from those excesses, which might mar the justice and honor of their cause. This self-control was at length overthrown, and the consequences, which followed, led to his final retirement from public duty.

He learned from copies of letters transmitted to him from

England, that the crown officers in Massachusetts had used every exertion to persuade the ministry to arrest him for high treason, and try him in the mother country. Provoked beyond all endurance by this discovery, he denounced by name the officers of the customs then residing in Boston, in a short advertisement, written in the most bitter and contemptuous terms, which his unrestrained indignation could supply. This piece was published September 4, 1769. On the following evening, about seven o'clock, he went to the British Coffee House in state street, where Mr Robinson, one of those whom he had denounced, was sitting with a number of army, navy, and revenue officers. Robinson, after a short altercation, attempted to chastise him, and struck him with a cane. A serious affray followed, the lights were extinguished, and Otis was obliged to combat single-handed against Robinson and several British officers. In the course of the contest he received many severe wounds, one of considerable depth in his head, and after the parties had been separated, was led home bleeding. Shortly afterwards he appealed for redress to the law of his country, and received two thousand pounds in damages from Robinson, which he released in court, upon receiving an humble apology.

From this time forth, he was subject to frequent intervals of loss of intellect; but whether these were occasioned solely by his wounds is questioned, and with much apparent reason, by his biographer. His mind was, in fact, of that highly susceptible and enthusiastic complexion, which frequently indicates a constitutional tendency to insanity.

In 1772, he retired not only from public, but from professional life, for though his lucid intervals were frequent, and his mind then resumed all its original brightness, yet the uncertain continuance of them necessarily prevented the intrusting of any business to his care. The most important of his actions, in his diseased moments, was the complete destruction of his papers, a business which occupied him two whole days. In 1781, he left Boston for Andover, where he resided with Mr Osgood, a respectable farmer, yet living. After the lapse of two years, his mind, in the opinion of all his friends, as well as in his own, had regained its former tone, and he returned to Boston in November 1782, with the purpose of resuming his legal practice. During this visit, he made a memorandum, yet preserved, in which he returns thanks to heaven, 'that he was restored

to the greatest of all blessings, a sound mind in a sound body.' This pleasing supposition was soon overthrown. So incomplete was his recovery, that the slightest physical or mental excitement again unsettled his reason, and in the spring of 1783, he returned to his residence in Andover. Six weeks afterwards, on the afternoon of Friday, May 23, 1783, while standing, during a thunder shower, near the door of one of the rooms, and conversing with the family, he was struck by a flash of lightning, and instantly fell dead in Mr Osgood's arms. His remains were brought to Boston, and buried with due honors. Mr Otis was married, in 1755, to Miss Ruth Cunningham of Boston, and had three children. Of his lineal descendants, only two great grand children are now living.

ART. XXII.—*The Loves of the Angels; a poem. By Thomas Moore.* New York and Philadelphia, reprinted, 1823.

MR MOORE'S talents are unquestionably peculiar, both as to their extent and their character. He has given to English literature a poetry equally delightful and original; and in some of the lesser and lower requisites of poetry—in exquisite melody of language and sparkling elegance of imagery—no one has approached him. He is the great song writer of this day; and ages have passed, since a poet lived, who could compress within the compass of a short and simple melody the graceful tenderness, the spirit and the system, that place Moore's songs upon the pianos and in the mouths of all the singing men and women in his own land or in ours.* And this is not all; he is almost as powerful in satire as in song. In some of his political pieces, there are, mingled with much nonsense and weakness, sarcasms of intense severity, which prove his power to be almost equal to his malice. But he has tried a yet higher flight, than either song or satire; in Lalla Rookh he failed somewhat, because he could not make long poems as much better than any one else, as he could songs, but no reader of poetry could begin any one of the tales in that book, and leave it unfinished, and no one could read many pages there, and not feel the burning thoughts and words, which came from no lips untouched with fire.

* Mr Campbell's patriotic songs are too sublime to enter into this comparison, and belong to the highest order of lyric poetry.

So much praise we willingly concede to him;—and it is lamentable, that powers so admirable should be associated with qualities, which merit the severest reprehension, and must excite disgust. We do not speak too strongly. Mr Moore bears about with him the burthen of depraved, licentious tastes, and his genius is cramped and polluted by their foulness. He seems almost to know this himself, for it is not difficult to trace in his writings the effort to be pure, struggling with the habit of being gross; the strife of endeavor and resolution in conflict with this determined depravity. It is no little praise to say, that he really seems to have striven and fought in earnest, and the success, which must result from such endeavors, has already rewarded him in a degree commensurate with the reality and earnestness of his exertions.

Moore has constantly grown better as a poet, and—so far as his poetry is a test—as a man, since he first came before the public. It is not many years since it was a rude and indecorous thing to speak to a lady of Anacreon Moore; and an expurgated edition of his four volumes, original and translated, would have made so very thin a book, it was not thought worth the publication. From this abyss he emerged, and made many good songs, which might be read or sung by any one. His Sacred Songs were next published, most of which are quite unexceptionable. After this course of preparation, he made his great attempt, and wrote Lalla Rookh, in which there is absolutely nothing, that should keep it out of a decent parlor. At present he has taken one step farther, and published the Loves of the Angels. We were almost about to say, that this was a retrograde step, but it would be perhaps rather more just to say, that he is but where he was, and the rooted vulgarity of his tastes and the sensual tendency of his imagination are made more distinctly visible by his staining such a subject with their pollution; he has chosen to unite the holiest of created existences with the holiest of passions, to make himself a theme; and we feel, that it was a profanation to approach his work with gross impurity clinging to him.

We would not, however, be understood to charge Mr Moore with hypocrisy in treating religious matters with occasional demonstrations of reverence. We verily believe, that he has much regard, of a certain sort, to religion; and that he makes 'Sacred Songs,' and breathes an aspiration after heavenly

things—sometimes—in heartfelt sincerity. The leaven of earlier corruption has, however, not yet done its work, and while we gladly acknowledge, that a good influence is apparently active in separating the pure from the impure principles within him, we may regret, that the dregs still rise so frequently to contaminate the whole. We would however do him justice, and therefore admit, that he often seems to strive to give his poetry—as he has given the Hinda of his Fire-worshippers—

> 'A soul, too, more than half divine,
> Where through some shades of earthly feeling,
> Religion's softened glories shine,
> Like light through summer foliage stealing.'

It is unfortunate, that he does not oftener succeed in the attempt; but tastes and habits confirmed by long indulgence are not to be overthrown in a moment, and he is himself as yet, if we may use such a comparison, but as a fallen angel; with a voice attuned to celestial melodies, singing the songs of this lower sphere, and a wing, which should have borne him up to the empyrean, folded in weakness, and glittering, but with the night dews of earth; aspiring to reascend to heaven, but doomed by his own depravity to wander here.

The name of this poem has been long before the public, and with some seemed of itself to be quite proof enough, that the poem must be absurd and ridiculous. We confess we were not disposed to think so. It seemed to us not impossible, that Mr Moore had been induced to choose this subject by the consciousness, that he could touch it without profanation, or by the hope, that the contemplation of such things would purify and elevate his mind. We did venture to hope, the poet would have been borne upward by his theme from the licentiousness of his prevalent imaginations, into loftier and purer feelings. We have been disappointed. His thoughts seem to have wandered to heaven, only to seek and find there new luxuries for the revelling of passion, and fresh aliment for sensuality. Still we impute his failure not to any unfitness in his subject to become the theme of the loftiest song, but to his inability to attain unto it.

Few poets have dared to pass 'the flaming bounds of space and time,' and give their imaginations leave to range among the endless and boundless existences of an imperishable world. There are, however, instances, in which authors of imagina-

tion have essayed to lift themselves above 'the smoke and stir of this dim spot, which men call earth.' All the beauty of Hogg's most beautiful poem arises from the conceptions of spiritual existence, with which it is stored, and which, whether correct or false, are distinct and glowing. To come nearer home, our own Irving has written few things so sweet and touching, so solemn and yet so delightful, as his reflections on St Mark's eve.

Why is it that subjects of this kind are so rarely attempted? Is it thought, that, as the flowers which bloom where spirits live, do not wither, no descant of lamentation can there be sung over the decay of the dying or the ruins of the dead;—that nothing of contrast is there;—the brightness of noon is not preceded by the awakening beauty of the dawn, or followed by the dying hues of sunset;—and no clouds are there to arrest the sunbeams, and clothe themselves with its glory? It may seem, that this stern necessity of our nature compels us to rest in the belief, that nothing can have to us any distinctness or life, that nothing is placed within the grasp of our conception, but the things which grow and perish on the surface of the earth; it is, however, most certainly any thing but pleasant to believe this.

In exact proportion as the brutal parts of our nature are enthralled by the nobler attributes of humanity, we are dissatisfied with the littleness and worthlessness of all things about us, and, refusing to regard the objects of this life, as an adequate end to our endeavors, or the pleasures this world offers, as enough, we lift ourselves in imagination and in hope to heaven. There are moments in the life of most men, when there is a feeling, as if darkness and chains had broken away; when the affections are pure and peaceful, and the thoughts are ranging free and high; when the existence, the love, and the presence of God are borne in upon our souls, with a power, that will not be withstood, and the heart is swelling, as if it would open to receive the whole influence of the Deity. We may well believe it is at such times, that man is most like to that which his spirit may be; and how idle would it seem to him, or rather what a loathing horror would it excite to tell him then, that his mind could not wander beyond the grave, and must rest satisfied with the belief, that they, whom he had loved and lost, were spiritual essences, without form or substance,

which his hands might as well lay hold of, as his imagination or his faith attempt to approach. Every thing in his heart and in his mind would rise up to refute the falsehood ; there would be a voice within him too loud and too distinct to be misunderstood or disregarded, and it would tell him, that the world of spirits is not an unimaginable abyss of nothingness, but the home of sentient, active beings, as conscious of individuality, and as full of thought and of affection, as they were before they went from time into eternity.

The doctrines of a future state are not to be proved by logical deductions from the truths our senses teach. It was well said by the author of the 'Light of Nature,' that not one in a hundred was ever satisfied with the arguments brought to prove the existence of God and another life, unless he was convinced, that these propositions were true, before he began to reason about them ; because they, whose hearts and intellects are shrouded in a darkness, which is not penetrated by the higher proof to be derived from the direct perception of these first truths—from the intuition of the soul—can scarcely be enlightened by the feebler ray of reason. All knowledge and all belief rests, of course, upon intuition, as its first and necessary foundation ; but is it therefore true, that the belief of spiritual truths must be referred to sensual perceptions, as its only primary source ? There is an intuition of the soul, as of the eye. Man does not believe in his Maker, because he can institute a train of reasoning, a series of exact and logical inferences, and then feel his mind persuaded by his own arguments ; but because he sees him ;—'sees him in clouds, and hears him in the wind ;'—and though argument and inference may afterwards sustain and confirm him in this belief, it could scarcely have originated from them, for it is only to those who already believe and feel, that there is a God, that his power and love are borne upon every sunbeam, and uttered in the breathing of every wind.

It is scarcely too much to say, that human reasoning can do no more to prove the reality of the sanctions of a future state, than is done in Butler's Analogy ; yet all that is done there is to show, that the probability of this truth is sufficiently strong to warrant our acting upon it. Reasoning, mere argument, can do no more ; but is there not in the heart of every man, who has any religion, a deep conviction, that far more than

this is true? When infidelity denies the infinite and eternal attributes of God, and urges, that the power, and wisdom, and love manifested in the universe prove the existence and operation of a cause adequate to the effects that appear—that is, of a God, if we please to say so, clothed with enough of divine attributes to make the world as it is, but that they do not prove, that there is one with sufficient love, or wisdom, or power, to make the world better than it is, it is not reason, but something higher than reason, it is not the head, but the heart that replies, for all the sin and suffering, the weakness and the wretchedness of man, and for all the disorder and desolation, which man has inflicted like a curse upon the world, we know that he who made it is love and wisdom.

We know then that God is illimitable, and that we live again, not because we can go back logically from effects through causes to a first cause, and not because we can gather from a world of ceaseless change, where every change of every thing is but a step towards decay and dissolution, proof of a coming state, which shall be eternal and absolute; but because, whenever earthly feelings do not so close around us, as to shut out every glimpse of heaven, we can see and feel, that there is a power somewhere, which can be limited and controlled by no other power, and that, while our bodies perish, the life that is in us dieth not. This is the highest proof of the highest truth; but this evidence asserts with as much force the character and condition of the eternal world, as its existence. We are driven by the necessity of our nature, to give a form and an individual existence to every thing, which we would make the subject of thought. There is not a sermon written from the heart, or preached with power, that does not speak of departed spirits, as perfectly retaining their recollections, their affections, their consciences, their identity. We cannot speak to a child, of heaven, and bid him be good, that he may go up from the grave and live there happily, but we give him at once an idea of another life, differing little from this in its external and apparent circumstances. We cannot stand by the bed of the dying, and comfort him who is convulsed with the agonies and trembling with the horrors of death, but by awakening within his soul the hope and the belief, that his being 'is sown a natural body, to rise a spiritual body;' and therefore that he is still to be,—still to be a man with all the thoughts and feel-

ings, which make him such, unharmed, untouched by the disease, which restores the frame he no longer needs to its original elements. Now these imperious, these unavoidable convictions of the mind and heart, upon which rest all the truths that dignify, and all the hopes which cheer humanity, should scarcely be considered as nothing more than the necessary weaknesses and wanderings of imperfect beings. Are they not rather glimpses of light permitted to shine upon our upward path, that we may not be in utter ignorance whither it shall lead? At any rate, who will deny, that impressions of an individual and substantial existence in another life are sufficiently strong and universal to give the most profound and spirit-stirring interest to poetry adequate to them?

It seems from the preface, that the Loves of the Angels was originally much more limited in extent, and somewhat different in its character. It was intended as an episode to a larger poem, which the author was or is preparing, but finding that lord Byron had chosen the same subject for a drama, he chose to come first before the public, that he might—to use his own words—'give himself the chance of a heliacal rising, before the luminary, in whose light he was to be lost, should appear.'

The Loves of the Angels is hardly as interesting as Lalla Rookh. There are in it no very striking passages, at least none that strike us as exhibiting so much power as many in the different tales of his larger work, though it contains much beautiful poetry, together with an abundance of conceits, which are generally more remote and obscure, than Moore's images are apt to be. There is not enough of story, and what little there is of it is not very well imagined or very well told; upon the whole, we should say it had fewer beauties and fewer faults, rather less nonsense, and decidedly more dulness, than any thing he has written.

The story is as follows:—and Moore shall begin it himself—

'"Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere Sorrow came, or Sin had drawn
"Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!

When earth lay nearer to the skies,
  Than in these days of crime and wo,
And mortals saw, without surprise,
In the mid-air, angelic eyes
  Gazing upon this world below.

* * * *

One evening, in that time of bloom,
  On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
  Three noble youths conversing lay;
And as they look'd, from time to time,
  To the far sky, where Daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
  Bespoke them of that distant world—
Creatures of light, such as still play,
  Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
  Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of his luminous word!

Of heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
  Of the bright eyes, that charm'd them thence;
Till, yielding gradual to the soft
  And balmy evening's influence—
The silent breathing of the flowers—
  The melting light, that beam'd above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours
  Each told the story of his love,
  The history of that hour unblest,
  When, like a bird, from its high nest
  Won down by fascinating eyes,
  For Woman's smile he lost the skies.

The first who spoke was one, with look
  The least celestial of the three—

* * * *

Sighing, as through the shadowy Past,
  Like a tomb-searcher, Memory ran,
Lifting each shroud that Time had cast
  O'er buried hopes, he thus began.'

Then the first angel tells his story. He came to earth once on a time, upon some business which is not particularly mentioned, and saw accidentally 'Lea' bathing; he fell violently in love with her, but she proved to be purer than he, and, though she loved him, it was without passion. After a while,

when it was about time for him to think of returning home, there happened to be a festival, at which Lea and her angel-lover were present; here, for the first time, he drank that liquor,

> 'Whose drops, like those of rainbows, smile
> Upon the mists that circle man,
> Bright'ning not only earth the while,
> But grasping heaven, too, in their span!'

that is to say, wine! The banquet over, he sought her in her accustomed bower, and while telling her he must soon depart, and soliciting some slight favor as a token of her love, he accidentally alluded to the spell word, which would expand his wings, and bear him to heaven. She eagerly demanded to know that spell, and promised on that condition to bless him; he told the word of power; she uttered it thrice; wings grew from her shoulders, and she flew to heaven, leaving her lover essaying in vain to follow her; for his power had departed, and his wings were paralyzed. The following passage describes this catastrophe with spirit:

> 'While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
> Of me, and of herself afraid,
> Had shrinking stood, like flowers beneath
> The scorching of the south-wind's breath:
> But when I nam'd—alas, too well,
> I now recall, though wilder'd then,—
> Instantly, when I named the spell,
> Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
> And, with an eagerness, that spoke
> The sudden light that o'er her broke,
> "The spell, the spell!—O speak it now,
> And I will bless thee!" she exclaim'd—
> Unknowing what I did, inflam'd,
> And lost already, on her brow
> I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd
> The mystic word, till then ne'er told
> To living creature of earth's mould!
> Scarce was it said, when, quick as thought,
> Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
> The holy sound; her hands and eyes
> Were instant lifted to the skies,
> And thrice to heaven she spoke it out
> With that triumphant look Faith wears,
> When not a cloud of fear or doubt,

A vapor from this vale of tears,
Between her and her God appears!
That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclose
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle round th' Eternal Throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moon-beam shone
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth—I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening through.
Most holy vision! ne'er before
Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of the bright stars away—
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!'

The second is an angel of far higher rank and nobler attributes. His only fault was a thirst for knowledge, or rather an insatiable curiosity. However, he contrived to amuse himself pretty well with resolving sun-beams into their original elements, and, as new stars were born, flying from one to the other to see what they were made of, until women were created, and the whole passion of his soul was at once concentrated upon the new riddle. After a long and rather tedious search, he succeeded in finding 'Lilis,' who comprised within herself, all that could interest and charm in womankind.

There was a maid, of all who move
Like visions o'er this orb, most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along the unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one, born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at every step should meet.
'Twas not alone that loveliness,
By which the wither'd sense is caught—
Of lips, whose very breath could bless—
Of playful blushes, that seem'd nought
But luminous escapes of thought—

Of eyes that, when by anger stirr'd,
Were fire itself, but at a word
Of tenderness, all soft became,
As though they could, like the sun's bird,
Dissolve away in their own flame—
Of form as pliant as the shoots
Of a young tree, in vernal flower;
Yet round and glowing as the fruits
That drop from it in summer's hour—
'Twas not alone this loveliness,
That falls to loveliest woman's share,
Though, even here, her form could spare
From its own beauty's rich excess
Enough to make all others fair—
But 'twas the mind,'———

Of course he fell violently in love, and she, not content with returning his affection, very unfortunately reciprocated his curiosity; for while they were together one day, she prayed, or rather commanded her lover to come to her, arrayed with all the glories, which he wore in heaven. He obeyed, and the fire, which was pure and innocent in his celestial home, had become a destroying flame, from his own depravity; and Lilis was consumed in his arms! The story is, of course, a repetition of that of Semele.

Of the third angel there is no story to tell. He and his mistress were exceeding good, being guilty of no sin but that of loving each other; but for this they were doomed to wander upon earth, while earth should be. From this last tale we make a long extract, which will be rather a favorable sample of the whole poem.

'And thus in humbleness they trod,
Abash'd, but pure before their God;
Nor e'er did earth behold a sight
So meekly beautiful as they,
When, with the altar's holy light
Full on their brows, they knelt to pray,
Hand within hand, and side by side,
Two links of love, awhile untied
From the great chain above, but fast
Holding together to the last—
Two fallen Splendors from that tree,
Which buds with such eternally,
Shaken to earth, yet keeping all
Their light and freshness in the fall.

Their only punishment, (as wrong,
However sweet, must bear its brand,)
Their only doom was this—that, long
As the green earth and ocean stand,
They both shall wander here—the same
Throughout all time, in heart and frame—
Still looking to that goal sublime,
Whose light remote, but sure, they see,
Pilgrims of Love! whose way is Time,
Whose home is in Eternity!
Subject, the while, to all the strife,
True love encounters in this life—
The wishes, hopes, he breathes in vain;
The chill, that turns his warmest sighs
To earthly vapor, ere they rise;
The doubt he feeds on, and the pain
That in his very sweetness lies.
Still worse, the illusions that betray
His footsteps to their shining brink;
That tempt him, on his desert way
Through the bleak world, to bend and drink,
Where nothing meets his lips, alas!
But he again must sighing pass
On to that far-off home of peace,
In which alone his thirst will cease.

All this they bear, but, not the less,
Have moments rich in happiness—
Blest meetings, after many a day
Of widowhood past far away,
When the lov'd face again is seen
Close, close, with not a tear between—
Confidings frank, without control,
Pour'd mutually from soul to soul;
As free from any fear or doubt,
As is that light from chill or stain,
The sun into the stars sheds out,
To be by them shed back again!—
That happy minglement of hearts,
Where, changed, as chemic compounds are,
Each, with its own existence parts,
To find a new one, happier far!
Such are their joys—and, crowning all,
That blessed hope of the bright hour,
When, happy and no more to fall,
Their spirits shall, with freshen'd power,

Rise up rewarded for their trust
In Him, from whom all goodness springs,
And, shaking off earth's soiling dust
From their emancipated wings,
Wander for ever through those skies
Of radiance, where Love never dies!'

We are at a loss to conceive the inducement under which Mr Moore wrote the notes to this poem. The learning with which they are overlaid, though all second hand, could not have been collected by him without a good deal of labor; and yet no one class of readers will be instructed or pleased by it. The learned theologian will smile at it; the *gentle reader* will let the leaves, which contain it, remain uncut; while all will think that it savors too strongly of pedantry, to become a real scholar, like Mr Moore.

Art. XXIII.—*A treatise on the Materia Medica, intended as a sequel to the Pharmacopœia of the United States: being an account of the origin, qualities, and medical uses of the articles and compounds, which constitute that work, with their modes of prescription and administration. By Jacob Bigelow, M. D. author of American Medical Botany, and Professor of Materia Medica in Harvard University.* Boston, Charles Ewer, 1822. pp. 424.

This treatise is founded upon the Pharmacopœia of the United States, which has been lately adopted. To this work it is, as its title implies, a supplement or sequel, and consists of a commentary upon its several articles, and an account of their design, character, and application to use. A pharmacopœia is, in its nature, little more than a mere catalogue. It contains barely the names and origin of the simple substances employed in medicine, or of those which, if not simple, come already prepared into the hands of the apothecary; and the names, ingredients, and modes of preparation of those which are compounded by him. It is a pharmaceutical directory, which enumerates and describes such drugs and preparations as are called for by physicians, but enters not at all into a discussion of their virtues. It is a mere book of business, containing the information which it is necessary for the physician and apothecary to have in common. It informs the apothecary what

the physican requires; it reminds the physician of what his apothecary keeps. As a book of instruction alone, it has, of course, little value; and requires to be accompanied by other works which enter into a description of the qualities and virtues of the articles it enumerates, in order to become of much use to the student. Such a work is this of Dr Bigelow. It is intended as the companion of the Pharmacopœia. The establishment of a new system, which has altered in many particulars the pharmaceutical nomenclature formerly in use, new modelled many of the preparations, introduced some new articles and discarded some old ones, rendered such an undertaking at the present time peculiarly appropriate and seasonable.

A consideration of the materia medica, in the most extensive manner of which it is capable, would embrace a consideration of the general principles upon which external agents produce changes in the actions of the system; of the relation between those changes, and the processes taking place in disease, in consequence of which the remedy removes or alleviates it; of the general objects or indications to be had in view in the treatment of disease, and of the nature of disease as connected with those indications; besides a simple detail of the qualities and uses of the separate articles of which the list of medicines is made up. Indeed a complete view of the materia medica embraces nearly the whole field of pathology and therapeutics. A complete treatise upon it would contain the greater part of that which is found in systems of practice, under a different arrangement, and considered in a different relation. Few writers, however, have proposed to themselves so extensive a plan; and the author of the work before us has confined himself to a simple detail of the history and uses of the articles enumerated by the Pharmacopœia, without entering, except incidentally, into any of those discussions of a general character, to which we have alluded. So far as its plan extends, it is very complete; more so we suspect than any other modern treatise; and contains a greater mass of valuable information than is usually condensed into the same space. We can, of course, attempt no analysis of a book of this nature, particularly as the subjects, of which it treats, are possessed of little interest to general readers. But we proceed to give some slight account of the plan upon which it is written, with such remarks upon its character and execution as seem to us just.

The subjects are arranged in alphabetical order; a method which undoubtedly has the recommendations the author points out and accords best with the objects he has in view, although it gives less opportunity for considering the *modus operandi* of medicines, or the *rationale* on which we are to proceed in their administration, than an arrangement into classes. It is true that a sketch of a system of classification is given at the commencement of the volume, and some remarks in explanation of the meaning to be affixed to the terms designating the different classes. But we think it would have been a valuable addition to the work, had the author entered into a more extended consideration of the general objects for which these different classes of remedies are administered, and the nature of their operation, since there are many important truths with regard to these subjects, and much information which might have been thrown together in this way, before entering upon the details of the work, for which a place could not afterwards be found under the head of any particular article.

Each article is described as it respects its origin, its qualities, its medical uses, its forms of exhibition, and doses. Where there is danger that its quality may be occasionally inferior, that it may have deteriorated, or been adulterated, the circumstances and appearance by which this can be ascertained are described, and much information afforded by which physicians may determine if the medicines met with in the shops of druggists are of good quality, from the proper source, and unmixed with any foreign ingredient.

More attention is paid to these circumstances than has usually been devoted to them in works upon materia medica, but yet not more than their real importance demands. People in general are not aware, and even physicians are not, to what changes the articles administered in disease are liable from a variety of different causes. Drugs, which are imported, are selected and brought from foreign countries, not by physicians and apothecaries, but by merchants. They are brought as an article of traffic and not as a mean of restoring health, and they are therefore liable to all the varieties in virtues and quality to which other articles of commerce are liable, from intentional adulteration and deceit, besides the circumstance that those engaged in the purchase are not often judges, and are therefore more likely to be deceived. They are also more

apt to be influenced by a regard to cheapness of price, than the excellence of an article, as the profit in the sale of an indifferent one at home, will not be lessened in proportion with the price abroad. Cheapness of price will also induce merchants to seek out new sources of supply for drugs which are scarce and in demand; competition between different sources will induce foreign dealers to reduce their price; whilst a reduction of price is generally accompanied by a deterioration of quality, or a change of the article for some other of a similar but inferior kind. And indeed such is the effect of different climates and different soils upon drugs of vegetable origin, that it is seldom that the same drug, coming from different places, is of exactly the same quality, although in common use it passes for the same, and is used in a like way.

Of such alterations and substitutions Dr Bigelow gives us a number of striking examples.

'The genuine African columbo has, for some years past, been nearly excluded from our shops, by an article brought in large quantities from New Orleans, possessing about half the bitterness of real columbo, and apparently the root of Frasera Walteri. It is just beginning to be discovered, that the real Peruvian bark is a scarce article in the markets of the United States, and that its place is taken by a cheaper bark, of a different character, brought from Carthagena and Caraccas, under the name of *yellow bark*, and which there are reasons for supposing to belong to a species of Portlandia. Our importing merchants and druggists inform me, that this Carthagena bark, under the name of yellow Peruvian bark, constitutes probably nine tenths of the reputed cinchona now consumed in the United States, its wholesale price being to that of real bark of Peru as about one to fifteen.

'The adulteration of medicines is so easily, if not frequently, effected, that it is not always safe to buy large quantities of any medicinal substance in powder. In Gray's supplement to the Pharmacopœias may be seen half a dozen recipes for a "Pulvis corticis Peruviani *factitius*," one of which consists of Peruvian bark, mahogany saw-dust, and oak saw-dust, ground together. In the same work is an *artificial Cayenne pepper*, which it is conscientiously recommended to color with *vermilion*, instead of *red lead*, which last is *injurious*. In this city, the occupant of a wind mill was lately indicted in one of our courts, for grinding gypsum into *cream of tartar*. Dr Paris mentions a fire in London occasioned by the owner of certain premises being employed in *making* Balsam of Copaiba.

'The misapplication of names is frequently, even in articles of small consumption, a source of important error. I have seen the Hyoscyamus Niger offered for sale in this city under the name of *blessed thistle*, a harmless plant, still retained by the dispensatories. From the influence of English names, we very often find Carthamus substituted for Crocus, Celastrus scandens for Solanum dulcamara, and the latter for Atropa belladonna.' *Pref.* pp. 8, 9.

This is truly an important subject, and one to which physicians should pay more attention than they are accustomed to do, particularly those who are in the habit of dealing out their own drugs. Where apothecaries prepare and deliver medicines, it is of less moment to the faculty, because their standing and reputation will lead them to be cautious and faithful. We have been feelingly warned, within these few years, of the dangers that assail us through the medium of our food and drink. Mr Accum has excited an effectual alarm upon the subject of *death in the pot*, but what is this to *death in the pill*, though some evil-minded persons stand ready no doubt to say, what they affect to believe, that no less was to be expected? That the indulgences of the palate, highly seasoned viands, luxurious diet, unsparing potations should bring him to death's door, has been the lot of man from the infancy of his race? Intemperance of one kind or another has been the foe of his life and health from time immemorial, and it matters little whether the evil is perpetrated by unadulterated ragouts of the finest flavor and quality, or by a tough beef steak seasoned with artificial Cayenne pepper; whether the demon lurks in the shape of the sparkling juice of rich Madeira, or of the execrable mixtures sold under the accommodating name of bitters, for the morning drams or phlegm-cutters of our backwoodsmen. This might be submitted to; it is one of the ills that flesh is heir to. But when druggist and apothecary, pestle and mortar, enter into the lists against us; when death attacks us through our medicines as well as our diseases; when we swallow poison and saw-dust in the potion which we hoped to find a healing draught; when we find there is no balm in Gilead which is not sophisticated by vermilion, red lead, or plaster of Paris; this is indeed the unkindest cut of all, and we can only dispose ourselves to yield up the contest with what dignity we may, and fall with the dying exclamation of Cæsar upon our lips.

It behoves patients and physicians both to have an eye to these matters. It is in vain for the one to prescribe, or the other to swallow, if the honest endeavors of both are to be thwarted by the substitution of some unhallowed and adulterated compound, instead of the pure elixir, the unalloyed balsam which alone can amend and heal. What avails it to the sick man, shuddering with the rigors of an intermittent fever, that he has the best medical advice that the twenty-four states can afford him, if he is doomed to perish under the infliction of a diet of *factitious* Peruvian bark, composed of the refuse of the tan-yard and saw-pit, soaked in a solution of aloes to give it taste, color, and *efficacy?* Who would not rather endure some at least of the tortures of indigestion, than throw himself upon the mercy of those who will send him, for the best ipecacuanha, a mixture of powdered sarsaparilla and tartar emetic; or still worse, a villanous compound of sulphate of zinc and the dust of decayed coffins? an ominous conjunction—a medicine, one would suspect, which might even be said, in some sort, 'to make the food it feeds on.'

Under the head of qualities, are described the various circumstances of taste, color, appearance, &c. by which we are enabled to distinguish medicines from one another, and to determine, in some measure, the excellence of particular specimens. In this connexion also is given such information as is important, with regard to the composition and chemical relations of the articles of the materia medica. So far as those derived from the mineral kingdom are concerned, a knowledge of their chemical composition and relations is of very considerable consequence, and should be accurately acquired. As it respects those from the vegetable and animal world, an intimate acquaintance is of far less importance, though some general notions with regard to their relations with one another, and their susceptibility of being influenced by chemical agents, are frequently found of great use. This knowledge becomes of service both in the composition of medicines and in their exhibition. For without it, the physician may mix such articles in his prescription, as shall act upon and neutralize one another, destroying the qualities of those on which its efficacy depended; or he may direct those to be taken simultaneously or at short intervals from one another, which shall combine in the stomach and either become inert, or form a third substance of a more powerful and dangerous nature.

'But on the other hand,' says Dr Bigelow, 'it is not essential that we carry our chemical scruples so far as to consider all substances as incompatible, which produce chemical union or disunion, out of the body, and occasion a precipitate or a change of color. If chemistry be allowed to acquire this ascendency, it will encumber the practice of medicine with an insufferable load of clogs and difficulties, and surround our commonest medicines with a wall of incompatibles. We should not be able to prescribe the Peruvian bark with chalybeates, lest it should turn them into ink, nor with animal food, lest tannin and gelatine should conspire against us and fill the stomach with leather. It is important to bear in mind, that the digestive organs have a material control over the force of chemical agents; that while they promote some combinations, they prevent others; that they separate elements which have strong mutual attractions, and dissolve bodies which are insoluble in common menstrua. I believe that the incompatible character, given to some of our common medicines in books, has been deduced from chemical experiments more than from medical trials.' *Pref.* pp. 12, 13.

Of the late investigations of chemists into the composition of many of the vegetable medicines, and the nature of some of their constituents, a sufficiently full and complete account is given by our author, although he expresses an opinion, in which we heartily join him, that these researches are likely to be of very little real importance, and that those results only are of practical utility, 'which are sufficiently general to be uniform, permanent, and of easy application.' These researches indeed seem to be more nice than wise. They have been prosecuted to a degree of minuteness which reminds one of the microscopic discoveries of former days; and that too by instruments of investigation as deceptive and as imperfect. Not only the common constituents of vegetables have been found to differ in almost every different plant, such as gum, mucilage, resin, volatile oils, &c. but a great proportion of those which have active properties present, upon analysis, some new, distinct, and peculiar principle, or an acid or an alkali. Some plants, in fact, have two or three of them; thus in opium, meconic acid, morphine, and narcotine; in cinchona, kinic or cinchonic acid, and two alkalies bearing the names of cinchonine and quinine. When we consider the intrinsic difficulty and delicacy of the analysis of vegetable substances, the nature of the processes and agents to which they are sub-

mitted, often alone sufficient to destroy their chemical character, and the opposite and almost contradictory results obtained by different individuals from the examination of the same plants, it is not perhaps too much to say, that there is in many cases a probability that the elementary principles supposed to be procured, are rather produced than simply evolved by the operation.

Under the heads of Uses and Exhibition are considered the physiological influence of medicines, the effects produced by them upon the body, considered as a vital system, their application in disease, and their doses, modes and times of exhibition. This embraces by far the most important part of a treatise on materia medica, and it is on the character of this part that its value must principally depend. In these respects the work before us is judicious, discriminating, and exceedingly practical; particularly so in pointing out very clearly the comparative value of different articles, and furnishing data from which the student may determine for himself what degree of faith to attach to the reports of the efficacy of various medicines, with which he is constantly assailed. Indeed the highest recommendation, perhaps, which it possesses, is found in the good common sense with which it abounds, and which is particularly displayed in the opinions delivered with regard to the virtues and properties of medicinal agents.

There is one circumstance in which we think an improvement might be suggested, and that is with respect to the proportion of space devoted to the consideration of different medicines. Some notice is bestowed upon all; enough in all cases to enumerate their real or reputed powers; and a larger share of it upon those whose undoubted efficacy as remedies gives them a claim to particular distinction. In general this attention is very accurately distributed according to their relative importance; but there are a few articles with regard to which we regret that the author did not think it worth while to enter into a more copious and extended detail of their character and agency in the treatment of diseases. This might have been done without enlarging too much the size of his book. The fact is, that notwithstanding the immense number of articles of which the physician occasionally makes use, he depends principally upon a very few. Probably were three quarters of the articles of the materia medica struck from its lists, the practice of medicine would be more safe and certain

than it ever has been. It has been remarked, that the most celebrated and successful practitioners have been those whose number of agents was limited, and whose method of treatment was exceedingly simple. This arises from the fact, that a thorough acquaintance with the powers of a few important medicines is of more advantage, than a superficial acquaintance with those of a great many.

There are many circumstances which would lead us to give the work of Dr Bigelow a preference over most of those which are in common use. It is distinguished by a more judicious and discriminating selection of its materials, a comprehensive brevity in its descriptions, and a greater freedom from useless redundancy. Many of the dispensatories in the hands of physicians are too large and copious for convenient consultation; and this not from the quantity of useful information which they contain, but from the dilution of their valuable matter by an abundance of that which is irrelevant, so that one is completely lost in the heterogeneous mass of good, bad, and indifferent, in which he finds himself immersed. In fact, there is no department of medical science, which has had so little justice done it as the materia medica. There is no one subject, except perhaps the wonders of the invisible world, upon which the credulity of mankind has been so unremittingly called into exercise, as that of the efficacy of external and internal applications of medicinal substances to effect the cure of diseases. There is nothing, about which they are so easily deceived by stale and palpable artifices. They stand always ready to believe the most exaggerated and improbable representations with a faith which strains neither at the gnat nor the camel. Of this disposition of mankind, physicians have always had their due proportion; and it has displayed itself, more especially, in treatises on materia medica. It has been the misfortune, too, of works of this kind, that they have generally been compilations, and have thus not only given currency to the unfounded notions of their authors, but have also embodied the accumulated results of the credulity of all other writers, and entailed them upon their unhappy readers. Speaking of the materia medica, Bichat remarks, that 'an incoherent assemblage of incoherent opinions, it is perhaps, of all the physiological sciences, that which best shows the caprice of the human mind. What do I say? It is not a science

for a methodical mind, it is a shapeless assemblage of inaccurate ideas, of observations often puerile, of deceptive remedies, and of formulæ as fantastically conceived, as they are tediously arranged.'* An individual, not yet initiated into the arcana of medical science, would be led to imagine, from the perusal of some books of this kind, which enjoy a good share of reputation, that the resources of the art of healing were inexhaustible; that for every disease there was a remedy, upon which you might lay your finger at once, without dread of failure. The only merit, of which their authors seem to have had an idea, was that of industry in collecting; of judgment and discrimination in selecting and collating, they could have had no conception.

It certainly is a high recommendation of the present work, that it is free from that implicit credulity which admits accounts of the virtues of medicines, not only without good assurance of the authority on which they are alleged, but without even an examination of it. There are no gross and unqualified statements, borrowed loosely from those whom accident, interest, or desire of personal reputation—for there are some men who seem to consider their character implicated in maintaining that of a remedy they have introduced—have led to make exaggerated representations of the effects which they have witnessed from the exhibition of some particular articles. All the opinions delivered with regard to the powers of medicines are tempered by that philosophical spirit of scepticism, with which every one, who has been engaged in the practice of physic with an unprejudiced observation, must approach the subject. There is no undue commendation bestowed, no extravagant praise; the claims of all are examined with fairness, and justice is generally administered to them with great equality.

We have one word to say with respect to the style, which, along with other circumstances, recommends this work to the attention of physicians. It is neat, plain, perspicuous, and concise. And these are no small excellencies, when it is compared with some of the medical productions of our countrymen, whose ambitious and inflated manner, particularly when contrasted, as it may sometimes be, with their lean ideas, shows more of a disposition to cull the flowers of rhetoric, than gather

* Anat. Generale, Introd.

the seeds of science, forgetting, no doubt, that where the blossom is monstrous, the fruit is apt to be abortive.

To our remarks upon this work, we wish to add some account of the National Pharmacopœia, by the appearance of which it was suggested, and upon which it is founded. We are the more desirous of doing this, because it has been made the subject of so much undeserved censure and obloquy, that we esteem it almost a duty to do what little lies in our power to remove the prejudice which may have been excited against it in the minds of those who, not being members of the medical profession, are themselves incapable of forming a fair judgment of its merits.

The proposal for forming a Pharmacopœia of the United States, was made by the late Dr Lyman Spaulding, of New York, a gentlemen much respected in his profession, to the New York County Medical Society, in the beginning of the year 1817. It was favorably received by that society, and in accordance with it, the next year, a plan for effecting the object was prepared, and measures taken to carry it into execution. According to this plan, district conventions were to be called in each of the grand divisions of the United States, Eastern, Middle, Southern, and Western. These conventions were to select delegates to form a general convention, to be held at Washington, and each was requested to prepare a Pharmacopœia to be submitted to that meeting. In pursuance of this plan, and in consequence of an invitation from the society which originated it, delegates were elected from a great proportion of the medical societies and schools in the different parts of the United States. Only two, however, of these district conventions had a meeting, the eastern and middle, each of which prepared a Pharmacopœia. Still, in the southern states, although a quorum did not assemble, yet measures were taken to secure the election of delegates for the general convention. This was held in the city of Washington, in January 1820. The eastern, middle, and southern districts were represented, and from the pharmacopœias presented by the two former, the convention proceeded to compile a pharmacopœia for the United States, which was published at Boston in the course of that year, and has gone extensively into circulation throughout the country.

In the formation of it, the American medical public was

fairly represented. The plan met with a more cordial approbation and a more ready co-operation than could have been anticipated. Twenty incorporated medical bodies, including state societies and the faculties of colleges, of seventeen different states, beside the District of Columbia, expressed their decided concurrence in the measures that were adopted, and nearly all of them were represented in the convention at Washington. The pharmacopœia has been given to the world with the countenance of the great body of the profession, its authority cannot well be questioned, and those who concurred in its formation are, in some measure, bound to give it their support, in spite of the imperfections which it no doubt possesses, but which, from the nature of the case, one would have expected to find in greater number rather than in less.

These imperfections are such as may be easily corrected when pointed out, as they are the results of haste and consequent oversight, and are not of a nature to affect essentially the substantial merits of the work. A fair and manly discussion of its faults is desirable. For when once pointed out and clearly designated, they may be amended. For this object the convention has made ample provision, and has designated the authority by which any requisite alterations may be made. In fact a long list of Corrigenda has been already published. In this way, we have every reason to hope that the pharmacopœia will be purged of such defects as it still retains, and rendered an honor as well as a convenience to the American faculty. Not that it can be expected that universal satisfaction is ever to be given, or that the work can be made, we will not say so perfect, but so accommodating, as that all parties shall be contented with it. It would indeed be a curiosity, if captious and capricious criticism could not find a flaw in it. But even in its present state, notwithstanding the objections with which it has been met in some quarters, we conceive that it is calculated to answer a very important purpose.

The great objects of a national pharmacopœia are to establish a uniformity in the names and preparations of medicines throughout the United States; that the physician, wherever he may be, shall be sure of having, for the same name, the same article, or the same preparation, made of the same materials, and of the same strength; that, in the perusal of medi-

cal works, from whatever quarter of our country, we may understand what agents and what preparations are intended by the terms employed. It is notorious that, heretofore, this has not been the case; that, even in the same city, you may find in the shops of different druggists articles put up or prepared according to different pharmacopœias; whilst in one state the Edinburgh may be in vogue, and in another the London. This is a great evil; and if the national work is sufficiently well done to do it away, we can afford to overlook those faults in its construction which do not affect its usefulness in this respect. We do not hesitate to say, that this is decidedly the case, that the work, with such corrections as have been made in it, is fully adequate to this object, and we trust that it will gradually succeed in effecting it.

We are disposed to go further than this; we think that the American pharmacopœia has many excellencies, particularly in its general plan, which will render it, when it has gone through the necessary correction, every thing that could be wished. It is easy to point out inaccuracies and oversights in the detail, for these are inseparable from a work made up by a number of hands, and in great haste; but it is not easy to point out any very considerable defects in its general construction.

A pharmacopœia must always be, to a greater or less degree, an imperfect work, from the doubtful and unsettled nature of the subject itself. It may be said to stand upon ground which is perpetually shifting and giving way. New observations and discoveries make, daily, some changes in the number and relative importance of the articles of the materia medica, and this, of course, makes some corresponding change necessary in the pharmacopœia. The American work will bear a pretty good comparison with others of the same kind. It has not been more hardly dealt with by its enemies, than those of London and Paris, both published under the auspices of the principal medical authorities of their respective cities. The latter of these has been said to be a 'libel upon the age and country that produced it.'

It was not to have been expected, that a convention of physicians, called together from the most remote parts of the country, with great inconvenience and sacrifice to themselves, should have been able in the haste with which they must have

transacted their business, unacquainted with the views, feelings, and opinions of each other, to prepare a work which should stand the test of criticism, or should be more than tolerably perfect. A convention was not proposed, because it was thought that a convention would prepare a better pharmacopœia than could be prepared in any other way. On the other hand, it is plain enough, that there is no other way in which such a work would not be likely to be better done. Many physicians, individually inferior to any member of the convention, would probably make a better system, than they could do in their collective capacity. But a convention was proposed, because it could do what no other body could do, put forth a work with *authority*, one which should be universally adopted, and establish uniformity, to which all other recommendations are secondary. It is far better to have one system, indifferent in itself, but universally adopted, than a number of them, each exceedingly perfect, and complete in itself, but of narrow and limited authority. As it is, we look upon the formation of the pharmacopœia of the United States, as an event upon which the medical profession and the public ought to be congratulated. It can hardly be doubted that, emanating, as it does, from the highest possible authority, it will, sooner or later, receive the support of physicians at large, and be acknowledged as the basis of pharmaceutical language and preparation throughout the country.

We are glad to be able to add, that several of the most respectable medical bodies in the country have, by an express vote, adopted the pharmacopœia of the United States, as their standard. This has been the case with the state medical societies of New York, Connecticut, and Massachusetts. The latter has given up its own pharmacopœia, prepared many years since, and generally in use, to adopt that of the United States.

ART. XXIV.—*Report of the commissioner of the school fund, May* 1822, *to the honorable general assembly of the state of Connecticut, holden at New Haven on the first Wednesday of May* 1822. *Signed James Hillhouse, commissioner of the school fund.*

EDUCATION, in its various forms, as we have already had several opportunities to remark, is a subject which at present excites more than usual interest and inquiry in all parts of the union; not only among individuals, but in legislative bodies. From its intimate connexion with the public prosperity and improvement, few subjects have a stronger claim on the attention of all classes of the community. We have, therefore, thought it would be, on this account, peculiarly acceptable to such of our readers as are disposed to speculate on this topic, to see occasionally, in our pages, such facts as are well ascertained in the practice of any state, or of any portion of our country, in the administration of so important a concern. It is of great moment, that the regulations adopted respecting schools, as well primary as those of a higher order, should be originally suited to the somewhat peculiar circumstances of the people of this country. To this object, a full knowledge of the excellencies and defects of existing systems of education may greatly contribute. It may indeed be thought, from the facility with which many of our laws are amended or repealed, that a plan for public schools can be as easily improved, when experience shall have shown its imperfections, as any ordinary statute, or the charter of some petty corporation; yet a little attention will satisfy an inquirer, that there are few subjects where prejudice has greater sway than in this, or where the public good is more liable to be sacrificed to local and individual interests, partial benefit, and narrow views.

The state of Connecticut, as is probably known to many of our readers, possesses a large fund, known by the name of the School Fund, which, by an article in the constitution of that state, is appropriated exclusively to the benefit of common schools From the report of the commissioner of this fund to the legislature of Connecticut, in May last, the title of which report stands at the head of this article, it appears, that the amount of dividends to common schools, the preceding year, that is, in October 1821, and March 1822, was no less a sum

than $67,791.20. A part of this money, however, was a certain portion of the state tax, which is by law annually added to the interest of the fund. This fund for the advancement of learning, in the single department of common schools, whether considered in reference to the resources of the people who have made it, or to what has been done in other parts of the United States for the same object, is a provision so extraordinary, and indeed unprecedented, that we have been induced to make some inquiry into its origin, application, and effects. In the prosecution of our design, we have been led to investigate, to some extent, the progress of the school-system of Connecticut, and have noticed certain facts, which we have thought it not improper to detail, especially as they seem to throw some light upon what are understood to be the prevailing opinions and feelings of the people of that state on the general subject of education.

The present state of Connecticut was originally two distinct colonies, the colony of Connecticut, and the colony of New Haven. It does not appear, that among the original laws of either of those colonies, any very express provision was made for the regulation and support of schools. Both governments, as is well known, managed the most important concerns, in their respective communities, not according to the provisions of any written law, but the discretion of the magistrates and clergy; that being ordered and enforced, which appeared reasonable and expedient, as cases of very different kinds, in civil and even in domestic life, came under consideration. The education of children, according to this primitive, and, in some respects, patriarchal system, seems to have been recognized from the first as an indispensable duty, and to have been enforced by severe penalties; but the several plantations were allowed, either to establish schools within their respective limits, or to teach their children the elements of learning in the family, as, in the feeble state of those colonies, might be thought most convenient.

This was undoubtedly the original plan of education in the colony of New Haven. In the system of laws of that colony, published in the year 1656, the following are the provisions for 'children's education.'

'It is ordered that the deputies for the particular court, in each plantation within this jurisdiction, for the time being, or

where there are no such deputies, the constable or other officers in public trust, shall from time to time have a vigilant eye over their brethren and neighbors within the limits of the said plantation, that all parents and masters do duly endeavor, either by their own ability and labor, or by *improving* such schoolmaster or other helps and means as the plantation doth afford, or the family may conveniently provide, that all their children and apprentices, as they grow capable, may, through God's blessing, obtain at least so much as to be able to read the scriptures and other good and profitable printed books in the English tongue, being their native language," &c.

Parents and masters, found to neglect this duty, were, on the first complaint, to be fined ten shillings; on the second complaint, three months after the first, twenty shillings; on the third complaint, they were to be fined still higher, or their children or apprentices were to be taken from them, and put under the care of others, males till twenty-one, and females till eighteen years of age.

This law contains, what appears from various circumstances to have been the practice in the colony of New Haven from its first settlement, but probably the system had never been reduced to writing till the compilation of this code. As soon as a government had been regularly organized, a colony grammar school was also established in New Haven, under the superintendance of Ezekiel Cheever, who was afterwards master of the Latin school in Boston, and whose Latin Accidence, compiled in that method, 'which he found most advantageous by seventy years' experience,' may be known to some of our readers. In the year 1654, a plan for the establishment of a college was brought by the Rev. John Davenport before the colonial legislature, and the town of New-Haven made a donation of land to the proposed seminary. A bequest from governor Hopkins, in 1656, enabled the government to take some measures towards the erection of the colony grammar school into a college; but the dissolution of the colony, which soon followed, prevented the completion of their design. The colony school has since been known by the name of the Hopkins grammar school, and is the oldest literary institution in Connecticut.

In the colony of Connecticut, the laws respecting schools seem not to have been materially different. In the laws of that colony, published in the year 1672, eight years after the

union of Connecticut and New Haven, there is a provision on the subject of education, very similar in its language to that we have just copied from the first New Haven code. It is there ordered, that 'the selectmen of every town, in their several precincts and quarters, shall have a vigilant eye over their brethren and neighbors, to see that none of them shall suffer so much barbarism, in any of their families, as not to endeavor, by themselves or others, to teach their children and apprentices so much learning, as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue,' &c. The penalty for neglect was twenty shillings. In the same code, it is ordered, that every town, containing fifty householders, 'shall forthwith appoint one, within their town, to teach all such children as shall resort to him, to write and read, whose wages shall be paid either by the parents or masters of such children, or by the inhabitants in general, as the major part of those who order the prudentials of the town shall appoint,' &c. It is further provided, 'that, in every county town, there shall be set up and kept a grammar school, for the use of the county, the master thereof being able to instrust youths so far, as they may be fitted for college.'

In the year 1677, to render the existing law respecting schools more effectual, it was enacted, 'that every town, by the said law ordered to keep a school, that shall neglect the same above three months in the year, shall forfeit five pounds for every defect, and said fine shall be paid towards the maintenance of the Latin school in their county: all breaches of this law to be taken notice of and presented by the grand jury at every county court.' The following year the number of families in a town, obliged to maintain a public school, was reduced from fifty to thirty.

It appears that, notwithstanding the several penalties for neglect of maintaining schools, the laws on this subject were not universally executed, as in the year 1690, we find an additional statute, which, after reciting in the preamble, that there were still 'persons unable to read the English tongue, and thereby incapable to read the holy word of God, or the good laws of this colony,' among other provisions, contains the following; 'that the grand jurymen, in each town, do, once in a year, at least, visit each family they suspect to neglect this order, [to teach their children and servants to 'read dis-

tinctly the English tongue,'] and satisfy themselves whether all children under age, and servants in such suspected families, can read the English tongue, or be in a good procedure to learn the same or not; and if they find any such children and servants not taught, as their years are capable of, they shall return the names of the parents or masters of the said children or servants to the next county court,' &c. The penalty is twenty shillings 'for each child or servant, whose teaching is or shall be neglected, contrary to this order.'

In the year 1700, a law was passed, which placed the common schools of Connecticut on the foundation where they continued, with little variation, till since the establishment of the present fund. It was then required, that in every town, having seventy or more householders, a constant school should be kept, and when there were less than seventy, a school should be kept half the year. It was likewise enacted, that the inhabitants of every town should pay forty shillings on every thousand pounds of taxable property, estimated according to a rule prescribed by the legislature in their general system of taxation, for the support of the schoolmaster, to be collected with the public or county tax; and if any town failed to provide a schoolmaster according to law, this sum was to be collected and paid to the county treasury, as a fine upon such negligent town. Where this fund was insufficient to support the school, the deficiency was to be made up, one half by the inhabitants of the town, and the other half by the parents or masters of the children. By a subsequent law, towns and ecclesiastical societies were empowered to divide themselves into districts, and to alter the same; and each district was entitled to its proportion of the public money, for the support of its school.

We have gone, perhaps, more into detail, in this case, than many of our readers may think necessary; others, however, we have no doubt, will be gratified with a full view of early legislation, on a subject so important as the establishment and progressive improvement of a system of general education in an infant colony. It is obvious from the facts here stated, that the legislature and the great body of the people of Connecticut were from the first fully determined on securing the instruction of every individual, at least in the rudiments of learning. The several changes, in the details of their system,

did not originate in any instability of purpose, but were rendered necessary by the delinquencies of certain towns, where, from various causes, the existing penalties were insufficient to secure to the laws a prompt and entire execution. The clause in the law of 1700, by which a tax of forty shillings on every thousand pounds was collected through the colony for the support of instructers, and by which the benefit of this tax was limited to those towns which supported schools the time prescribed by law, undoubtedly contains the efficient measure which secured the object so long aimed at, the universal establishment of common schools. The tax for schools being collected with the county tax, had not the odium attached to it of a fine incurred by delinquency; while it was attended with all the advantages which such a fine could promise. It was left to the option of the towns, whether they would make the necessary addition to the public money, and expend it for the purpose designated by the legislature, or, after it had been collected, leave it for the common and ordinary uses of the county. The consequence was such as had been anticipated from the law, and schools were every where maintained.

From this time very little alteration was made in the system of primary education. Occasionally new regulations* were thought necessary, but the great features of the scheme were unchanged. From what is known of the state of the schools, as well as from universal tradition, it appears, that the laws were now rigidly executed; a school was brought to every man's door; the poor, and even the slave, were always within the reach of instruction; and hence, for more than a century, in Connecticut, a native of mature age, who, in the language of the old statutes, 'was unable to read the English tongue,' has been looked on as a prodigy.

We have already mentioned that among the first laws enacted on the subject of education, after the union of the two colonies of Hartford and New Haven, was one providing

* One new statute appears in the edition of the laws of 1718, which contains a provision highly characteristic. 'If any be unable to do so much, [that is, 'to teach their children and apprentices so much learning as may enable them perfectly to read the English tongue'] that then at the least, they procure such children and apprentices to learn some short orthodox catechism, without book, that they may be able to answer to the questions that shall be propounded to them, out of such catechism, by their parents or masters, or ministers, when they shall call them to an account of what they have learned in that kind,' &c.—Penalty, twenty shillings, in each case, for the use of the poor.

for a grammar school in each county town, and a small grant of land was made to the four counties of Hartford, New Haven, Fairfield and New London, for the support of such schools. As this law, however, instituting grammar schools, was enforced by no penalty, and the grant for their maintenance was very inconsiderable, nothing effectual seems to have been accomplished. By the statute of 1677, as already stated, the forfeitures of those towns, which neglected to maintain common schools according to law, accrued to the benefit of the Latin schools in their respective counties ;—but this provision was no doubt very unacceptable to the people, as it was enforced a few years only. In the year 1690, the legislature again took up the subject of grammar schools, and 'considering the necessity and great advantage of good literature,' passed a law establishing 'two free schools, to teach reading, writing, arithmetic, and the Latin and Greek tongues, the one at Hartford and the other at New Haven.' These schools were to be maintained, partly by the counties in which they were placed, partly by the 'school revenue,' and partly by the respective towns of Hartford and New Haven. This project seems to have failed ; as in the new law respecting schools, in the year 1700, the subject of grammar schools is passed over, in the general provision, that a grammar school shall be maintained in the chief town of each county, without prescribing any plan for its establishment or support. The law, as was probably anticipated, remained a dead letter ; and no subsequent attempt to afford adequate encouragement to schools of a higher order, at least, no attempt attended with success, so far as we have been able to learn, has ever been made. We consider it, however, as no feeble testimony to the importance and even necessity of superior schools, that exertions for their establishment should have been commenced in the very infancy of those colonies. The subject was then judged of on its own merits, without any undue influence from the fear of popular dislike. No trial had been made, and the measures first taken were, no doubt, approved by all, till it appeared, that, in their execution, expense would be incurred. But poverty and a scattered population might then be urged with some plausibility against any expenditure not for objects of first necessity, and which was not in its immediate effect for the

equal benefit of all. But at any time during the last century, and especially at present, whatever may have been or may still be the plea, the real reason for limiting the patronage of the legislature to schools of the lowest kind, must be something very different from the want of ability to support them. The fact seems to be, that originally the necessity of confining all expenditures for instruction to common schools was real. The value of that literature which is taught in higher seminaries, was duly appreciated, but the legislature felt, that a very important object had been attained in the general establishment of common schools, and left it to their successors to improve upon their system, as the means of the people should become more abundant, and the community have a stronger conviction of the benefit of an enlarged education. But their expectations have not been realized. The public mind had an early bent, perhaps from too much being attempted at first, or from some injudicious measures at first adopted, but which are not now distinctly known, against all legislative provisions for academies or a college, which it has been impossible to correct, notwithstanding the original cause, certainly so far as poverty may have been connected with the effect, has long ceased to exist.*

Yale College had its origin in the efforts of the clergy. It was founded in the year 1700, but the government did little for its support and encouragement. From a report, which now lies before us, of a committee of the legislature of Connecticut at their session in New Haven in May last, it appears, that the grants from the state to that institution down to the year 1792, that is, in the first ninety two years of its existence, amount to little more than twenty thousand dollars. Its growth and prosperity were owing, in all beyond this sum, entirely to private benefactions. Of this twenty thousand dollars, no inconsiderable part was derived from such sources,

* Besides the very small grant of land to the four counties of Hartford, New Haven, Fairfield, and New London, for the support of Grammar schools, no appropriation for any similar object, so far as we can learn, has been made in Connecticut, except to the Episcopal academy at Cheshire. This academy has had a grant of a lottery to raise fifteen thousand dollars. If two thirds, or even one half, of this sum has been obtained, considering the age of the academy, and the comparative number of those it was intended more particularly to benefit, it is much the largest grant ever made in Connecticut for any literary institution. The other academies of the state have been established by private beneficence and individual exertions.

as clearly show, that the state was never disposed to make heavy sacrifices for the benefit of its college. Among the 'ways and means,' we notice, in the documents before us, the proceeds of a prize ship, excise on rum, wild land, and a lottery.

In the year 1792, a grant was made to Yale College by the legislature of Connecticut, and enlarged in 1796, by which, according to the report, to which we last referred, the college received $40629.80. This money, it appears, was derived from certain arrearages of taxes, which had been imposed to meet expenses incurred in the revolutionary war. As Congress was about to assume the state debts, payments from the state to its creditors were stopped, and a sum of money from this source was ultimately at the disposal of the legislature. The proposition to appropriate it to the aid of Yale College, as the measure contemplated no new burden on the public, afforded a fair opportunity of trying the real feelings of the state with respect to that institution. The appropriation met with much opposition, especially that part of it, which came under the consideration of the legislature in the year 1796; but was finally made in consequence of the very great exertions of a few liberal minded individuals, among whom the present commissioner of the school fund is understood to have acted a distinguished part, and to deserve no small share of the honor of that measure. Numerous members of the house of representatives were well known to have given their votes for the appropriation with the full persuasion that it would be the last act of their political life, and the event proved the correctness of their anticipations. Seldom has there been a case, where a public measure, dictated by no party or selfish views, has met from a people a more decided disapprobation, than this grant to Yale College encountered in the enlightened state of Connecticut.

We have been the more particular in our statements respecting the grant to Yale College, as it furnishes, in its progress and termination, full and satisfactory proof of the real state of public opinion and feelings in Connecticut respecting all seminaries of learning superior to common schools, a state of public sentiment, to which, as we understand, is to be attributed, what appears to us, as we shall soon

have occasion more fully to remark, the somewhat partial and injudicious appropriation of the school fund. Individuals in that state have lamented this alienation of the public mind from all legislative aid to literature and science, as injurious to the best interests of the community; but other individuals, more numerous and more active, have ever found their advantage in fomenting the popular delusion, and, if we are correctly informed, there are few states in the union, where the vulgar prejudice is more current, that all learning not taught in a common school, is for the benefit of the rich and the few, to the prejudice, perhaps, of the many. This unfounded opinion, refuted as it is by innumerable facts forcing themselves upon the view of the most unobserving, may, indeed, be heard in more states than one, from the mouths of grave legislators, and what is more marvellous still, there are those of them who seem really to believe what they say.

It is not, therefore, surprising, in this state of public sentiment in Connecticut, that whatever funds have been at any time at the disposal of the legislature, have been, with few and inconsiderable exceptions, appropriated to the support of common schools. In the year 1733 the avails of the sale of seven new townships in the western part of the colony, were divided among the towns; the interest to be applied to the support of common schools forever. In the year 1765 certain sums of money due for excise on goods, were divided in the same manner. But what laid the foundation of the Connecticut school fund, was money received for lands belonging to that state in the northeastern part of the present state of Ohio. The sale of these lands was effected in the year 1795 for $1,200,000. Here was an opportunity seldom enjoyed by any people, of providing for every department of education, so that each might afford, in the operation of a regular and well proportioned system, its proper aid and support to the others. The interest of this fund, however, after much debate in the legislature, where several projects of somewhat different kinds were very amply discussed, and after great popular excitement, was finally appropriated to the favorite object, the support of common schools, and so decided has public opinion continued on this subject, that this appropriation, as we observe by an article in the new constitution of Connecticut, is now made imperative on the legislature.

The amount of the school fund is now considerably greater than in the year 1795, when it was first established. In the report of the commissioner in May 1821, the property of the fund is stated, in its gross amount, at $1,858,074.33. In the opinion of the commissioner, after a liberal allowance for losses which might occur, the capital of the school fund might, at that time, be safely estimated at $1,700,000, which is an advance of $500,000 on the original sum. This increase of the fund is understood to be owing, in no small degree, to the able management and indefatigable exertions of the present commissioner, whose services have commanded approbation where it was least to be expected, and who furnishes an example of the ascendancy of ability and integrity even in times of great party animosity. Of the sums which have been actually divided to schools, we notice in a schedule connected with the report of 1819, that the amount, from March 1799 to March 1819, is stated to be $827,013.13.

The original rule of distribution of the interest of this fund among the several school societies and districts, was the amount of taxable property, according to its estimated value, belonging to each of them. This rule was complained of as unfavorable to the interests of the poor; and much pains were taken to produce the conviction in the legislature and among the people generally, that the large towns received much more than their just proportion of the public money. Accordingly in 1820, a new rule of distribution was adopted, by which the interest of the school fund is now divided among the several school districts, according to the number of children in each, between the ages of four and sixteen, and provision was made for an annual enumeration. This measure was urged with great zeal by the representatives of the small towns. Little opposition was made to it, especially by those who were more particularly the objects of attack. The rule itself did not appear very objectionable, and it was besides manifest to all who had attended to the state of population in Connecticut, and who were at all competent to form an opinion on such a question, that the large towns could be only gainers by the change proposed. This has, accordingly, been the result, in a degree even greater than was anticipated by those who saw the real tendency of the new law. It is true that a new system of taxation was, at

that time, under discussion, by which the amount of taxes paid by the large towns would be considerably increased. If the old rule of distribution was retained, the school-money received by those towns would be increased proportionably. This consideration undoubtedly had its due influence; but the sum now received by several of the large towns, respecting which we have more exact information, is considerably greater than they would claim on the ground of the amount of their tax-bills.

As to the mode in which the common schools in Connecticut are managed, the following particulars are all in which our readers can be supposed to take much interest. All the inhabitants living within the limits of ecclesiastical societies incorporated by law, constitute school societies, elect officers, build school houses, establish school districts, appoint a committee of one for each district, whose duty it is, to manage the concerns of the district, and provide an instructer for the school with the assent of the district, and the approbation of the visitors. The visitors are appointed by each school society, whose duty it is to examine instructers, displace such as are incompetent, visit the schools twice, at least, during each season for schooling, and they may require of the master such exercises of the youth as will show their proficiency in learning. No person can keep a school till he has been examined and approved by the visitors.

We have not been able to ascertain with the exactness we could wish, the number of district schools in Connecticut. Dr Trumbull, in the second volume of his history of that state, published in 1818, states the number at fifteen hundred and eighty, 'according to the best collection he had been able to obtain.' He adds, that in some of them, there are a hundred scholars or more, and in others not more than twenty. He supposes, that 'on an average, they will amount to fifty five or fifty six.' From the inquiries we have made, we are satisfied that this statement is not far from the truth.

Our readers no doubt are now prepared to ask, what great advantage has the state of Connecticut derived from its school fund, and how far has this fund contributed to promote the particular object to which it is devoted, the general diffusion of elementary learning?—According to the old laws, as we have already seen, schools were maintained in the several

districts; and one school at least was supported through the year in each town containing seventy householders, and six months where the number of householders was less than seventy. By the present system we do not find that there is any obligation on the school societies or districts to support schools any longer, than the public money affords the requisite aliment; and the consequence must be, what we are informed is extensively true, that the continuance of schools is determined by a very obvious and convenient rule. Taxation for schools being infrequent, must be borne with impatience; and if some school societies increase the school money by a tax, the practice is gradually discontinued, and will soon entirely cease. As to time then, we do not find that any thing has been gained by the schools from the operation of the fund. If some schools continue longer, each year, others are brought sooner to a close, the amount of time, through the whole, being not materially varied.

It does not appear from the laws of Connecticut, nor do we learn from such inquiries as we have made, that the qualifications of instructers have been increased, or the branches of instruction multiplied through any influence of the fund. If education in common schools has assumed a higher character within the last thirty years, it is owing rather to the more elevated standard of instruction through the country; and the improvements, probably, are no greater, than they would have been, if the school fund had never existed. The great advantage, then, of the Connecticut school fund, appears, on investigation, to be this,—it relieves the several school societies from taxation, an advantage, no doubt, which is duly appreciated. Admitting, however, that it is a privilege, and we are not disposed to deny it to be such, for an inhabitant of Connecticut to be able to say, that schools formerly paid for by those who enjoyed their advantages, are now supported by a fund, and so cost nothing; would it not be a privilege far greater, to be able to designate the particular improvements, which the school fund has been the means of introducing into the system of school education? Where means so ample and imposing are provided, we look, of course, for some unusual and splendid result. To be informed that a fund which enables a community no larger than Connecticut to expend more than sixty thousand dol-

lars a year on schools, and which will soon afford ninety or one hundred thousand dollars a year for the same object, produces no visible effect, except in diminishing taxation, and that the whole benefit is limited to the pocket, much as we admire thrift and good management, leaves on our minds, to say the least, a strong feeling of disappointment. A school fund, according to the common rules of judging, ought to profit the schools, as well as their supporters.

We would not be understood to disapprove of legislative aid to common schools, but to aim at having it so regulated as to produce its full and proper effect. If it were possible, we would take from the common schools of Connecticut nothing which they now enjoy, and would merely apply a portion of the additional income, which will soon be realized, to the encouragement of the higher branches of education. Nothing which could be done would, more directly than this, benefit the common schools themselves. Let a superior school, intermediate between the common schools and the university, be maintained in each county of the state, where all of those, who aspire to teach in common schools, may be themselves thoroughly instructed. Such a measure would give new vigor to the whole system of education. The board of visitors, which now decides on the qualifications of instructers, must be, in most instances, a very imperfect check on the intrusion of ignorance. The teachers, it is understood, have now very seldom any other preparation, than they receive in the very school, where they afterwards instruct, or in the school of some neighboring district, where the advantages for improvement are no better. If this, however, cannot be done, and the whole income of the school fund must be appropriated directly to common schools, we see no reason why teachers in these schools should not be obliged to qualify themselves for their employment, in such higher schools or academies as now exist.

There is, indeed, in the present law of Connecticut respecting schools, a provision, which might seem at first view to answer, in part, the end proposed. The provision is to this effect: that any school society shall have liberty, by a vote of two thirds of the inhabitants present, to institute a school of a higher order, to instruct youth in English grammar, composition, geography, and the learned languages ; pupils to be admitted by the visitors, and such school to have its proportion of the

public money. But this law, as appears on the face of it, must be wholly inoperative. We have, indeed, heard, that in one town a vote of two thirds of the inhabitants was obtained for the institution of such a school; and the same thing may have happened in a few other towns, but cannot learn, that there is at present in Connecticut a single school instituted in the manner contemplated by this law. The law stands as evidence, that correct views of what is really needed are entertained by a portion of the legislature, but from the inadequacy of its provisions, it is evidence no less striking of the actual state of public opinion.

In looking back upon the statements we have thus presented to our readers, one or two remarks are forced upon us. The first regards the noble testimony borne to the characters of the Fathers of Connecticut, by their laws for the support of schools. To feel the strength of this testimony, we have but to compare their condition with these their efforts; to see them, a handful of men, scattered in a few hamlets through the native wilderness, exposed to the most harassing of public dangers, the daily and nightly dread of a savage foe; and yet enacting laws, which should send the grand jury twice a year into every family to see that its children, aye, its apprentices and servants, 'could read the English tongue.' These are the men, to whom our brethren beyond the sea courteously allude, when they say, that 'the Adam and Eve of America came from Newgate.'— How does their conduct and policy contrast with that of the richest and most powerful nation of the present day! What an apparition would it not be at the English Assizes—a true bill found by the grand jury against the proprietor of a cotton factory in Manchester, for that he had neglected to afford his apprentices 'at least so much, as should enable them to read the scriptures and other good and profitable printed books in the English tongue.' Such a bill would transform even Mr Brougham into *Amicus Curiæ;* and do more to promote the education of the commonalty of England, than all the Bells and Lancasters have done, and all their monitors.

We cannot but observe, also, on the extraordinary perversity of opinion, by no means confined to Connecticut, that establishments for the higher branches of education are undeserving of public patronage, as being exclusively for the benefit of the

rich. This same opinion has been urged in Virginia, and nobly and not unsuccessfully combatted by the distinguished friends and patrons of her university. The same opinion has prompted some measures, which have been brought forward in the legislature of Massachusetts, for the two last years, to the shame of their agitators. It is a gross appeal from the common sense to the avarice of men. Public patronage of academies and colleges for higher education is precisely a tax on the rich, for the benefit of the poor. The rich, it is true, send their children to them; but if there were no colleges at home, they would send their sons abroad. Look at the states in America, where schools and colleges do not flourish, and what is the relative effect on the two classes of society? The rich pay more, it is true, than they otherwise would pay, but they support private teachers and family tutors, for the elementary education of their children, and send their sons to Princeton, New Haven, Cambridge, and to Europe. To the rich man it is of comparatively little consequence, whether the state government, under which he lives, be willing or not to endow institutions where his sons can be educated. He can send them where a wiser policy prevails; and when they come back, they will possess more exclusively that power and influence in society, which superior education confers. The poor man, on the other hand, wants a college near at hand, in his own state, where a considerable part of the requisite supplies can be furnished from his frugal home. He has no means to purchase bills of exchange on distant cities. He cannot add the costs of travelling and the expenses of distant maintenance to the necessary charges of academical education. If the state will provide him a college where he can send his sons, he will do it. He will dispense with their personal services—no small sacrifice in a country like this—he will strain his narrow means to furnish the barely essential; but he can do no more. And will any one say, that when the government looks round upon its constituents, sees the rich alone able to get an education, while the poor are deprived of this inestimable privilege; and to remedy this great evil, lays a general tax for an academy or college for the benefit of those, who must otherwise want the means of liberal education altogether, will any one say, that this is exclusively for the benefit of the rich? It is a malignant absurdity. *Exclusively* beneficial it is certainly and

ought to be to no one. But eminently and chiefly beneficial it is to the poor. The rich can do well enough without it. The poor must have it, or nothing. This alone enables the poor to bring their talents and industry into the market, and thus rise, by dint of merit, to those trusts and to that influence, which otherwise will fall exclusively into the hands of the rich. Hitherto, by the blessing of Providence, the sons of the poor have been enabled to do this. The great men of America have been mostly nursed in an honorable poverty. The pious and faithful ministers, the upright magistrates, the solid professional characters, the intelligent statesmen, and the enterprising merchants, by which America, from such poor beginnings, has been raised to such a height of prosperity, have been mostly the children of those, who labored with their own hands. There has been, till the last generation, little or no wealth in the country, and the distinction of rich and poor has been nearly nominal. With the growth of riches, this distinction will become important. The leisure commanded by wealth will more and more give persons of moderate capacity the advantage in the competition for the honors of society. At this moment, then, of all others, to cry out against the endowment of places of education, as a tax on the poor, in favor of the rich, is to betray the interests of the poor; and to play the game of the rich under the pretence of abating their immunities.

The Public Latin School in Boston affords so clear an example of the justice of our remarks, that we cannot but appeal to it. We have no hesitation in pronouncing that school equal to any school or academy, public or private, within our knowledge, in the United States. The specimens of proficiency given by its pupils, and laid before the public in the Prize Book, are certainly beyond any thing in this way, which has been attempted in our country, and compare honorably with the exhibitions of the learned schools of Europe. This school in Boston is free. It has been raised to its present excellence, and is supported by the city, at an expense beyond that of some of our American colleges; and the children of the poorer citizens find equal admission with those of the richer, and of course actually compose the majority of the pupils. The expense naturally falls most on those, who pay most of the taxes, that is, on the rich. Thus for an exceedingly small increase of his tax, the poor man can send his son to one of the very

best schools in the United States. For perhaps fifty cents' annual addition to his tax-bill, he procures his child those means of education, which could not be had at a private academy under two or three hundred dollars. In this way every small trader and mechanic in Boston, at an expense wholly nominal, is enabled to give his children that education, which before was within the reach of independent fortunes alone. The case is precisely the same with the patronage of colleges.

Finally, we cannot but express our surprize, that the intelligent citizens of Connecticut should have given such just ground to the reproach of neglecting the interests of the College at New Haven. One would have thought that, with such ample means in their hands, the patronage of Yale College would have been the favorite policy of the state. Nothing in Connecticut can, of course, be so honorable to it as this institution. In no way can the citizens of Connecticut expect to exercise so considerable an influence on our common country, as through the medium of a literary establishment of commanding respectability, which gathers some of the most promising of the American youth into her chief city, to receive the most important part of their education, under the influence of her laws, manners, and character. To appeal, moreover, to a feeling which has perhaps had too great influence over the legislatures who have successively withheld the public patronage from Yale, we would add, that on the simple footing of pecuniary account, the state is much indebted to the college. The latter brings annually into circulation in Connecticut many thousands of dollars, and has done so for a long course of years. It lays no small part of the country under contribution, to increase the wealth of Connecticut; and it were but common justice in the state, to return into the funds of the college a small portion of the means, which the college gathers for the state. One can scarcely look on with patience and behold a fund of $1,700.000 exhausted in bounties to encourage the people to have bad schools, while one of the most respectable and useful colleges in the country is allowed to go a begging.

ART. XXV.—*Friedrich von Schiller's Leben, aus theils gedruckten, theils ungedruckten Nachrichten, nebst gedrängter Uebersicht seiner poetischen Werke. Herausgegeben von Heinrich Doering.—The Life of Frederic von Schiller; compiled in part from materials before unpublished; with a concise review of his poems. By Henry Doering.* Weimar, 1822.

THERE are few works in the English language more interesting than Johnson's Lives of the Poets; and in general a well written account of a great poet is nearly as delightful to read as his works. Good poetry is so rare and exquisite a product of the mind, that the few favored mortals, who are capable of affording it, have been in all ages and nations (as is well observed by the celebrated writer just mentioned) invested by public opinion with some of the attributes we commonly connect with the notion of divinity; and the accounts of their lives and writings have been always studied with an interest resembling that, with which we read the history of the incarnation and miracles of superior beings. Good biography, as it is nearly as agreeable, is also perhaps quite as rare, as good poetry; and many a bard, after bestowing immortality upon crowds of patriots and heroes, has fallen short of his own fame with after ages, for want of a life. As the glory of the brave perishes, unless embalmed with the 'tears immortal' of some divine poet; so the memory of the poet himself, who 'saved others' names, but left his own unsung,' if it is not seasonably bottled up in spirit by some careful biographer, fades and dies away; and finally two or three thousand years after, there comes along a great German critic, and flatly denies in the face of his works, that any such person ever existed. Hence we have always looked upon it as a singular dispensation of Providence in favor of the fraternity of the British poets, that a writer, so well qualified in almost every respect as Dr Johnson, should have been raised up and strengthened to undertake the task of doing them justice *en masse;* securing them all from forgetfulness, and displaying them together, like a fine collection of pictures adorned with the golden framing of his own rich and sonorous prose, for the lasting admiration and delight of posterity. If bards and biographers, as may well be presumed, associate together in the flowery fields of Elysium, where we are told all good writers are admitted, it is easy to conceive

that the shade of the learned Doctor must enjoy—to use a diplomatic phrase—the most distinguished consideration with the whole company of British poets, whose lives he has recorded. Unfortunately few biographers can be advantageously compared with this great writer ; and we regret to say, that the author now under review is far from forming an exception to this remark. It must be allowed, however, that his work, if it has no great merit, is nevertheless respectable in its way, makes but slight pretensions, has few glaring faults, and especially is brief, the best possible quality in an indifferent book. It consists of a plain recital of the principal facts in the life of Schiller, accompanied with critical remarks on his poems ; the latter division of the work being rather inferior in value to the former. As the facts mentioned in the narrative are not perhaps very generally known to the public, we shall offer, in the present article, a summary of the most important, interspersed with such observations as may be supplied by Mr Doering, or naturally suggested by the subject.

Frederic Schiller was born at Marbach, a little town in Würtemberg, on the tenth of November 1759. His father, John Caspar, was bred a surgeon, and served in that capacity with a regiment of Bavarian hussars in the war of the Austrian succession. At the close of this war he returned to Würtemberg, and was there placed as adjutant and ensign in the Prince Louis regiment. With these characters he made the campaigns of the seven years' war, relieving at times the sufferings of his comrades by surgical aid, and occasionally supplying their spiritual wants by a sermon or a psalm. He seems indeed to have been a person of versatile, if not preeminent genius. After the peace of 1763, he retired from the army with the rank of captain, and was employed by the duke of Würtemberg to superintend one of his estates. In this charge he acquitted himself with great success ; and he even acquired such skill in agriculture, that he afterwards published a book upon the subject, which obtained the honors of a second edition The mother of Schiller was the daughter of a baker of Rodweis, and is represented as a person of a kind and affectionate character, and of some poetical taste.

Schiller was not remarked at school as a promising boy. His genius seems to have been first excited by the opportunity of frequenting the theatre, which presented itself to him when

he was about eight years old, and he then made some attempts at poetry, and began already to plan tragedies. He continued, however, several years longer at the public school of Ludwigsburg, employed in classical and scientific studies, but without obtaining much distinction in either. His inclination at this period of life was for the profession of divinity, and the wishes of his parents coincided in this respect with his own. It happened, however, that the duke of Würtemberg was instituting at this time a military school at Stuttgard; and having heard a good account of young Schiller, had made up his mind to place him there as a student. His parents objected, that it was not a suitable school for theological studies; but the duke replied, that he could easily adopt a different profession, and the parents thought it prudent to conform to his wishes. Accordingly, the future poet was admitted at the age of fourteen into this institution, where probably every thing was taught except theology, as Schiller had decided for the profession of law.

The studies connected with this profession soon became odious to him, and he determined to abandon it and apply to medicine. In reality, the passion for poetry had already taken complete possession of his mind, and any employment that did not tend to gratify it appeared tasteless and irksome. About the time that he entered the school, he wrote an epic poem, entitled Moses, and a tragedy upon the history of Cosmo de' Medici. These immature productions were inspired by the popularity of Klopstock and Lessing. The smaller pieces that he wrote at this period gave, we are told, but slight indications of his future merit. Meantime, he employed his leisure in literary studies. He was induced, by hearing a passage quoted from Shakspeare in a public lecture, to attempt the reading of him; but he took very little pleasure in it, his taste not being sufficiently mature to enjoy the sublime and beautiful display of true nature exhibited in the works of our great dramatist. At a riper age he had learned to read him with different feelings, and his remarks upon the subject, in a letter written at that time, are somewhat curious:

'When early in life I first became acquainted with Shakspeare,' he observes, 'I was repelled by the want of sentiment, which permitted him to introduce passages of low mirth in scenes of the deepest tenderness; to degrade the most pathetic parts of Ham-

let, King Lear, and Macbeth, by bringing in clowns and grave-diggers; to dilate with apparent pleasure on offensive subjects, and then to hurry on relentlessly where the heart would delight to have had him dwell. I had studied and respected him in short for many years, before I began to read him with a true relish. I was not capable at that time of enjoying nature at the first hand.'

In these remarks Schiller has certainly pointed out a real defect in the manner of Shakspeare; but it is doubtful whether he has given the true reason, why he did not at first take pleasure in reading him. We apprehend in fact, that it is the merit, and not the faults, whatever they may be, of Shakspeare, which makes his writings less agreeable to an immature taste, than many others of far inferior value. The taste of childhood is indifferent to real beauty; and when a sensible mind first catches a glimpse of the action of life, it is dazzled and bewildered with a thousand illusions, and wholly unable to estimate with certainty the value of appearances in art or nature. To a lad of fifteen a stage-player is a greater hero than Washington, or even Bonaparte; Amadis de Gaul a much more interesting work than Don Quixote; and the Arabian Tales the highest effort of the human understanding. The mass of mankind, whose real life lies without the sphere of elevated thoughts and actions, and who have no time to study, never correct their false notions, nor acquire just ones. If they assemble in crowds to see a representation of Cato, it is not from a love of noble sentiment, expressed in lofty language; but they go, as Pope says, to see the 'bag-wig, flowered gown, and elbow-chair.' As the influence of the world has unfortunately a natural tendency to chill the heart, as well as to inform the mind, a great proportion of the smaller number of persons, whose habits and studies are of a higher description, lose in feeling what they gain in judgment. Hence arises the rarity of the power of producing fine imitations of nature, and of valuing them when produced by others, or, in other words, of genius and taste, which are only different operations of the same agents, and which demand the union of experience and sensibility.

The genius of Schiller soon reached the highest point of vigor, if not of maturity, that it ever attained. The Robbers, the most powerful, if not the best of his productions, was written at about the age of eighteen, while he was still at the

academy in Stuttgard. He had occasion at this time to compose a professional essay on the connexion between our physical and intellectual natures, and he published in an appendix some passages from the Robbers, then unfinished, as translations from a pretended English play, designed to illustrate the work. In 1781 the tragedy was first published; and the next year, was represented with great success at the theatre in Manheim. It became immediately, and still continues one of the most attractive theatrical exhibitions, that are presented to the German public. Imitations of it in the French and English languages have met with no great success, being made indeed by inferior hands. As the publication of this tragedy was the most important event in the life of Schiller, it may not be foreign to our purpose to add a few remarks upon its character, with a view of ascertaining its principal merits and defects.

The value of the Robbers lies almost wholly in the vigor and richness of the style. It is impossible not to recognize in it the work of a most powerful mind pouring out its inspirations with the careless prodigality of conscious wealth. The characters are well drawn, admitting the justice of the conception, and produce a strong effect. The language is nervous and energetic, sometimes perhaps beyond the limit of good taste; but even in its faults of this sort we perceive at once the excess of real force, and not the counterfeit vigor of ambitious weakness. The extraordinary length of the tragedy, which is nevertheless fresh and overflowing with matter in every scene, evinces the richness of the author's resources. The manner has also the merit of entire originality. There is no painful effort to appropriate the beauties of former writers. Except the mere form of being written in dialogue, and divided into acts, the work has no resemblance whatever to any that went before it. Conscious of his power, the author disdained to be indebted to his predecessors, and drew fearlessly from the abundance of his own wealth. This is the true sign of real genius, and the Robbers, with all its faults, must be acknowledged by every correct judge as a work of this description.

The great defect of this play, on the other hand, is that the principal character is a conception wholly false and unnatural. The hero is a person endowed with the noblest qualities of

mind and heart. He is susceptible and indeed actually under the influence of the most refined and delicate affections. To represent such a person, as hurried on by passion into the commission of some high crime, would be natural enough; but instead of this, he is described as living for a series of years, in the constant practice of highway robbery and murder. Few judicious persons would probably hesitate to pronounce such a character impossible in nature, and as much the fiction of a wild imagination, as the ogre with an elephant's head, in the Arabian Nights, or the beautiful sea-maid with a fish's tail; for whose ugly counterfeit, our thrifty townsman, Capt. Edes, lately paid so dear at Batavia. If supposed to be possible, it is still a possible monster. To represent such a being, as acting a part with ordinary men and women in the business of life, is an error of the same sort, as if an artist, in a picture of the battle of Waterloo, should place the duke of Wellington or Bonaparte astride upon a centaur. The poet of the Pleasures of Hope tells us indeed to

> learn how generous worth sublimes
> The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes.

But this passage only shows how easily a youthful mind lends itself to any fiction that appears in a plausible dress; and such a heresy, though very excusable in a bard who had not then passed his teens, has not, we trust, been encouraged by this distinguished author in the maturer judgments of his lectures. How far 'generous worth' would 'sublime' the practice of highway robbery, if they could be supposed to exist together, is a question which we need not discuss; as we know that the gentlemen, who exercise this profession, are unacquainted with any worth but that of a full purse, or any generosity but that of emptying it in low debauchery, as soon as possible. We shall not, of course, be understood to mean that a mixture of virtue and vice, in the same character, is unnatural. We only affirm that the virtues and vices, that are combined in fiction, should be such as consort with each other in real life. To represent the most contradictory moral qualities as existing together, each in its extreme, is as much an act of mere wantonness, as it would be to describe an individual as laboring in the last stages of a loathsome disease, and exhibiting at the same time all the outward forms and color of perfect health.

A fault of this description in a work of art, considered merely as such, is no otherwise injurious than as it diminishes or destroys the effect of the piece, and tends at the same time to corrupt the taste of the public. But works of art have also a powerful moral influence; and in this point of view, the consequences of exhibiting false and unnatural images, in an attractive dress, are extremely important. Moral rules are generalisations of the relations established by nature between individual beings; and virtue consists in the regulation of our conduct, agreeably to these relations. We have also a capacity of deriving pleasure from the contemplation of these relations and the objects between which they exist; and good taste consists in possessing this faculty uncorrupted and in a high degree. Hence virtue may be described as good taste in action; and every work of art, that sins against the rules of taste, saps at the same time, in proportion to the power with which it is executed, the foundations of good conduct. Some errors of this kind are more injurious than others, and the most extravagant are the least dangerous, because the least likely to impose upon the feelings. The attempt in the play we are considering, to dress up highway robbery in the garb of heroism and sentiment, seems in the abstract too absurd to produce any practical mischief. But unfortunately there is no fiction that does not assume an appearance of plausibility under the pen of a great poet; and we are told, that soon after the first publication of the Robbers, a number of respectable young men in Germany, were carried away by the example of the hero to such an extent, that they actually embraced his profession. Supposing this fact (which however has been repeatedly stated) to be doubtful, it is certain that in reading the play we sympathize with the Robber's sufferings instead of laughing at the absurdity of his character; and we have seen above, the sweetest and purest poet of the day pronounce the personage to be sublime. Indeed the combination of qualities, which forms the basis of the character of Moor, is so far from offending the public taste by its incongruousness, that it not only met with astonishing success in the hands of Schiller, but has been produced again, with equal effect in our own time, by lord Byron. His Giaours, Alps, and Conrads, are all heroic and sentimental highwaymen, a little less monstrous

than Charles Moor, because the scene of their exploits is laid in less civilized countries. Such delineations are dangerous and immoral, not precisely from the probability that they will bring many persons to the state prison or the gallows, but because they confound all our notions and feelings in regard to moral distinctions, vitiate the fine natural sense of real worth and beauty, and lay the heart open without a guard to such temptations as most easily beset it. There are, however, as we have intimated above, errors in taste of a similar kind, that are more pernicious, because they are less extravagant. But it is time to return from these general views to the subject immediately before us.

The Robbers was commenced, as we have observed above, while Schiller was a pupil at the military school; but before it was published he had been appointed surgeon to a regiment in the duke of Würtemberg's service. The director of the theatre at Manheim, having made arrangements for bringing out his play, the author, as may easily be supposed, was anxious to assist at the representation, and applied for leave of absence from his regiment for that purpose. This favor was refused; but the poet's zeal was not so easily damped. He went off privately to Manheim without permission, assisted with great delight at the representation of his play, and as soon as he returned, was put under arrest for a fortnight. Not long after, the duke positively prohibited him from writing any thing except upon medical subjects. It is stated by the biographer, that his highness, who probably considered himself the best judge of poetry in his dominions, had previously sent for Schiller for the purpose of pointing out to him in a fatherly way the faults in his tragedy, and directed him not to publish any thing in future without shewing it to him, and taking his advice. The bard's hesitation in agreeing to this proposal is supposed to have been the immediate cause of the prohibition just mentioned. The restraints that were imposed upon him by the duties of his station and the meddling interference of the duke soon became intolerable to Schiller, and he determined to quit the service and the country. He did not venture however, to apply for permission to resign his place in a regular way, thinking probably, that it would not only be refused, but that means would be taken to prevent him from executing his intentions. For fear of this, he determined upon a bolder step,

and took his departure privately without leave. This proceeding, which in technical language amounted to *desertion*, might have been productive of serious consequences. It appears, however, that the government made no attempt to recover the fugitive; and when Schiller, several years afterwards, at the height of his reputation, ventured to return for a short time to Würtemberg to see his family, the duke not only did not order him to be shot, as he probably might have done by the letter of the law, but graciously condescended to take no notice whatever of his presence in the country.

Upon leaving Würtemberg, Schiller took refuge under a feigned name at the house of a friend, where he continued his poetical labors, and employed himself in writing the tragedies of the Conspiracy of Fiesco and Cabal and Love. After living in this way about a year, he repaired to Manheim, at the invitation of baron Dalberg, then and for many years afterwards director of the theatre at that place. Dalberg was a younger member of one of the wealthiest and most distinguished houses in Germany, which had lately derived an additional illustration from the liberal sentiments and literary taste and talent of its principal branches. His brother, the head of the family, was at that time Elector of Mentz, and became afterwards, in the course of the late political revolutions, prince primate of the Confederation of the Rhine. Another brother distinguished himself as one of the high functionaries of the late French empire, under the title of duke of Dalberg, and is now a peer of France. The three brothers were all remarkable for their love of letters and literary men; and indeed had all adventured themselves with great success in the field of authorship. The elector published at a very early age a work, entitled Reflections on the Universe, which went through ten editions before the author was twenty-three years old. The baron's taste was for the drama, and he wrote himself several pieces for the theatre, which he directed. It was he who had assisted Schiller in bringing out the Robbers; and he now received its author at Manheim with great regard and kindness. The two new tragedies were acted the next year with much success. During his residence at this place, which lasted about three years, he appears to have written but little, excepting a few small poems and a periodical work, entitled Thalia, which was published at long intervals. He was principally employed in

studying the most distinguished dramatists of other countries, and in meditating plans for new books of his own. He also assisted baron Dalberg in the management of the theatre.

It will not be necessary for our present purpose to examine in detail the two tragedies just mentioned, or those which were afterwards published. We were led to notice more particularly the prominent merits and defects of the Robbers, because it forms in both these points a class by itself in the writings of its author; while the other tragedies are all marked by the same general characteristics, and form together a second class, entirely dissimilar in all respects from the first. The two that are mentioned above, and which were written next after the Robbers, resemble it more nearly, than the subsequent productions, and show the transition, by which the poet gradually passed from one manner to another. Don Carlos, which followed Cabal and Love, exhibits the second manner as strongly as perhaps any other of the plays; and all that succeeded it are distinguished by the same general features. Having already attempted to give some idea of the Robbers, we shall here add a few remarks upon the style of plan and execution, which was adopted by Schiller in his riper productions.

The character of the Robbers was probably determined in a great degree by the circumstances of the author's position at the time when he wrote. It is the production of a powerful mind, still in an immature state, but excited to a high and unnatural degree by a sense of supposed injustice and oppression. The love of poetry and letters was the dominant feeling with Schiller; and this passion was thwarted by the discipline of the military school. The strictness of the rules, to which he was subject, however wholesome for general purposes, appeared to the youthful bard a relentless and stupid system of tyranny, because it prohibited him from attaching himself to pursuits, which he considered not only as perfectly honorable, but in the highest degree ennobling and generous. This situation accounts at once for the beauties and the faults of the author's first play. A sense of the injustice, under which he supposed himself to be laboring, vitiated his view of the general operation of society. His soul rose up in rebellion against all existing institutions. The world seemed to him like a vast prison house, where base and sordid spirits are clothed with power, and permitted to trample with impunity upon the rights

of the wise and good. The struggles between these parties make up the action of life. Hence the highwayman, who comes out more fearlessly and publicly in opposition to the existing system, than any other person, is the boldest and most distinguished champion of the right side, and naturally presented himself to the poet's mind, as the proper hero of a play intended to depict this gloomy scene. The villain of the play as naturally took the form of the lord of the manor, a noble and wealthy proprietor, who is represented as exercising all manner of oppression, and as being hated and despised by every body; while his brother, the highwayman, whose habitual occupation is the burning of houses and the cutting of purses and throats, is described as worthy of universal love and admiration, and as suffering a sort of martyrdom in the best of causes.

With Schiller this view of society was probably a generalization of his own individual experience; and the poem which he has founded upon it is accordingly executed with all the force and fire of true feeling. These qualities constitute the merit of the work, and ensured its success. The reputation and general favor which the author obtained from it contributed, in connexion with the natural progress of age and experience, to change his ideas, and to reconcile him with existing institutions. Flattered and caressed by the wealthy and the noble, he was soon satisfied, that merit of all kinds might be found in the highest ranks of society; and that the present system has its bright as well as its dark side. We find accordingly in the later plays few if any traces of the philosophical views, that give a character to the Robbers. The poet generally confines himself to the exposition in a dramatic form of known historical facts, and chooses his heroes in the same rank of social life, which has generally been resorted to for this purpose by his predecessors. His change of circumstances appears also to have operated, but in a less favorable way, upon the style of the later plays. In the Robbers the vigor and warmth of the language is perhaps excessive; in the others the fault is of a different kind. The style is pure and elegant, and even far from being positively languid; but, if we are not mistaken, it is somewhat less natural and nervous, than might be wished. These poems are rather dramatic dialogues than tragedies. They resemble in manner the English tragedians of the last century, much more nearly than Shakspeare.

In fact, though the names of Schiller and Shakspeare are often cited together, the two writers have hardly any points of resemblance. They belong to two different periods in the progress of poetry. Shakspeare has all the exuberant fulness, the fresh and joyous flow of thought and feeling, that appertain to an early literary age; and the fetters of general principles and conventional rules hang about him very loosely. At the slightest temptation he breaks through them with perfect *nonchalance*, and shakes them off, 'like dew-drops from a lion's mane.' Nay, he often, in the wantonness of power, seems to take delight in setting all forms at defiance, and bringing into one picture the most incongruous images in art and nature, as in the last act of Hamlet. In Schiller, on the contrary, we recognize the established empire of taste, against which genius itself in a polished age does not venture to rebel. The form predominates over the substance. There is no playing with conventional rules—no mixture of prose and verse, of tragedy and comedy in the same scene—no puns in the midst of pathos, or instructions to stage-players given by a tragic hero at the height of his distress. The execution is pure, chaste, and polished, and even in the Robbers only errs by a small excess in degree. Thus far all is well; but then we miss at the same time the fresh impression of nature, and the careless ease and lightheartedness of an untamed fancy. The language is studied and elaborate, as well as elegant, and the effect upon the whole is much less delightful. Whether it be possible for any talent, however high, to produce the same impression of power, and the same degree of pleasure, with a strict observance of all the formal rules of taste, that result from witnessing the wild and graceful sports of a genius that rises above them, is perhaps a question. The talent of Schiller, great as it was, has certainly not been sufficient for this object.

The difference between these two poets is as great in the substance, as in the form of their works; and in this respect, also, each of them wears the stamp of the age in which he lived. Shakspeare gives us the simple and true impression of nature, as observed and felt by himself. In Schiller we generally get it at second hand, through the medium of books, and deduced from vague generalities. Shakspeare, too, is rich in the most profound and curious general observations upon every branch of moral science; but with him they seem to be instinctive

conclusions of his own acute sense, while in Schiller, on the contrary, we trace them at once to be the common fund of the philosophical knowledge of his time; and are rather tempted to regard even his individual characters as personifications of acknowledged general truths. In making these remarks, we are far from wishing to undervalue the merit of Schiller, which is sufficiently attested by his prodigious and continued success. Indeed the general characteristics, which we have just noticed, belong to him in common with the most distinguished dramatic poets of ancient and modern times. The masters of the Greek and French tragedy are, like him, artificial and discursive, as well as pure and elegant. The manner of Alfieri and Metastasio partakes of the same qualities; and the best English tragedies of the last century are feebler examples of this model. We are inclined to think, indeed, that Schiller has upon the whole brought this form of tragedy to a higher degree of perfection, than any modern writer, with the exception, perhaps, of Corneille and Racine. We only mean to insist, that his merits and defects are entirely different from those of Shakspeare, with whom he is frequently classed by superficial critics, who also describe them both as belonging to the *romantic* school of poetry. It is almost needless to remark, that there is not a writer in the whole compass of literature less romantic than Shakspeare; and it is rather difficult to conjecture for what reason he has been classed with Schiller, unless it be that they both neglect at pleasure the formal unities of time and place—a circumstance which, however unimportant, seems to be regarded by some critics as the real touchstone of merit and only true ground of distinctions among dramatic writers.

We are not made acquainted with the reasons that induced Schiller to leave Manheim, where he seems to have been pleasantly situated, and very much respected. He afterwards resided successively for short periods at Leipsic, Dresden, and some other places. His poetical reputation procured him every where a very favorable reception; and he had already become an object of curiosity to strangers; some of whom, however, were partially scandalized at the simplicity of his appearance and manners, having formed an idea that the author of the Robbers ought to figure, at the very least, in mustachios and hussar boots. About this time he produced the tragedy of Don Carlos, one of the most valuable of his plays,

and the one which marked decisively the adoption of his second manner. He also employed himself a good deal in historical studies, and published the first volume of a History of the Revolution of the Netherlands, a work which he never completed. The specimen, which appeared, was, however, greatly admired by the public, and pointed out its author as a suitable person to succeed the celebrated Eichhorn, who had just resigned the professorship of history in the university of Jena. The friends of Schiller, particularly the poet Gœthe, made interest in his favor, and he obtained the place.

Schiller had made the acquaintance of Gœthe a short time before, when the latter was upon his return from his journey into Italy. He had formed the highest idea of his character and talents; and seems upon his first introduction to have been somewhat dissatisfied with the deportment of his brother poet, who was discoursing with great life and fluency upon the objects he had lately seen, and seemed much too gay and good-humored for the author of the Sorrows of Werther. In a letter written at this time, Schiller expresses his discontent as follows:

'The high idea, that I had formed of the character of Gœthe, has not been diminished by our interview; but I doubt whether we ever become very intimate with each other. He has outlived many of the illusions, to which I now am most sensible. Indeed our intellectual constitutions appear to be originally different; his world is not mine; our modes of thinking are radically at variance. It may be rash, however, to draw this conclusion from a single conversation. Time will show the truth.'

In fact, the kindness and friendly deportment of Gœthe towards the disappointed bard induced the latter very soon to change his opinion. Gœthe, who was in high favor at the court of Weimar, presented Schiller to the grand duchess. Her highness gave him a very gracious reception, and Schiller, in the letter which describes it, seems already half disposed to forgive the gaiety of his celebrated friend:

'Who was it, think you,' says he to his correspondent, 'that procured me an introduction to the duchess? No other than Gœthe. You shake your head significantly at this; and well you may. I have learned, however, not to judge in future of characters hastily and from preconceived notions. Gœthe is really a good man. He has faults; but he has been led into them by others. They do not belong to his natural character.'

The meaning of the last phrase seems to be, that the author of the Sorrows was originally as melancholy as a gentleman ought to be, but that flattery and success had corrupted him into his present good humor. The assistance rendered by Gœthe in the affair of the professorship confirmed Schiller in his good opinion, and they continued ever after fast and intimate friends. In the year 1790, soon after his establishment at Jena, Schiller espoused the Fräulein von Lengefeld, and the union appears to have been a very happy one. As an encouragement to matrimony, we add the following extracts from letters written a few months after :

'It is a very different thing,' says the poet, 'even in summer, to live with a kind and loving wife, from what it is to be left all alone to one's self. I now begin to enjoy in reality the beauties of nature. Every thing puts on a poetical aspect, and fills me with inspiration.'—And again :—'What a charming life I now lead. I look about me with *unaffected gaiety*, [*sic ?*] and enjoy a continual satisfaction of mind and heart. A beautiful harmony pervades my whole existence. My days pass off without the excitement of passion, and in the midst of a sweet and undisturbed serenity. I look forward to the future with confidence and cheerfulness ; and now that I have attained the object of all my wishes, I am astonished myself at my own success. Providence has smoothed all difficulties, and brought me happily to the goal. I hope every thing from the future. In a few years my intellect will reach its full maturity, [he was then thirty-two] and I even flatter myself, that I shall at the same time renew my youth in the constant exercise of warm feelings and an active imagination.'

These pure pleasures and sanguine hopes were unfortunately of short duration. The year after his marriage, the poet was violently attacked with a pulmonary complaint, which greatly diminished the enjoyment of his after life, and which finally brought it to a close. His illness is attributed in part to the injurious influence of the mode, which he had adopted of composition and study. He uniformly devoted the day to society, recreation, or business ; and reserved his poetical labors for the night, almost the whole of which was often employed in the cabinet. On these occasions, he kept at his side a cup of strong coffee, or a goblet of Rhenish, and recurred to them at times to recruit his strength. In the silence of night he was often heard by the neighbors declaiming with great energy ; and from a house that overlooked his study, he might be seen,

striding violently up and down the room, and then seating himself to write, or renewing his inspiration from the goblet. In this manner he labored till four or five o'clock in the morning in winter, and till three in summer. He then went to bed, and slept till nine or ten. It is not surprising, that these habits should have destroyed his health at an early age, and finally removed him from the world while his intellect was still in full vigor and activity. We may add here, that his manner of writing was slow and laborious; a fact, which appears at first rather singular, considering the number of hours which he appears to have devoted every day to this purpose. He never wrote rapidly; and on some of his plays he was employed for four or five years in succession. His habits in this respect, like those of other writers, were probably in part the result of circumstances, and did not arise from any original peculiarity of intellect. They were perhaps more fortunate for his ultimate reputation, than others would have been of an opposite kind. Rapidity of composition is not incompatible with a high degree of merit, but is very rarely combined with the substantial richness and the exquisite polish, which alone can give a work a solid and lasting value. Besides, as the worth of poetry, like that of the precious metals and the most esteemed spices, depends in a great degree upon its rarity, the dealers in the article would do well, for their own interest, to limit the quantity of their supplies, even supposing the quality to be the same, for fear of overstocking the market, and permanently injuring the demand.

Schiller appears to have resigned his professorship, or at least to have suspended his attention to its duties, after the attack of illness above mentioned, although the fact is not precisely stated by the biographer, and was thus deprived of his ordinary means of living. The munificence of the duke of Holstein Augustenberg, and some other persons of high rank, obviated any anxiety, that he might have felt upon this head; and enabled him to give himself the temporary repose from labor of every kind, which was necessary to his health. He continued to reside at Jena till 1799, when he removed to Weimar, and fixed his abode there for the rest of his life.

During the time that he passed at Jena his studies had principally taken a historical direction, and one of their fruits was the History of the thirty years' War. This work, in the shape

in which it now appears, is little better than a fragment, although the narrative is brought down to the peace of Westphalia. The earlier events of the war are described with fulness and care, and in a very masterly style; but after the death of Gustavus, and the assassination of Wallenstein, the historian seems to lose his interest in the subject, and the events are hurried over with too much rapidity. Had the whole been finished with equal care, the work would have been one of the most valuable of its class to be found in any language; nor can it be read in its present state without extreme pleasure. The subject is happily chosen, and does not yield in interest to that of Thucydides. It may be remarked, however, that the author, by conceiving it more largely, might have given it a much loftier and more philosophical character. The Reformation was the great political action, of which the Thirty Years' war formed the concluding scene; and it is impossible for a historian to do full justice to any part of the long succession of momentous events, to which this name is attached, without giving a complete view of the whole. Treated in this way, the subject is perhaps the best in the whole compass of history. Embracing a period of little more than a century, it is not too vast for a single work; and while it affords the richest variety of incidents it possesses at the same time the charm of complete unity. The action commences with the promulgation of the new religion by the preaching of Luther. The vast commonwealth of Europe, through its several branches, divides itself immediately into two parties, one occupied in resisting and attempting to crush this momentous innovation, the other bent upon giving it an acknowledged and authentic character. The struggles of these parties in the fields of negotiation, and of civil and foreign war, make up the history of Europe for more than a century; and the interest continually increases in intensity, until at length all the powers are involved in a great final contest of thirty years in succession, which ends with the solemn consecration of the new doctrine, as an acknowledged religion at the peace of Westphalia. It is obvious, that the high moral considerations, in which these events had their origin, give them an importance much superior to that of ordinary wars, and occasion an uncommon and very agreeable variety in the characters and incidents to be described. Priests and soldiers, kings and cardinals, monks and ladies occupy the stage by turns, and we

are not fatigued with the continual recurrence of similar events, that becomes so monstrous in most histories. In short, the subject unites, perhaps, in the highest possible degree, the materials for political and philosophical discussion and poetical description. When treated in parts, the moral interest in a great measure disappears, and the portion selected can hardly be made to excite more attention, than any merely political event of equal importance. The Reformation must be handled superficially, and still becomes an unwieldy and cumbrous episode, that rather injures than increases the effect. The work of Robertson, who in his Charles V has taken up the commencement of this great action, and that of Schiller, who describes the close, are in this respect obnoxious to the same objection. The subject in its true form and grandeur still remains unattempted; and invites the labor of some powerful and philosophical pen, competent, if any such there be, to do it justice.

Schiller seems to have been more attracted by the poetical capacities of the subject, than by its political and philosophical interest; and after proceeding in his history as far as the death of Wallenstein, he probably relinquished the idea of completing it in the same way, for the purpose of employing the materials he had collected in the form of poetry. He conceived at first the plan of an epic poem, of which Gustavus Adolphus was to have been the hero. In his letters written at this time, he remarks, that

'of all historical subjects, the life of Gustavus Adolphus combines in the highest degree the materials of poetical with those of political and national interest. The history of the Thirty Years' war includes that of the Reformation, as an indispensable episode, and the history of the Reformation has the closest connexion with the principal events in the fortunes of the human race. The poet, therefore, has it in his power to introduce by a just arrangement the whole history of man in a heroic poem, of which the immediate subject should extend from the battle of Leipsic to that of Lützen; and to treat it much more agreeably than he could in any other way.'

This plan, however, he also relinquished, and finally determined to employ his materials in writing a tragedy upon the death of Wallenstein. He seems to have labored this play much more than any of the others, as it was seven years from

the time he formed the plan of it, till its completion. The effect, however, does not appear to be proportionately great; and the tragedy, although generally regarded as one of the best, and from the nature of the subject peculiarly interesting to a German audience, has no marked superiority over others, that were written in a much shorter time. It is probable, that the state of the author's health at this time prevented him from laboring with his usual assiduity. The subject of Wallenstein is wrought up into three poems. The first part, entitled Wallenstein's Camp, is a short piece in one act, and serves as a prologue to the principal play. It is a sort of comedy, exhibiting a view of the interior of a military encampment, and is executed with great power. The Two Piccolomini is a domestic tragedy, founded on the loves of Wallenstein's daughter and the younger Piccolomini, whose father was at the same time employed by the Imperial government to assassinate their own commander in chief. Wallenstein's Death exhibits the bloody catastrophe, which terminated the projects of this aspiring soldier. The subject is, upon the whole, a good one, though rather deficient in incident; and the character of Wallenstein, with his irresolute ambition, his domestic tenderness, and his hankering after astrology, is highly dramatic.

During the time of Schiller's residence at Jena, he also projected one or two other poems, which were never written. The account of these projects, given by himself in his letters, is curious and amusing. He intended at one time to attempt an epic founded upon some action in the life of the great Frederic.

'The plan of founding an epic poem upon some remarkable action in the life of Frederic,' he observes, 'is highly plausible; nor would the apparent difficulty of treating events so near our own time affright me very much. A heroic poem, written in the eighteenth century, ought to be a very different thing from one that was produced in the infancy of the world; and this is the very reason, that makes me wish to attempt one. It ought to exhibit in a free and unconstrained way the quintessence of our manners, arts, and sciences: just as the Iliad gives us a complete idea of the state of civilization in Greece. I also wish to invent a machinery, for I should make it a point not to deviate a hair's breadth from the strictest formal rules of the poem. This would be the most difficult part with so recent an action passing in a very prosaic age; but then if I can succeed in it, the effect will be so much the

greater. I have all sorts of plans upon the subject, but am not yet satisfied with any. In regard to the measure, you will be rather surprised, that I have chosen the *ottava rima;* this is the only kind of verse, except Iambics, that I can abide, and I think that the sublimity and gravity of the matter will appear to great advantage in this easy and simple dress. The sweet and graceful flow of this stanza will be charming in an epic poem. I should wish, that my countrymen might sing it as the Grecian peasants did the Iliad, and the boatmen of Venice the Jerusalem Delivered. I have not yet decided on the particular action, which ought, if possible to be very simple, however numerous may be the episodes. I should however give a view of the whole life of Frederic, and his principal contemporaries. For a work like this, there is no better model, than the Iliad.'

In the following extracts from his letters, he gives an account of another plan, that he had formed, of a poem, which he calls an Idyll; but which, had it been written, could not have had much resemblance to any other production known by that title.

'My Land of Shadows,' he observes, speaking of one of his published poems, 'is merely didactic. Had the subject been treated as poetically, as that of the Elegy, the work would have been, in some sort, a master-piece; and I mean to make this attempt as soon as I have leisure. I intend to write an Idyll in the same way, that I did the Elegy. I am collecting all my poetical powers for this purpose, which is in general to produce without the help of pathos the highest poetical effect. My Land of Shadows contains the rules for this, and I mean that the Idyll shall afford an example. The immediate subject will be the marriage of Hebe and Hercules. It is impossible to go higher than this, because the poet must keep within the circle of humanity; and the scope of the poem will be to exhibit the human nature, rising into the divine. The leading characters would be gods; but Hercules would form a connecting link between them and men, and would give the poem an action. Such an Idyll would be in some respects the exact reverse of the higher comedy, while it would resemble it considerably in form. Both exclude pathos; but comedy treats of real life, while the Idyll dwells wholly in the ideal. If I find this plan impracticable, and become satisfied, that ideal images do not admit of being presented in the form of actual persons, I shall then think, as I have always thought until the plan of this poem occurred to me, that comedy is the highest kind of poem. But only think how delightful it must be to bring out a poetical picture free from any mortal

mixture—all light—all freedom—all power—no shadows or shackles of any kind. My head turns when I think of the possibility of realizing this plan. I do not quite despair of it, provided I can once fairly clear my intellect of the rubbish of reality. I shall then summon up all my energies, and set to work, though I exhaust them in the attempt. Ask me no questions. The entire scheme is still undefined, and it will take a great deal of labor and study to ascertain whether it can even be attempted.'

From the time when Schiller removed to Weimar in 1799, until his death, which happened in 1805, he abandoned all other studies, and devoted himself exclusively to poetry, and principally to the drama. During this period he produced in succession the tragedies of Maria Stuart, the Maid of Orleans, the Bride of Messina, and William Tell. He had also commenced another upon the subject of the Russian adventurer, commonly called the False Demetrius, which he left unfinished. All these plays exhibit the full maturity and vigor of the author's powers, and met with complete success at the time of their appearance. The Maid of Orleans is generally considered the most remarkable and attractive.

It would be difficult to find a historical subject better adapted for the purposes of poetry, than the life of this celebrated heroine; and accordingly none perhaps has been attempted by more hands, or treated in a greater variety of forms. Her first appearance on any stage, as far at least as our knowledge extends, is in Shakspeare's Henry VI; and the open injustice, which she met with from the great dramatist, was but too true a prognostic of her future fortunes in the same line, at least for a long period. If the play be really Shakspeare's, which is a matter of doubt, it must have been one of his earlier and immature productions, as it exhibits very little of his superior genius in any part, and certainly none in the scenes where Joan of Arc is introduced. The poet, far from showing any sense of the poetical beauty and grandeur of her extraordinary character, either felt or affected all the vulgar prejudices in regard to it, which might have belonged at the time to the meanest common soldier in the English army; and seems to have taken pleasure in wantonly degrading her to the lowest point of immorality. Nor is it a sufficient reason for this to say, that he puts into the mouth of British officers the language, which they may really be supposed to have uttered, since he

represents the heroine, as charging herself with low and sordid vices. This manner of treating a noble character is so foreign to the free and magnanimous spirit of Shakspeare, that we prefer believing the play, at least in this part, to be really by another hand. However this may be, the unhappy heroine was reserved for still severer fortunes. Calumniated by a man of genius, or by one who assumes his name, she was next exposed to the still more tormenting martyrdom of being eulogized by a dunce, having been selected by Chapelain, a now forgotten poet of the age of Louis XIV, as the heroine of one of those compositions in twelve or twenty-four books, which, under the name of epic poems, have in all ages demonstrated the patience of their authors, and exhausted that of every body else. Lastly, as a reward for delivering her country from a foreign enemy, and sacrificing her life in the cause, she was stretched on the rack of satire by the greatest wit that France has ever produced, and ridiculed through twenty books of a licentious poem, as she had been celebrated in twenty-four of another, which, unfortunately was but too serious. After this, however, the fatality, that had hitherto pursued her, relented. It is true, that Mr Southey's attempt to restore her character was not very effectual; but the treatment of the laureate was at least much more tolerable, than that of his predecessors, and the heroine might with propriety employ the old Homeric consolation, that she had suffered worse before. It was finally reserved for a German to do full justice, in the most splendid manner, to this young French woman, and to give her the crown of poetical glory, which she certainly merited, if any achievement could give her a right to it. The indifference of so gallant a nation as the French to the worth of this young and beautiful heroine, is a singular fact, which has also been noticed by some of their own best writers. It seems to have extended to the circumstances of her history and personal situation; and the place of her residence was but little known or regarded until the entry of the allied armies into France in 1814 and 1815. The German officers and soldiers, full of the enthusiasm for her character, inspired by Schiller's tragedy, sought out the village of Domremi, where she was born, and which lay near the road to Paris; and the French authorities, reminded by this occurrence of the interest connected with the birth-place

of the Maid of Orleans, have since instituted an annual celebration in her remembrance :

> 'Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
> And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade.'

Notwithstanding the great poetical capability of this subject, it must always be a matter of considerable difficulty for a writer, who undertakes to treat it, to determine in the first instance under what point of view the character of the heroine shall be presented, and indeed what her character really was. Her great and brilliant services to her country are unquestionable ; but it would not be easy to ascertain, as a point of history, or even as a probable conjecture, whether she was a machine in the hands of others, a mere enthusiast, or a real heroine, or in what degrees she united these different characters. As a subject for poetry, she must necessarily be drawn as a real heroine, strongly tinctured perhaps with enthusiasm ; and this seems to have been in the first instance the intention of Schiller. In this case it would have been somewhat difficult to make her character appear consistent with her education and early habits. For this or some other reason, Schiller, after writing a great part of the play upon this plan, abandoned it altogether, and determined to represent his principal personage as acting under the influence of an immediate inspiration from heaven. The following extracts are given from his letters in regard to this tragedy :

'I had this subject under consideration a year before I began to write, and I gave myself full time for the composition. The Maid of Orleans is indeed a subject quite *unique* in its kind, and may well be a favorite one with modern poets, as Iphigenia was with the Greeks. It has been accordingly attempted by bards without number, real or pretended. In treating her history, I finally concluded to give it the coloring of romance and superstition, that belongs to her age. I had projected three different plans for the composition of this tragedy ; and if I had leisure, I would even now execute the two others. I was especially satisfied with the one, in which I intended to exhibit the contrast between the reckless indifference, that prevailed at the luxurious court of the Dauphin, in regard to the British invasion, and the high resolution of the inspired heroine, in a different way from that in which it appears in the piece, as it stands, where I have represented the Dauphin as a weak but amiable prince. I had already finished the four first acts, and it cost me a strong effort

to change my system, and substitute a romantic conception of the character of Joan, for the historical one, which I had previously adopted.'

The tragedy, written upon this plan, loses of course the pretension to be a true picture of life, and becomes a mere dramatic poem. It is called by Schiller a *romantic tragedy*. The propriety of this appellation seems to be called in question by the biographer, whose remarks upon the subject are so very curious, and so much in the character of a German writer, that we cannot refrain from extracting them.

'Schiller,' he observes, 'has given to this poem the title of a romantic tragedy, but at that time the meaning of the word *romantic* had not been defined with much precision. According to our present ideas on subjects of taste, it means, as is well known, *an infinite longing after the absolute and infinite, and is thus opposed to the antique, which is the infinite realized in a positive shape.* But the poet does not seem to have had this distinction in view; and indeed upon this definition, the character of romantic is inseparable from all modern works of art, and belongs of course to the other tragedies of Schiller as well as to this.'

If any thing could be conceived more amusing than this definition of the term romantic, it would be the perfect simplicity and sincerity, with which the biographer presents it as the one now generally received by the learned. It would be impossible by any analysis to make such language appear more absurd, than it must to every judicious reader at the first glance. We have quoted it principally as a curiosity, and as a specimen of a style of writing very common in German, though almost unknown to the other modern languages. We have hardly any examples of it in English, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr Coleridge's Literary Life and Friend, where the amateurs of this manner will find a choice treat. Mrs Malaprop, in the Rivals, and some of the clown's replies to sir Andrew Aguecheek, in the Twelfth Night, are much in the same way. As to the question in hand, we conceive that Schiller was perfectly right in applying the term *romantic* to his tragedy of the Maid of Orleans. The word, as is well known, is derived from the common patronymic *Roman*, which was used, of course, by the Romans to designate their own language, and was retained for this purpose in France, after the Latin language had assumed the corrupt form of the earlier

French. It probably designated at first all compositions written in that language; but was afterwards appropriated exclusively to fictitious narratives in prose, in which sense it is still employed in French and English. *Romantic* means, therefore, etymologically, nothing more than *fictitious*, in distinction from *historical;* but as novels and romances commonly depart as much from the truth of nature in their execution, as they do from that of history in their plan, the term has been much used of late in the former sense, as well as in the latter. In giving his tragedy the title of romantic, Schiller intended to intimate, that he had purposely deviated from the truth of history and nature, in the conception of his principal character, whereas in his other plays he at least makes it his object, whether effectually or not, to conform to them. The distinction between the *romantic* and the *classical* in works of art, so much talked of at present on the continent of Europe, if it means any thing else than the difference, to which we have just alluded, between the *natural* and *unnatural*, or in a shorter phrase, the *good* and *bad*, we conceive to be wholly baseless, or founded on abstractions, that, when divested of the unintelligible jargon, in which they are commonly expressed, are either futile or absurd. Thus we are told by Mr Doering in the definition above quoted, that *the romantic is an infinite longing after the infinite;* and then, that *the antique is the infinite itself in a positive shape.* Why then, of course, by the rules of algebra, the romantic is an infinite longing after the antique; and yet the two qualities are at the same time placed in formal opposition to each other. Again; 'all modern works of art are necessarily romantic;' including, doubtless, those of Racine and Pope amongst others. What then becomes of the distinction between the romantic and the classical in modern works of art, which it is the precise object of the writers, who usually hold this language, to insist on?

We shall not, however, tire the reader's patience by any farther disquisitions on so plain a point, but proceed without delay to the close of our narrative. The reception given to the Maid of Orleans by the public was flattering to the author in the highest degree. Among other proofs of the general approbation, it is mentioned, that when the curtain fell at the end of the first act, during the first representation of this play upon the Leipsic stage, the building resounded with acclama-

tions of 'Long live Frederic Schiller.' After the play was over, the whole audience crowded into the street to see the poet, upon his coming out of the house, and forming two long lines on the sides of the way, stood with uncovered heads till he had passed through. It is pleasing to see the most potent and public testimonials of success conferred, as in this case, upon real merit. At the same time, when we remark the uncertainty and capriciousness of the first decision of the literary public, when we see, for example, such romances as those of Mr D'Arlincourt passing through seven or eight editions in as many months, in such a place as Paris; when we learn that the farce, entitled Tom and Jerry, or Life in London, has been the most productive, and the School for Scandal the least so of the dramatic performances exhibited for many years upon the English stage, we are compelled to acknowledge, that such attestations of worth, however flattering at the time, are not, after all, the most certain and valuable.

We have had occasion in the course of this article to mention all the works of Schiller of any magnitude, with the exception of the Ghost Seer, a romance, of which the first volume only was published. In this work, as far as one can judge of it from a short fragment, the author intended to employ the same means of exciting interest, which were resorted to by our countryman Brown, who may possibly have taken some hints from Schiller, as he seems to have been acquainted with German literature. Besides the works we have mentioned, Schiller contributed a great number of fugitive pieces, in prose and verse, to a variety of literary journals, conducted by himself and others. Many of his shorter poems made their appearance in this way, and they are amongst the most highly finished and exquisite productions of the kind to be found in any language. The singular variety in the subjects and tones of them shows the extraordinary versatility of the author's genius. It would be difficult to point out a more animated serious lyric poem, than the Ode to Pleasure. The ballads, as for example, the Diver and Fridolin, are written with the most charming felicity of style. The Bell is quite an original poem, founded on an entirely new conception, wrought up and finished with extraordinary power and beauty in a few hundred lines. If a speculating bard of the present day had hit upon such a subject, he would have rung at least a dozen changes upon it through as

many cantos. There are even two or three very pleasing specimens of the comic style, for which, however, Schiller had in general but little taste. All these pieces are known by heart through the whole educated portion of the German nation, and if their author had never written any thing else, would have given him a lasting rank among the greatest poets that have ever lived. One of the least attractive to us of the minor poems, is the Walk, an Elegy, which the author himself mentions, in one of his letters above quoted, as among the very best of all his productions. The versification of this piece is imitated from the antique Hexameter and Pentameter, which to our taste has but little charm for the ear, even in German, where it succeeds better than in other modern languages.

The literary activity of Schiller continued undiminished up to the time of his death, which happened at Weimar, on the ninth of May 1805, after a short illness, at the age of five and forty. Occurring in the full maturity of his intellectual powers, and when his countrymen expected so much pleasure from their farther exercise, it excited a strong sensation through the whole of Germany. The theatre at Weimar was closed upon this occasion, and was reopened after a while by a representation of the Maid of Orleans, accompanied by a solemn funeral ceremony in honor of the author. The anniversary of his death has been observed ever since at the same place by a repetition of his tragedy of Wallenstein. He left a widow and five children. The following particulars are given by the biographer respecting his manners, person, and character :

'Schiller was tall and thin, though naturally of a powerful make. The activity of his mind had evidently checked the full development of his body. His face was pale, the expression of his eye mild and gentle ; his forehead high and open ; his cheeks hollow ; his chin a little projecting, and his hair reddish. His exterior was not very attractive. In walking, his looks were always bent downwards ; and he often passed his acquaintance without recognizing them, but when he perceived them, he greeted them with great kindness. In large companies, and especially at court, his manner was reserved and anxious. In the family circle, or among a few intimate friends, he was easy, cheerful, and talkative. He took particular pleasure in a literary society, which was formed at Weimar after he went to reside there, and of which Gœthe was one of the principal members. His disposition was eminently kind and friendly, and he felt for others as

warmly as for himself; often declaring, that he had no other wish than to see every body happy and contented.

'He was not fond of public and noisy amusements, and frequented no places of general resort, except the theatre; to which he was naturally much attached. He also took delight in instructing the actors. The rehearsals of the new pieces were regularly held either at his house or Gœthe's; and this circumstance often had a favorable influence on the talent of the players. Schiller's notions were very high in regard to good acting, and it was rather difficult to satisfy him. After the successful representation of any of his later dramatic works, he commonly gave an entertainment to the actors at the town-house, which passed off very pleasantly with songs, improvisations, and all sorts of gaiety.'

Having offered in the course of this article such critical remarks as had occurred to us upon the writings of Schiller, it will not be necessary to dwell any longer upon his poetical character. It is much to his honor, that all his writings are distinguished by a pure morality, and an elevated tone of thought and feeling. In making this remark, we mean, of course, to except the Robbers, for reasons, which we have already explained at length. Though not, strictly speaking, licentious, the moral of this play is certainly exceptionable.—The rest of his works, whether in prose or verse, are uniformly fitted to encourage the noblest and most amiable sentiments. Few poets of any country, who have flourished at advanced periods in the progress of civilization, deserve this praise to the same extent. His two great contemporaries, Gœthe and Wieland, for example, are by no means so pure as Schiller, though the tendency of their works is, in general, far from being absolutely vicious. In the infancy of letters and society, poetry speaks the language of the gods; but as luxury increases, it is too apt to leave its lofty heights and to dwell in preference on frivolous or sensual subjects. The most esteemed modern poets of England and France furnish many examples of the truth of this remark. It is therefore a great happiness for a nation, when a writer like Schiller, whose talents secure him an unbounded popularity and influence, has the grace to exert them uniformly in the great cause of virtue and human happiness. No compensation in the power of subjects or sovereigns to bestow can be too great for such deserts:

'Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona?'

We may say with safety, that the patent of nobility in the de-

gree of baron, which the grand duke of Weimar *wrought out*, as the biographer expresses it, *auswirkte*, for Schiller, of his own mere motion, was not an extravagant reward, though intended doubtless as a high distinction.

Art. XXVI.—*Römische Geschichte, von B. G. Niebuhr.—Roman History, by B. G. Niebuhr.* 2 vols. 8vo, with two maps. Berlin, 1811 and 1812.

We have several times, in the course of the last two or three years, made a passing allusion to this work; and propose at present to lay a short account of it before our readers. No full notice of it, that we know of, has been as yet submitted to the English or American public; and few publications afford more cause for reflection on the serious obstacles presented to the progress of knowledge, by the multiplicity of languages. The existence of four or five cultivated tongues, some of them radically different from each other, seems really, at times, to counterbalance all the facilities for communication, which the art of printing affords; and amidst all the improvements and triumphs of learning in modern days, it is humiliating to see so little concert subsisting between the minds of different nations, that the most important discoveries in literature may be made and acknowledged in one country, and remain unknown in another, separated perhaps only by a chain of mountains, a river, or a channel.

That this remark applies with great justice to the Roman history of Mr von Niebuhr, is true by general confession. Though it may sound like pedantry to talk of *discoveries* at this time of day, in such a department of study as Roman history; yet it is notwithstanding extremely analogous to the progress of the human mind in all other branches of investigation, that certain gross popular views, without probability and without foundation, should nevertheless from various causes acquire a general reception, and that their detection when made be entitled to the name of a discovery. This is the case of Mr Niebuhr's work on Roman history. Though not certainly the first author to call in question some of the popular errors in respect to this subject, he is the first who has pushed the test of a philosophical examination to its full extent; and the first also, whose learning and talents have given authority to specu-

lations, which before his time were apt to be rejected as the vagaries of literary scepticism. For what had been done before Mr von Niebuhr in this way, and for a general hint at the value of what he has himself accomplished, we may quote a few sentences from the article on the early history of Rome, in the fifty-fourth number of the Quarterly Review:

'All, however, have not evinced the same degree of historic faith; some have openly revolted against these absurdities of tradition, and have expressed their scepticism in bold and decisive language. The question was discussed with vigor and even with acrimony, in the French Academy, about a century ago, and the chief combatants of the opposite parties, M. de Pouilly and the Abbé Sallier, in that arena, attacked and defended the authority of Dionysius, of Livy, and their followers. Amongst the late sceptics, M. Beaufort is perhaps the most able. In his dissertation on the uncertainty of the early Roman history, he skilfully combats the accounts, which have been transmitted to us, and arrives at a conclusion, which may perhaps startle our prejudices not a little, that nothing is more uncertain, than what we have received as the history of the first ages of Rome. M. Levesque, in his *Histoire critique de la République Romaine*, has also evinced a very reasonable degree of scepticism on this point.'———

'The subject has, however, been examined with the greatest accuracy by the literati of Germany. In that country several works have been published upon the historic period under our immediate consideration, which have attracted great and deserved attention. The most remarkable of these writers, for extent of learning and depth of reflection, is M. de Niebuhr, whose Roman history, though written in a style somewhat obscure, is likely, when generally known, to produce a great effect upon the reading and thinking part of the European community. His example has been, in part, followed, and his ideas developed by M. Wachsmuth, a professor at Halle, whose work displays much research and ingenuity.'

'We have thought it necessary to make these preliminary remarks, because we are persuaded, that the subject has not yet received that attention from the English reader, to which it is entitled. The works of de Niebuhr and Wachsmuth have hardly been mentioned in this country; and we can venture to affirm, that *not half a dozen persons* have read them; and almost as few entertain any scepticism on those points, the credibility of which is called in question. The tales instilled into us at school are retained and believed in manhood; and the rape of the Sabines, the combat of the Horatii, and the self-devotion of Curtius are as

little doubted as the landing of William the Conqueror, or the signing of the Great Charter.'

We have been led to make this extract, as a preparation for our own remarks on Mr von Niebuhr's work. Though it is 'on the reading and thinking part of the *European* community' only, that our brethren of the Quarterly anticipate a powerful effect from the perusal of his history, we hope it will not seem intrusive in an American journalist to review it; the rather, since—if this writer be correct in stating, that not half a dozen persons have read it in Great Britain—we feel pretty confident, that it has been as extensively read in this country as in England. We mention not this to the comparative credit of our own country, but as the misfortune, not to say disgrace, of both, that a work of such transcendent merit should have been for ten years published in a kindred tongue, and be yet so little known.

Mr von Niebuhr, who has received the title of Baron from the king of Prussia, is the nephew of the celebrated traveller in the east, of the same name. We have been informed, that the baron in early life was a clerk in the bank of Copenhagen, in which capacity he gave a proof of the almost miraculous power of his memory, by restoring, from recollection alone, the whole contents of a leaf in the bank ledger, which by accident or fraud had been lost. He was afterwards made a professor in the university at Berlin, and the work before us had its origin in the lectures, which he there delivered. Four years after the publication of these two volumes, which are all that has yet appeared, he was appointed by the king of Prussia resident minister at Rome, for the purpose of enabling him to pursue his studies in Roman history, to greater advantage, among the ruins of the ancient Roman capital. It was among these ruins, that Gibbon informs us he was himself inspired with the idea of writing the history of the decline and fall of the Roman empire. The mission of Mr von Niebuhr for an object like this, is one of the many judicious acts of literary patronage, which do honor to the present king of Prussia, and will entitle him to the charity of after ages, when the royal congresses and holy alliances, of which he is a member, will be forgotten, or remembered with disgust. On his way to Italy, in a visit of only two days at Verona, Mr von Niebuhr made the brilliant discovery of the rewritten manuscript of the institutions

of Gaius, of which we gave a particular account in our number for April 1821 ; and which, on the shelves of the Cathedral library, had escaped the well trained eye of Maffei, during the long life, which he passed in the neighborhood of that library. Nor have our author's researches been without success among the manuscripts of the Vatican. Several fragments of orations of Cicero have been discovered by him, since his residence at Rome ; where he occupies as a dwelling what remains of the theatre of Marcellus and forms the wall of the palace Orsini. Few situations can be imagined more enviable than that of a scholar, thus placed by the deserved liberality of his sovereign, in a situation for prosecuting his inquiries into the history of ancient nations, among the spots where still exist the best preserved ancient monuments and the richest modern collections. One cannot but look forward, with a keen interest to the remaining volumes of the history of Rome, written by Mr von Niebuhr, with the treasures of the Vatican within his reach, from the theatre of Marcellus, and within sight of the forum.

It was originally our author's intention, as he informs us in his preface, to publish his lectures as he delivered them, comprising the Roman history from the earliest periods to the downfall of the empire. On preparing them for the press, however, he was led to give them a more systematic form, and to remould them as a history of Rome, which he proposes only to bring down to the period where Gibbon begins, whose work he justly regards as filling up the department of Roman history from that point. With regard to the works of Beaufort and Levesque, mentioned in the extract we have given above from the Quarterly Review, as anticipating some of our author's speculations, we deem it just to quote his own words, as they appear in the preface :

'Of modern treatises on Roman history I have made no use, neither in my previous studies, nor in the preparation of my lectures. In this way, I have been spared the necessity of engaging in controversy, which the nature of my work rejected, and which in itself is of little advantage to learning, and well compensated by exact and faithful investigation. If the opinion advanced is shown to be true or most probable, there needs no particular refutation of the opposite doctrine. Where, however, as in the case of Beaufort's critical dissertation, similar investigations of others have lead to like results, it has been partly impossible, partly superfluous, to make a distinct appeal to their writings. I read

the work of Beaufort for the first time, when the first volume of mine was advanced in the printing. And both in the remainder of the first and the whole of the second volume, whatever resemblance exists, is entirely matter of coincidence; so that he is to be regarded rather as my voucher, than predecessor. Nor was I earlier acquainted with the history of Levesque. Beaufort's investigations and doubts are there assumed. With the exception of them and the conjecture of the Etruscan origin of Rome, few points of resemblance will be found between our works.'

'Micale's history of ancient Italy has as little fulfilled my wishes, as it does justice to the advantages, which every Italian historian must possess over a transalpine, in this competition. His atlas, however, is highly valuable.'

We cannot but think, that our author has here expressed himself with too great severity of Micale's Italia avanti il dominio dei Romani, a work originally written at the instance of Napoleon, and handsomely rewarded by him. Though certainly inferior, in all points, to Mr von Niebuhr's work, it is still a learned and useful treatise. A slight notice of it, apparently from a French pen, in the January number of the New Monthly Magazine, has condemned it, on the score of want of authorities; a judgment, which sufficiently shews, that the critic, who pronounced it, had not read the book. A scholar like Niebuhr may really find it and have a right to pronounce it unsatisfactory. But a man must be well read in the Italian antiquities—and that too avanti i Romani—not to be instructed by Micale.

Though our author's object is the history of Rome, he prepares himself and his reader for this leading theme, by the inquiry into the tribes, who preceded the Romans in Italy. Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona—Romulus and Remus are but new comers on the Italian soil. To penetrate the darkness and fable, which obscure the origin of Rome, nothing, of course, can be more advantageous, than to collect, arrange, and estimate the traditions relative to earlier Italian tribes; so that at all events we may be saved from believing any thing relative to the Roman state, inconsistent with what we know of earlier communities in the same region. Our author thus expresses himself on this point, in the first chapter of his history:

'Rome, in the beginning of its history, is a very small district of Italy. The peculiarities, which distinguish the Roman people,

were the inheritance of far greater races, to whom the Romans belonged, or from whom they borrowed these peculiarities, till from the union of these manifold parts, a new form arose, unlike to any individual Italian tribe. The primitive nations disappeared in the light of the city; and the commonwealth of citizens spread itself throughout Italy. As the republic sank, there were only Romans in the Italian peninsula; and all the historians, whose works are preserved, have uniformly represented the ancient Italic nations, not only as wholly distinct from the Romans, but as insignificant in comparison with them. It is some time since a different judgment began to be entertained; and although it is impossible to sketch a perfect picture of the nations, which attained to greatness in Italy before the Romans,—the accounts of some of which are wholly wanting, and of all highly defective, it is nevertheless universally thought necessary, as far as may be, to attempt a survey and a discrimination of the ancient races and tribes, and a collection of the historical traditions and accounts, that concern them.'

We are deceived, if even in these few observations the hand of the master be not visible. Though there be nothing original in the suggestion, that Livy and the other historians erroneously represent the Romans as a peculiar and distinct race, and exaggerate their importance at the expense of the well ascertained though almost forgotten greatness of the Umbri, the Etruscans, and other great Italian nations; yet no one had before deduced from this observation a new view of Roman antiquities, and a new method of studying them. If the Romans are not a race *sui generis*, but formed from other Italian tribes, and if these other tribes not only preceded the Romans in time, but were far more powerful, cultivated, and civilized, than Rome in her earlier stages, then we ought to begin our inquiries into Roman history, not with the fictions of Romulus and Remus, or the still grosser fables, which Virgil has immortalized, but we ought to begin with the oldest tribes, which history, tradition, analogy of language and institutions, and existing monuments enable us to trace on the Italian soil.

This is accordingly done by our author in the most masterly manner, in the following order, viz. the Œnotrii, the Ausonians, the Sabellians, the Tyrrenhians, Tuscans or Etruscans, the Umbri, Iapygia, the Greeks in Italy, the Ligurians and Veneti, and the inhabitants of the three Islands. All that the ancient authors teach relative to these different tribes and names is collected, weighed, and sifted; and if we are ready to com-

plain, on the one hand, of the scanty traditions, which survive, of numerous and powerful races, we cannot but be surprised, on the other, at the great amount of information, which it is still in the power of industry and sagacity to extract out of the chronicles and fragments of chronicles. After the pure Italian tribes, which we have enumerated, our author treats of the Latins, the tradition of Æneas and the Trojans in Italy, and the city of Alba, and then passes to the great topic of Rome.

Among all the primitive tribes of Italy, none is treated by Mr von Niebuhr more at length, than the Etruscans, as none certainly is so well worthy the notice of the classical antiquary. His theory of the origin of Rome, as we shall presently see, attaches peculiar importance to this people; which on their own account also are well entitled to commemoration. In the etymological and philological controversy with respect to the language of the Etruscans, which has been agitated with such zeal from the discovery of the Eugubine tables in 1440 to the present day, our author takes no part, and he evidently looks with some sense of weariness upon it. His subject is equally remote from the consideration of their arts, in which as the reputed makers of the Etruscan vases, so called, (which are found almost exclusively in Campania, and are now universally admitted to be of Greek workmanship,) they have so proverbially enjoyed a reputation belonging to another people, and given a name to a fabric, which they did not possess. It is purely in a civil and historical light, that Mr von Niebuhr treats the Etruscans; and those, who may feel a degree of scepticism at the magnificent figure which they are made to play in Dempster's Etruria Regale, in the English Universal History, and in the work of Micale, will nevertheless feel safe in following our author, who has none of the partialities of a modern Italian, none of the Etrusco-mania of the present day. Few ancient nations are in truth a more curious topic of investigation. If our curiosity is excited to study the history of those few great political communities, Roman, Grecian, Egyptian, Persian, which gained a distinct name in the ancient world, it is scarcely less awakened to the fate of a people, like the Etruscans, who are *all but* entitled to a place in the great procession of nations, and who for centuries bid much fairer, than the Romans, to be the leading empire in the West. There was not a hut on one of the seven hills of Rome, at the time

that the Etruscans governed nearly the whole of Italy, on each side of the Apennines, and closed a long struggle with the Umbri, by taking three hundred of their cities. Nor were the Etruscans less powerful at sea, than at land. The Adriatic was so called from the Etruscan colony Adria; and therefore was known to the Greeks as the Tyrrhene or Tuscan sea. The Romans, on the other hand, gave this name to the Mediterranean; and as either sea was called by their name, both were traversed by their vessels of commerce and war. This widely extended power on land and at sea was swayed by a confederacy in some degree resembling our own. Twelve powerful cities—though the accounts are not constant in this number—situated chiefly between the Apennines and the Mediterranean sea, were united into a confederation, by which the other portions of Italy were governed as colonies and provinces. This confederation had its annual assembly in the city of Volturna in the temple of one of the national divinities, where sacrifices were performed in the name of the whole Etruscan nation. The main law of the confederacy was, that no single state should declare war or make peace without the general consent; and had this law been adhered to, it admits scarce a doubt, that the name of Romans would never have been heard of in the world. Each separate state of the confederacy was governed by a magistrate called *Lucumo*, who combined the offices of civil, military, and religious chief, giving to the government the sternest form of theocracy. The genius of their internal political organization may be seen in that of ancient Rome, which was imitated from it. The mass of the people was in subjection to an aristocracy, that claimed to be the depositary of the civil power and religious privileges. Notwithstanding this unhappy feature in their policy, which finally proved fatal to their independence and national existence, they had attained at the time the foundations of Rome were laid, a very high degree of cultivation and power. They were the masters of the Romans to a very late period in institutions, arts, and religious rites. The Roman youth, down to the sixth century of the city, were sent up into the cities of Etruria, to be initiated into their refinements; and plays in the Etruscan language were acted at Rome as late as the Augustan age. Before their power was broken by the conquests of the Romans, the Etruscans, from their two great emporiums, Adria, on the gulf that

bears its name, and Luni, on the Mediterranean sea, carried on a commerce of a very extensive character, and exchanged the arts and the fruits of their own country for the luxuries of the east. These were brought to Etruria; and thence, by a sacred road across the Alps, which it was made sacrilege to violate, the staples of Asiatic and Libyan commerce were circulated by the Etruscans, as far as Spain and Portugal. The Romans had cause to rue the establishment of this commerce. The Etruscans had commercial treaties with the Carthagenians, and the same road, which carried the Etruscan caravans across the Alps to Celtiberia, brought the armies of Hannibal by the opposite course into Italy.

It would afford us pleasure to lay before our readers a translation of the concluding pages of Mr von Niebuhr's remarks on this extraordinary people, did the brevity we are bound to study permit us. We shall venture only on the following extract:

'A fruitful soil, abounding in natural richness, gave full aliment to the commercial spirit in Etruria; and there was a period when this country formed the *depôt* for the trade between the sea, the rest of Italy, and the remotest barbarous nations, to which there led a sacred and safe commercial road across the Alps.* Enormous works, equal to those of the Egyptians, and which, wherever found, are of melancholy aspect, as they can be erected only under the tyranny of *castes* and priestcraft and by the slavery of the people, were erected among the Etruscans, over whom this tyranny bore sway. In the same style the Romans built under their kings; in the period of freedom it was impossible. The walls of Volterra, and many other of the chief Etruscan cities, which escaped being laboriously destroyed by the Romans, are still for the most part entire, consisting of gigantic masses of masonry. The views of them confer an indisputable worth on the work of Micale. The Etruscans were the teachers of the Romans in architecture; though possibly only like the Tyrians at Jerusalem, as artists in their employ. This was certainly the case with works of foundery and relief. Some of the ancient Etruscan buildings remind us, in a striking manner, of the monuments of the Aztecs. The mausoleum of the mythological Porsenna, of which Varro derived so fantastical a description from the domestic annals of the Etruscans, but of which also he must himself

'* As far as the Celtiberi. See the author περὶ θαυμ. ἀκουσμ. in Opp. Aristotel. p. 724, ed. Duval.' The present may serve as an example of the sagacity and happiness of our author's citations.

have seen the ruins of all that ever really existed of it, contains the chief characteristics of the Mexican temple-pyramids. The monument of the Horatii, as it is called, still in existence, is also not unlike that of Porsenna, as Varro describes it: Pyramids upon a cube, or upon a pyramid highly truncated.'

Such of our readers, as may be curious to inquire farther into this famous but questionable work, may see the original description of Varro in the thirty-sixth book of Pliny's natural history, in the nineteenth chapter. A translation and commentary on the passage is given by the president du Brosses, in the thirty-fifth volume of the Academy of Inscriptions, and Mr Graves, in his Pyramidographia, has attempted a coarse drawing of it. Though writers seem disposed, with one consent, to pronounce the accounts of this monument to be fabulous, we confess we see nothing in them, which surpasses belief. The people, who were in the habit of building their common sewers in the style of the Cloaca Maxima, (for which work Livy informs us, that Tarquin sent for artists to all parts of Etruria,) may perhaps be believed to have erected the mausoleum of their most powerful and famous prince, in a style of magnificence like that which Varro has ascribed to the monument of Porsenna.

The tradition, if it deserve that name, of the arrival of Æneas and his Trojans in Italy, is the most popular of the common notions in regard to the origin of Rome. Every body reads Virgil, and that at a period before the mind is fortified with any other reading, or has acquired the principles of intellectual *perspective*, which enable it to distinguish what may be true from what must be fabulous. Our author thus expresses himself on this subject:

'This tradition is in itself intimately and inseparably woven into the whole mythical portion of the Roman history, which we are to separate indeed, but not to reject. It were an arrogant and indolent want of judgment, to leave this tradition unexamined, under pretence of its essential improbability, however great that might seem; as on the other hand it would be equally against the principles of historical investigation, to expect to attain to matter-of-fact certainty or high probability on the subject of such a tradition, while more than five hundred years elapse from its date before the twilight dawns on the Roman annals. The true subject of investigation is this:—Is the Trojan tradition ancient and native in Italy, or of Grecian origin, subsequently adopted by the Latins and Romans?'

To the solution of this question, thus ingeniously placed on its true footing, Mr von Niebuhr applies all the power of his historical analysis; and he comes to the conclusion, that the tradition of the settlement of the Trojans in Italy is no ancient, firmly grounded, and generally circulated Greek tradition ;— that it makes its first appearance in Greek poetry, in the Sicilian bards, who borrowed it, not from the elder national poets of their own tongue, but from the popular faith of those colonies in Sicily, which claimed an ancient affinity with the Latins ;— and that it is therefore to be regarded as a purely ancient Latin tradition, no more capable of historical proof, than any other part of the national mythology of that tribe ; but also by no means to be set down as a figment invented by flattering Greeks and adopted by credulous Romans of a late age.— Having been led, at the close of his chapter on this subject, to repeat the popular tradition, as it appears in Virgil, Mr von Niebuhr makes some remarks on the character of the Eneid and of its author, which we are fain to quote, as a specimen of high philosophical criticism:

'It is true, the subject of the Eneid was national, but it is scarce credible, that impartial Romans could have enjoyed a sincere pleasure in the narrative of the wars contained in the last six books. We feel but too sensibly how ill the poet succeeded in elevating these shadows, these uncharacterized names of ordinary barbarians, to the rank of living beings, like the heros of Homer. The problem perhaps did not admit of solution, at least for Virgil, whose genius was too poor for invention, however happy his talent in ornament. That he felt this himself, and did not disdain to be great in the manner for which he felt himself gifted, is proved in his imitations of others, as well as by his discontent with his own work, at a time when it had awakened universal admiration. He who labors with painful application on gathered materials is conscious of the chasms and hiatuses, which a diligent polish may conceal from the unpractised eye, but which find no place in the production of the master, who pours forth his work in one great casting. Doubtless Virgil had a foreboding himself, that all the foreign ornament, with which he had arrayed his work, was the richness of the poem and not of the poet; and that posterity would make the distinction. That in spite of this distressing consciousness, he nevertheless pursued the path marked out to him, and strove to impart to a poem, which he wrote by command, the highest beauty, which it was in his power to bestow upon it; that he did not vainly and falsely affect a genius,

which he did not possess; that he did not allow himself to be beguiled, when all around was proclaiming his apotheosis, and Propertius was exclaiming,

> Cedite Romani scriptores cedite Graji
> Nescio quid majus nascitur Iliade;

and that when death was emancipating him from the slavery of political allegiance, he gave orders to destroy that, which, at this solemn moment, he regarded with aversion, as matter of false fame; this entitles him to our respect, and to charity for the faults of his poem. The character of a first attempt is not always decisive; but Virgil's first youthful poem shows, that he formed himself with incredible diligence, and that no power was permitted by him to become extinct from neglect. How amiable and noble he was, appears best where he speaks from the heart; not only in his descriptions of agriculture and all his pictures of calm life,—in his epigram on Syron's villa; but still more when he calls forth in visionary procession those great spirits, which shed their lustre on the history of Rome.'

No part of Mr von Niebuhr's speculations is more curious, than that which regards the earliest establishment of the city of Rome. Justly looking on the account of Romulus as purely mythological, and at the same time rejecting all attempts to separate in it what is possible from what is marvellous; as if every part of an ancient political fable were true, which is not impossible; Mr von Niebuhr attempts only to offer, and that conjecturally, an hypothesis, that shall account for the phenomena, which authentic history discovers to us in the Roman state. He does it in the following manner, in a section entitled 'Conjectures on Rome before Tullus,' from which we make the following extract:

'I say not, that with Tullus Hostilius historical light shines in, but that till this period absolutely nothing historical exists, and that here the gray of the morning begins.

'The foundation of Rome—to what people the eternal city originally belonged—is precisely what we do not know. Nor is it less consonant with the eternity of Rome, that its origin be lost in the infinite, than it is in character to the dignity of the city to admit what the poets have sung of the birth and apotheosis of Romulus. Rome must needs be eternal, or founded by a god.

'From the tradition with respect to Tullus, much was transferred to Romulus—as throughout, from true history to the mythological. Instances of this are his death and the war of Fidenæ and Veii. It cannot, however, on this account, be said, that Tul-

lus was the real founder of Rome, and mythologically called Romulus; for under Tullus the city already possessed age and strength; nor is the union with Alba a fable without foundation in historical truth.

'Every thing in Rome indicates an Etruscan origin. The whole ancient constitution was Etruscan, appointed by the sacred books of the Etruscan nation;* the leading numbers of the Etruscan notation, *three*, *ten*, and *twelve*, are visible in all primitive Roman institutions; even in the tradition of the number of the gates of the ancient city, which, according to the Etruscan usage, were three.† The whole Roman religion—from the service of the Capitol downward—is Etruscan. The Etruscan Lucumo, who received the name of Tarquin, would scarcely have been admitted in a purely Latin city, with the cordiality which the Roman patricians testified to him. The Etruscan nation, moreover, at this period was found on the left bank of the Tiber, toward Latium. Fidenæ was Etruscan; the name of Tusculum argues as much of that city; and the pure latinity of Gabii is extremely doubtful.

'On the other hand, the Sabines were, at the period assumed for the foundation of the city of Rome, and long after, moving powerfully onward in the stream of migration; and it has been already remarked, that in the middle of Latium, at a much later period, Sabine places are named. Such a Sabine settlement, by the side of the Etruscan city Rome, on the Capitoline and Quirinal hills, formed, as it appears, the city of Tatius. Thus Rome became a double city, like the Greek and Spanish Emporia, like Old and New Dantzic, like the three independent cities of Königsberg, whose walls touched each other, and from which wars between each other were waged. But before the time of Tullus, these two cities had coalesced into one state. Of the Sabine element many traces remained in the national religion and temples, in which Sabine deities were worshipped. These were all ascribed to Tatius; in like manner, as the Etruscan element was ascribed to Romulus.

'All this, however, is ante-historical, and before the period when the *latinity* of Rome begins. This dates from Tullus, in the union with Alba, which took place in his reign, and by the violent adoption of so many Latins under his successors; by which means the former inhabitants became amalgamated with them, and wholly Latin; and their original tongue became wholly unintelligible to posterity, like the songs of the Salii and Arvales, which may account for the destruction of all the historical monuments of the period.'

'* Festus, under *rituales libri*.'

'† Pliny's Natural History, iii. c. 9.'

Such are Mr von Niebuhr's important conjectures as to the origin of Rome, though in thus detaching them from their context, we deprive them of not a little of the weight, which they derive from the previous introductory researches of their author. At the close of the second volume, he calls the attention of the reader to a curious discovery, made by occasion of the excavations in the Coliseum in 1812. Remains of Cyclopean walls were brought to light, in those excavations, beneath the present level of the earth's surface. This style of building belongs to no period since the usually adopted date of the city of Rome. It testifies to an era far more ancient, and to a race of builders, of which the tradition has vanished. The ancient Roman geography designated the region about a city by the word *ager*, and an adjective formed from the name of the place. Thus *ager Tusculanus* was the district about Tusculum; *ager Albanus*, the district about Alba. As these districts retained their names, though the cities were destroyed; the *ager Vaticanus*, on the right bank of the Tiber, refers perhaps to some city, to which it once belonged, some Vaticum or Vatica, of which the memory has wholly perished. Pliny informs us, that an oak was growing in the ager Vaticanus, to which was affixed, in letters of bronze, an Etruscan inscription older than the foundation of Rome.* Mr von Niebuhr would suggest the possibility, that these are indications of a city in this neighborhood, older than Rome, to which the Cyclopean walls discovered in the ruins of the Coliseum belonged. We know not whether it may justify a doubt of the value of this conjecture, that the ager Vaticanus is on the opposite side of the river from the ruins of the wall, and that in the limited extent of municipal bounds, at so early a period, it were scarcely to be expected, that the city should be on one side of the Tiber, and the *ager*, named from it, on the other.

We have thus brought our readers fairly into the main topic of Mr von Niebuhr's work. The remaining portion of the first volume and the whole of the second are characterized not less by a sagacious analysis of the historical traditions, than by a masterly sketch of the laws and institutions of Rome. If it cannot be said of Mr von Niebuhr, as of Calvin by judicious Hooker, that 'his bringing up was in the civil law,' he never-

* Pliny's Natural History, xvi. c. 87.

theless possesses all that familiarity with it unavoidably acquired in the pursuit of Roman history at a German university ; and without which it is scarcely possible, that this history be understood. To this he has added the diligent perusal of all the ancient authors, Greek and Latin, and what is more valuable, than any of these qualifications, a good sense, of which the operations border sometimes on divination. We are told rightly, that ancient manners and institutions differed from our own, and that what is called by an equivalent name was often a different thing. Yielding to this canon, we are apt to adopt most fantastic absurdities, under the names of ancient laws and institutions, and surrender the common dictates of reason, for fear of sinning against authority. But the remedy of common sense and human analogy to be applied to this evil must be applied with a most cautious hand. Mere sagacious speculations on principles of human nature, however profound, are quite as apt to be wide of the truth, as the implicit admissions of the scholar ; and Mr von Niebuhr hesitates not to say of the Discorsi of Machiavelli, that though he always speculates ingeniously, it is often on facts, that have no existence. It is in happily drawing the line between the opposite errors now indicated, that our author has shown his unexampled skill. It is necessary only to read his chapters on the 'oldest constitution of Rome,' on the 'Uncial rate of interest,' and on the 'Secular Cycle,' to perceive the justice of this tribute.

We shall close this imperfect notice of his masterly work, with alluding to what he has written in it, on the subject of the agrarian law. So superficially has Roman history been studied, that till late years the opinion has universally prevailed, that the agrarian laws had for their object to enforce an equality of estates, and to prevent any individual from owning more than about three hundred and fifty acres of land. It need not be urged, what an effect such a law would have, particularly on an ancient community, where there was little commerce—no property in public stocks—scarce any manufactures ; and where land and slaves were almost the only species of property, which yielded a revenue. Under these circumstances, of course, an agrarian law, on the common interpretation, would have kept Rome in the state of the Jews under the judges, or of the Spartans under Lycurgus. Yet in full view of these consequences, and even with the express deduction of them, such men as Montesquieu

and Adam Smith have taken the popular view of the agrarian law. It may well weaken the confidence, with which we adopt any conclusions on the subject of ancient institutions, to find a writer so sagacious, so practical as the latter, in a work, that constitutes the very Pandects of political economy, espousing an error so gross, on a subject closely connected with that of his treatise. 'Rome, like most of the other ancient republics,' says he, 'was originally founded upon an agrarian law, which divided the public territory, in a certain proportion, among the different citizens, who composed the state. The course of human affairs, by marriage, by succession, by alienation, necessarily deranged this original division, and frequently threw the lands, which had been allotted for the maintenance of many families, into the possession of a single person. *To remedy this disorder, for such it was supposed to be, a law was made, restricting the quantity of land, which any citizen could possess, to five hundred jugera,—about three hundred and fifty English acres.* This law, however, though we read of its having been executed upon one or two occasions, was either neglected or evaded, and the inequality of fortunes went on continually increasing.'* It is difficult to conceive how such a view of the legislation of a people so advanced as the Romans could exist for a moment. The agrarian laws, as no one is ignorant, were a great subject of controversy among Patricians and Plebeians. But this monstrous fiction of a law would be as ruinous to one as to the other. Who can believe, that the great plebeian families, some of them as wealthy and as proud as the oldest patrician houses, would have been constantly urging a law, by virtue of which, if Titius, possessed of five hundred jugera, married Titia, possessed of the same, half their estates respectively became forfeited, alike if they were Plebeians or Patricians? The absurdity of the suggestion increases, when we add, that in republican Rome estates were equally divided between sons and daughters, and that the operation of the law for two or three generations would, of course, have been to reduce a family to beggary; the rather, as no child could acquire property for himself, while he was in the *patria potestas*.

Even our ingenious fellow-laborer in the Quarterly Review,

* Wealth of Nations, book iv. ch. vii. part i.

who has ridiculed the credulity of his countrymen on several topics of ordinary belief, and who appeals to Mr von Niebuhr for sounder views, has fallen into the same difficulty, on the subject of the agrarian law, and appears wholly to have overlooked our author's chapter upon it:—'The utter impracticability of this scheme,' says our colleague, 'its total inconsistence with an advanced period of society; the obvious truth, that *if all were equal*, there would be no expansion of that spirit, which in the ornamental or necessary arts refines and civilizes life; the death blow put by such a law to one of the strongest desires of our nature,—that of improving our condition; these truths, though apparent on a very little reflection, made no impression on a people not yet sufficiently cultivated to comprehend their importance.'

To this last sentence the writer subjoins a note, for the sake of pointing out for disapprobation the following sentiment of Montesquieu:—'That it was *the equal division of lands*, which rendered Rome capable at first of rising from her depressed state.' With opinions like these, as universal as they are here confidently expressed, one cannot but reflect upon the facility of the learned, when we add, that most certainly no such law was ever thought of in Rome, no equal division of lands ever attempted or proposed, and that for any thing in the constitution or laws to the contrary, a Roman Patrician might, as many did, possess lands as broad, and tenants as many, as the duke of Bedford or the earl of Fitzwilliam. The importance of the vulgar error on this subject will form our excuse for a brief citation from Mr von Niebuhr's chapter upon it:

'It is not long since it was necessary, in every work not expressly designed for scholars, in order to prevent the most disastrous misconception, to prove with great care, that the agrarian laws of the tribunes interfered in no degree with private property in land. At the present day the accounts of the Gracchian commotions, compiled from Appian and Plutarch, are so generally understood, that we may assume, as well known, that no tribunitian agrarian law invaded this sacred right; and yet it is important to reflect how two great thinkers were led to form this false and terrific conception in Roman history.'

Mr von Niebuhr then proceeds to remark on the sentiments of Machiavelli and Montesquieu on this subject, and refers to

the passage of the former, which we have just quoted in the extract from the Quarterly Review.*

These renowned agrarian laws, then, the well known source of continual agitation, and the theme in modern times of so much declamation, concerned not landed estates, but public lands, commons, domains. They limited not the quantity of land, which the Roman citizen had a right to own and to cultivate, but the portion of the *public lands*, he had a right to take on lease from the state. The Roman Patrician was as free to buy of any one, who would sell, as the English or American citizen; but the arrogance of the nobles and the jealousy of the tribunes led to a series of laws limiting the quantity of the public domains, which any one might occupy on lease, to about three hundred and fifty acres.

In the earlier periods of the Roman state, before the growth of the plebeian order, and while the republic consisted of patricians and their clients, the public lands—particularly those acquired to great extent by conquest—were the property of the Patricians, who, in fact, were the state. By the Patricians they were leased to their clients, on a kind of feudal tenure.

* We do not know when the attention of the learned was first called to the true solution of the question relative to the nature of the agrarian laws; but it is scarcely possible, that it should have been proposed without immediately approving itself to the judicious. In the accounts given by Appian and Plutarch of the Gracchian seditions, and in the allusions of Cicero and others to the agrarian laws, the epithet *public* is almost invariably applied to the land proposed to be divided. Thus in the Epitome of Livy, l. lviii. the words of the law are given, ne quis *ex agro publico* plus D jugera possideret. As late as 1775, Bach, in his history of the civil law, follows the old notion of this law. *Hist. Jur. Rom.* p. 135. Schweighæuser, in his edition of Appian, in 1785, seems to have established the correct view of the subject, by shewing the true reading of the leading passage in Appian (*De Bello Civ.* i. 8.) to be Μηδένα ἔχειν τῆσδε τῆς γῆς πλέθρα πενταχοσίων πλείονα. The former editions of Appian omitted the τῆσδε, and it was restored by Schweighæuser on the authority of good manuscripts. Mr Hugo does not scruple to ascribe to this happy correction the chief effect, in correcting the public opinion on this subject (*Geschichte des Rœmischen Rechts*, p. 265;) but there are very many places in Appian and Plutarch, which needed no correction, and are equally decisive of the matter in hand. Thus in Plutarch, it is said of Octavius, the colleague of Gracchus, who opposed the latter in his attempts to procure the passage of the law, Ἐπεὶ δὲ ἐώρα τὸν Ὀκτάβιον ἐνεχόμενον τῷ νόμῳ καὶ κατέχοντα τῆς δημοσίας χώραν συχνήν, &c. The opposition of Scipio Nasica to the same law is thus accounted for by Plutarch: πλείστην γὰρ ἐκέκτητο γῆν δημοσίαν, καὶ χαλεπῶς ἔφερεν ἐκβαίνειν αὐτῆς ἀναγκαζόμενος. *Plut. Op.* i. 829 and 830. We forbear to multiply these authorities, but the foregoing we have thought due to our readers, in support of a proposition, which, though familiar to the learned on the continent of Europe, has never, we believe, been maintained in England or America.

In process of time the plebeian order grew in number, strength, and consequence; and the Cassian law was passed, bestowing on the Plebeians, *in fee*, small tracts of this *ager publicus*, while the Patricians, as before, received the greater portion of it. While the Patricians continued faithfully to observe this law, no disturbances arose. But with the growth of the population on the one side and the progress of luxury on the other, it was more and more the interest of the Patricians to keep the domains in their hands, and to defraud the Plebeians; and as the latter acquired power in the state, it was more and more their interest to limit the quantity of the *ager publicus*, which a Patrician could hold, and of course increase the portion to be divided in fee among the Plebeians. These struggles were constantly renewed till the Licinian law was enacted, on which all the subsequent agrarian laws were modelled, and of which our author enumerates the following as among the chief provisions:

'1. The public land of the Romans shall be ascertained in its limits. Portions of it, which have been encroached on by individuals, shall be restored to the state.

'2. Every estate in the public land not greater than this law allows, which has not been acquired by violence or fraud, and which is not on lease, shall be good against any third person.

'3. Every Roman citizen shall be competent to occupy a portion of newly acquired public land, within the limits prescribed by this law, provided this land be not divided by law among the citizens, nor granted to a colony.

'4. No one shall occupy of the public land more than five hundred jugera, nor pasture on the public commons more than a hundred head of large, nor more than five hundred head of small stock.

'5. Those who occupy the public land shall pay to the state the tithe of the produce of the field; the fifth of the produce of the fruit tree and the vineyard; and for every head of large stock ——, and every head of small stock ——, yearly.

'6. The public lands shall be farmed by the censors to those willing to take them on these terms. The funds hence arising to be applied to the pay of the army.'

The foregoing were the most important permanent provisions of the Licinian law; and for its immediate effect, it provided that all the public land occupied by individuals over five hundred jugera should be divided by lot in portions of seven jugera to the Plebeians.

Such is the substance of the renowned agrarian law. We need not say, that the simple statement of it dispels into thin air all the eloquent speculations, which have been made on a compulsory equality of estates at Rome, with which it had no connexion whatever. Nor will it escape the observation of practical readers, that the first use, which two thirds of the Plebeians would make of their seven acres, would be to sell them to their patrician neighbors, did the law grant them a power of alienation.

We must here take leave of this interesting subject and of Mr von Niebuhr's work. We feel how little justice we have been able to do it; and can only hope, that our remarks may draw the notice of our readers to a work destined, we are sure, to shed a broad light on the study of history, and to fill a large space in the attention of the reasoning and thinking part, not only of the 'European,' but of the American community.

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